

FOR THE ARTIST

AND CRAFTSMAN

THE

ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW

ILLUSTRATED

BRYDON,

J. M.

BRITTON,

W. E. F.

EMANUEL,

P. L.

FISHER,

ALEXANDER.

HALL,

OLIVER.

MACQUOID,

THOMAS R.

NESFIELD,

W. EDEN.

BY

PITE,

BERES-

FORD.

PUGIN,

WELBY.

RAILTON,

HERBERT.

RUSKIN,

JOHN.

STREET,

A. E.

WATTS,

G. F.

WATER-

HOUSE,

PAUL.

VOLUME IV.

JUNE—NOV.

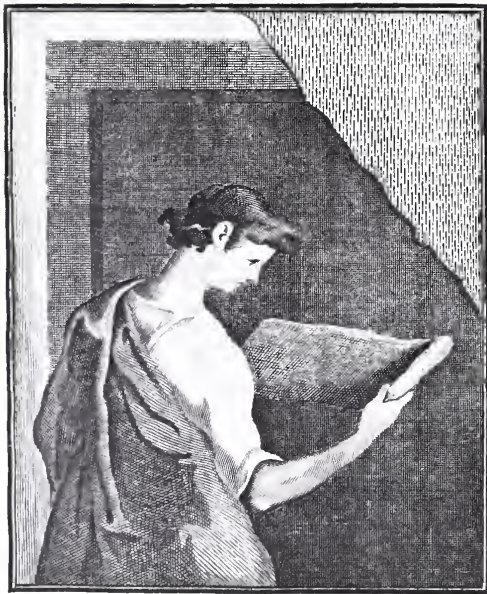
ARUNDEL ST. LONDON.

DESIGN
MAY

1898

CRAFT
JUNE

EFFINGHAM HOUSE.



THE J. PAUL GETTY MUSEUM LIBRARY

THE ARCHITECTURAL
REVIEW : FOR THE
ARTIST & CRAFTSMAN.

VOLUME FOUR.

JUNE—
NOVEMBER, 1898.

LONDON : EFFINGHAM
HOUSE, ARUNDEL STREET,
STRAND, W.C.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
ABYSSINIAN CHURCHES AND THEIR ARCHITECTURE ... William Simpson ...	9-16, 54-61
<i>Illustrations</i> :—Plan of Rock-cut Church at Dongolo. Plan of Excavated Church of Abha Os Gaba, or Abhahasuba, near Chelikut, from a "Voyage to Abyssinia," by Henry Salt. Exterior of Rock-cut Church, Dongolo. Rock-cut Church at Dongolo. Rock-cut Church at Dongolo: Entrance to the Sanctuary. Capital of Column found at Agoola. Hand Cross from Chelikut: Brass, 11½ inches. Head of the Virgin: From a painting in the Church at Focada. Priest at Chelikut, wearing a Cabalanka. Top of Pastoral Staff of the Abuna. Abyssinian Sistrum. Sacramental Spoon, from Magdala. Consecration of Sacrament in Abyssinian Church. Large Processional cross.	
"ARCHITECT'S EDEN, THE:" "MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING," AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE ... Khepr ...	37-43, 87-92
<i>Illustrations</i> :—Act. II.: Scene III.: Leonato's Garden: Patten Wilson. Rough Sketch for the Street Scene in Messina: Herbert Railton. Rough Sketch for Leonato's Garden: Herbert Railton. Act III.: Street Scene in Messina: Patten Wilson. Act II.: Hall in Leonato's House: Patten Wilson. Act V.: Scene III.: The Crypt: Patten Wilson. Act I.: Courtyard of Leonato's House: Patten Wilson. Act IV.: The Prison Scene: Patten Wilson.	
ARCHITECTURE AND THE INFLUENCE OF SOME MODERN HUMANISTS ... G. Ll. Morris	210-211, 262-264
ARCHITECTURE OF MICHAEL ANGELO'S ART, THE ... Beresford Pite	217-228
<i>Illustrations</i> :—Bust of Michael Angelo: From His Tomb in Santa Croce, Florence: Battista Lorenzi. Madonna in the New Sacristy of San Lorenzo, Florence. Moses: In the Church of St. Peter in Chains, Rome. Pieta: In St. Peter's, Rome. Daniel: Sistine Chapel Ceiling, Rome. Delphic Sybil: Sistine Chapel Ceiling, Rome. Libyan Sybil: Sistine Chapel Ceiling, Rome.	
BARNSTAPLE, EARLY SEVENTEENTH CENTURY PLASTER-WORK IN ... Owen W. Davis	99-105, 142-148, 207-210
<i>Illustrations</i> :—Topographical Plan of Barnstaple. The West Gate and Surroundings as they appeared before removal in 1852. The North Gate. St. Anne's Chapel (as Restored). Penrose Almshouses, Litchdon Street. The Old Guildhall: C. F. Powell. Foliated Pendant on Ceiling in Chapel, Penrose Almshouses. Chimney-Piece on First Floor at 7, Cross Street. Ceiling on First Floor: Mr. J. N. Brewer's, 7, Cross Street. Pattern of Ceiling on First Floor of 7, Cross Street. Ceiling: Golden Lion Hotel. Bedroom Ceiling: Golden Lion Hotel. Ground Floor Ceiling, 7, Cross Street. Plaster Ornament in Bedroom: Golden Lion Hotel. Ceiling in an Upper Room of the Golden Lion Hotel. Frieze in Bedroom: Golden Lion Hotel. Chimney-Piece: Trevelyan Hotel. Ceiling, Frieze, etc.: Trevelyan Hotel, High Street. Fireplace: Trevelyan Hotel. Chimney Piece: 10, Cross Street. Coved Ceiling: Trevelyan Hotel.	
BELCHER, THE WORK OF JOHN ... Charles G. Harper	130-133, 201-206, 237-247
<i>Double Plates</i> : Nos. xxii., xxiv.	
<i>Illustrations</i> :—Stowell Park: For the Rt. Hon. the Earl of Eldon: A. Beresford Pite. The Stables, Holcombe, Chatham. "Bearroc," Berkshire: West and South Elevations. House for G. Winch, Holcombe, Chatham: Entrance Court, Entrance Front, Garden Elevation, the Stables, the Hall. Courtyard in the Stables, Northleach. Houses, Chiswick Mall. Stables, Weirleigh, Kent: John Belcher. Premises for Rylands and Co., Wood Street. "The Tower," Pangbourne: C. E. Mallows. The New Lower Hall, Stowell: John Belcher. The Hall, Morden Grange. A Corner of the Green Court, Stowell Park. Stowell Park: South Elevation. Institute of Chartered Accountants: Ground Plan, Side Elevation, First Floor Plan, Study: John Belcher. Vestibule: Boxley Park. Stowell Park: Elevations in Courtyard looking North and South. Design for the Completion of South Kensington Museum. Window Recess: Boxley Park. Tower: Colchester Town Hall: John Belcher.	
BELCHER, JOHN, AND MERVYN E. MACARTNEY'S "LATER RENAISSANCE ARCHITECTURE IN ENGLAND": PART IV. H. R. ...	270-271
BEVERLEY MINSTER ... John Bilson	22, 73-74
BIDLAKE, W. H. ...	24
BOOK OF GLASGOW CATHEDRAL, THE ... H. R. ...	268-270
BRIERLEY, C. L. ...	35
BUDDHIST PRAYING-WHEEL, THE: BY WILLIAM SIMPSON ... A. B. ...	166-167
BURNE-JONES, THE LATE SIR EDWARD C., BART. ... H. Wilson	118-120
<i>Illustration</i> :—In Memoriam: H. S. Rathbone.	
CARRIES, THE WORK OF JEAN ... Emile Hovelague ...	28-32
<i>Illustrations</i> :—Medallion of Young Girl, called "The Sister of Carriès" (Bronze). A French Gentleman, called also "Le Callot" (Statuette in Wax). Head of Christ (Plaster). The Bust of Baudin. Bust of Auguste Vacquerie: From a Photograph of the first sketch in clay.	
CHURCH BUILDING AS IT IS AND AS IT MIGHT BE ... E. S. Prior	106-108, 154-158
CHURCH OF ST. MARY THE VIRGIN, THE, OXFORD: BY T. G. JACKSON ... H. Wilson	1-8, 50-53, 109-114
<i>Illustrations</i> :—View of the Upper Stage of St. Mary's: Before Restoration. Head of Statue of the Virgin. Head of the King (Edward the Confessor). Head of a Bishop. Side View of Head of the Virgin. View of the Lower Chamber of the Old Congregation House. St. John the Baptist. Statue of St. Hugh. Statue of the King. St. Cuthbert, with the head of St. Oswald. Statue of Bishop in Angle of Spire: Before Removal. Statue of a Bishop: Before Removal. St. Mary the Virgin: Before Removal. St. John the Baptist: Before Removal. Statue of St. John the Evangelist. St. John the Divine: Before Removal. Statue of a Bishop.	
COMING-DOWN LONDON ...	114, Nos. xxi., xxii.
<i>Photogravure Supplement Plates</i> :—The Old "Horse and Groom": Back of Holborn-above-Bars: F. L. Emanuel. Holywell Street: From the front of St. Clement Danes Church, Strand: F. L. Emanuel.	
DAVIS, OWEN W. ...	99
DUTY OF VULGARITY, THE ... B. C. ...	178

Contents.

	PAGE
EMANUEL, F. L.	<i>Photogravure Plates</i> : Nos. xxi. xxii.
ENGLISH CONTEMPORARY ART: BY ROBERT DE LA SIZERANNE	242-248
ENGLISH IRON RAILINGS, GATES, &C., OF SEVENTEENTH AND EIGHTEENTH CENTURIES	<i>Nelson Dawson</i> ... 17-22
<i>Illustrations</i> :—Gates in front of Duke of Devonshire's House, Piccadilly: Recently removed from Chiswick Park. Part of the Hampton Court Palace Screen, now in the South Kensington Museum: Designed and Made by Jean Tijou. The "Lion Gates," at Burleigh House, Stamford: By Jean Tijou. Old Water-gate in front of Kelmscott House, Hammersmith Mail. Gate in Battersea: Having Cast Iron Iron Vases attached to Wrought Iron Work. Gate off the Fulham Road. In Chelsea. King's Road, Chelsea. In a Small Street off the Fulham Road.	
EYE FOR FORM AND COLOUR, AN	<i>Bulkeley Creswell</i> ... 148-149
FISHER, ALEXANDER	182-186
GREEK BRONZES: BY A. S. MURRAY	<i>H. B. W.</i> ... 266-269
<i>Illustrations</i> :—Bronze Statuette: Apollo of Miletus. Etruscan Herakles. Bronze Marsyas. Apollo: From Thessaly.	
HALL, OLIVER	25, 163, 165, 209, <i>Lithograph Plate</i> : No. xxiii.
ITALIAN ARCHITECT ON RESTORATION, AN	<i>J. H.</i> ... 272
LECTURES ON ART: BY SIR E. J. POYNTER	<i>E. R.</i> ... 144-148
LEGAL MIND IN CRITICISM, THE	<i>J. Fulton Carr</i> ... 271-272
LIMOUSIN, JEAN	180, 182
LONDON AS DICKENS KNEW IT: IN THE FIFTIES	<i>A. E. Street</i> 195-200, 255-262
<i>Illustrations</i> :—Canonbury Tower. Old Houses in Gray's Inn Lane. Old Houses in Aldersgate Street. Oxford Market. Shop in Brewer Street, Soho. Christ's Hospital. George Inn Yard, Southwark. The Oxford Arms, Warwick Lane. St. Mary Overy's Dock, Southwark.	
MACQUOID, THOMAS R.	248-255
MALLOWS, C. E.	<i>Double Plate</i> : No. xxiv.
NATURAL HISTORY AS AN AID TO ARCHITECTURE	<i>Thos. Winder</i> ... 128-129
NESFIELD, WILLIAM EDEN	62-65
<i>Illustration</i> :—Portrait: From a Chalk Drawing by Jacob Emile Edouard Brandon.	
NICHOLSON, CHARLES A.	78-86, 265
NOTES ON OLD IRON SIGNS AND GATES IN WARWICKSHIRE	<i>James A. Swan</i> ... 150-155
<i>Illustrations</i> :—The Plough Inn, Nuneaton. The Red Lion, Stratford. The White Swan, Knowle. The Leather Bottle, Digbeth, Birmingham. The Three Crowns, Digbeth, Birmingham. The Stratford Arms, Stratford. East-Gate House, Warwick. The King's Head, Warwick. The Nelson, Warwick. From St. John's Hospital, Warwick. From Sutton Coldfield Church. Weather Vane, Offchurch. Weather Vane, Whitnash. Lamp-Bracket, The Red Horse, Stratford. Lapworth Church: Clock Fingers in Hammered Copper: Seventeenth Century.	
"NOVEL" ARCHITECTURE	<i>A. N. W.</i> ... 228
ON FOUNTAINS AND WATER TREATMENT	<i>A. E. Street</i> ... 44-50, 93-98
<i>Illustrations</i> :—Mosque of Omar, Jerusalem. Courtyard Reservoir, Holy Land. A Pool in the Holy Land. Fountain in the Court of St. Sophia, Constantinople. Court of Myrtles, Alhambra. Fonte Gaia, Siena. Court of Lions, Alhambra. The Fontaine de Médicis: Garden of the Luxembourg. "The Beautiful Fountain": Nuremburg. Old Well Head in the Cluny Museum, Paris. Well at La Châtre, Indre. Astley Hall. Fontaine de l'Observatoire, Paris. Bronze Well Head: Ducal Palace, Venice.	
ON THE RELATION OF DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE TO FURNITURE DESIGN	<i>E. W.</i> ... 167-168
PARIS NOTES: THE ELCHÈ BUST	<i>Emile Hovelague</i> ... 16, 74-76
<i>Illustration</i> :—The Elchè Bust: Now in the Louvre Museum.	
PATHOS OF PLACES, THE	<i>A. E. S.</i> ... 86-87
PITE, A. BERESFORD	<i>Double Plate</i> : No. xxii.
PLAS DINAM, LLANDINAM: BY W. EDEN NESFIELD	<i>J. M. Brydon</i> ... 62-64
<i>Illustrations</i> :—Front Elevation. Garden Elevation. Plan of Ground Floor. Elevations.	
PLATES:	
Sketches at Venice and Verona: John Ruskin	No. xix.
Portrait of Sir Edward C. Burne-Jones, Bart.	No. xx.
The Night Watch: Rembrandt	No. xxiii.
<i>In Colours</i> :	No. xx., xxi.
Open-air Pulpit, Vitré, Brittany: T. M. Rooke. "A Ruined Castle": Edgar Wilson.	
<i>Photogravure</i> :	Nos. xxi., xxii.
<i>Coming-Down London</i> :—No. 1: The "Old Horse and Groom": Back of Holborn-above-Bars: F. L. Emanuel. No. 2: Holywell Street: From the Front of St Clement Danes Church, Strand: F. L. Emanuel.	
<i>Double</i> :	Nos. xxii., xxiv.
Stowell Park: For The Right Hon. The Earl of Eldon: From a drawing by A. Beresford Pite: John Belcher, Architect. "The Tower," Pangbourne: South Front: For J. Donaldson: Drawn by C. E. MalloWS: John Belcher, Architect.	
<i>Lithograph</i> :	No. xxiii.
Bridgenorth from the West Side: Oliver Hall.	
<i>Coloured Lithograph</i> :	No. xxiv.
<i>Old Inns of England</i> :—No. 1: "The Sun" at Kelvedon; Patten Wilson.	
POWELL, C. F.	103
POWELL, JOHN	69

Contents.

	PAGE
PUGIN, WELBY, LIFE AND WORK OF <i>Paul Waterhouse</i>	23-27, 67-73, 115-118, 159-165
<i>Illustrations</i> :—Bilton Grange, near Rugby. The Gateway of Oscot College: W. H. Bidlake, M.A. Chapel adjoining Grace-Dieu Manor House: Oliver Hall. Scarisbrick Hall. Proposed "Milner" Chantry at St. Mary's College, Oscot: View from Church: Welby Pugin, 1839. Plan from original drawing of proposed "Milner" Chantry at Oscot: "Milner" Chantry at Oscot: From an original design by Welby Pugin. Cartoon for Heraldic Glass: Drawn by John Powell, in collaboration with Pugin. "Milner" Chantry, Oscot: South-West view: Welby Pugin. "Milner" Chantry: Transverse Section, showing the two Altars: Welby Pugin. Cathedral and Parochial Screens: Welby Pugin. Interior of proposed "Milner" Chantry at St. Mary's College, Oscot. Rood Screen at Antwerp Cathedral. Section through Ante-Chapel, Ushaw College (Unexecuted Design). Section through the Choir of the Chapel of Ushaw College (Unexecuted Design). Choir of the Collegiate Church of St. Edmund, near Ware: Welby Pugin. Armorial Cartoon: Welby Pugin. St. Marie's Grange, Salisbury: Elevation and Plans. Rood Loft at Lubeck: Welby Pugin. Rood Screen, Hildesheim: Welby Pugin. Sketches for the "Treatise on Chancel Screens": Welby Pugin. Monastery of Mount St. Bernard: Oliver Hall. "Pastoral Staff for my Lord of Lincoln": Welby Pugin. Brass Cross: Welby Pugin. Alton Castle and Nunnery in Mid-Distance: Oliver Hall.	
PUGIN, WELBY: A COMMENT	<i>Charles A. Nicholson</i> ... 265
<i>Illustrations</i> :—Reredos of High Altar, St. Marie's, Derby. Brass Lamp, St. Marie's, Derby.	
RAILTON, HERBERT	39, 40
RATHBONE, H. S.	119
REMBRANDT	"The Collector" Supplement, No. xxiii.
RENAISSANCE OF THE ART OF ENAMELLING IN ENGLAND, THE	<i>Alexander Fisher</i> ... 179-187
<i>Illustrations</i> :—Missal Case in Gold and Enamel: Now in the South Kensington Museum. Casket in Enamel: Early Seventeenth Century: Jean Limousin. Crucifixion: In Enamel: Jean Limousin: Now in the possession of the South Kensington Museum. The Crucifixion: Triptych: In Transparent and Opaque Enamels: Alexander Fisher. The Annunciation: Champlevé Enamel: Exhibited at the Arts and Crafts, 1893: Alexander Fisher. The Wagner Belt and Girdle: Alexander Fisher. Textus Cover in Gold and Cloisonné Enamel: Now at South Kensington Museum. Casket in Ivory, Transparent Enamels, and Silver-gilt: With Subjects from the Story of Cupid and Psyche: Alexander Fisher.	
REVUE DE L'ART ANCIEN ET MODERNE, LA	<i>G. F. H.</i> ... 158
ROCK-CUT CHURCHES OF INKERMANN, THE	<i>William Simpson</i> 187-195
<i>Illustrations</i> :—Rock-cut Shrine. Inkermann in 1869. Rock-cut Church: Exterior. Rock-cut Church: Interior.	
ROMANCE IN SCULPTURE: SPAIN: AT BURGOS, TOLEDO, VALLADOLID, AND SANTIAGO	<i>Thomas R. Macquoid</i> 248-255
<i>Illustrations</i> :—The Gateway, Santa Maria, Burgos. King David: Figure on the King's Tomb, Miraflores. The Infante's Tomb, Miraflores: One of the Statues at Side. The Queen's Canopy: Tomb of the King and Queen, Miraflores. Portion of the Tomb of the King and the Queen at Miraflores. Ornament: Toledo. Ornaments from the Tomb of the King and the Queen, Miraflores, near Burgos. Ornament: The Tomb of the Infante, Miraflores. The Tomb of the King and of the Queen, Miraflores. Part of Cloister: San Juan de los Reyes, Toledo. Ornament from Miraflores, Burgos. San Juan de los Reyes, Toledo. Sketch of "Wild Men": Doorway of San Gregorio, Valladolid.	
ROMAN STONES IN THE HUNTERIAN MUSEUM, THE	<i>H.</i> ... 211-213
<i>Illustrations</i> :—Plate I., Fig. 1. Plate III., Fig. 1. Plate IV., Fig. 1. Plate XVII.: A Bronze Jug.	
RUSKIN, JOHN	No. xix.
ST. AWDREY OCTAGON SCULPTURES IN ELY CATHEDRAL, THE	<i>Charles W. Stubbs</i> 134-141
<i>Illustrations</i> :—The Marriage of Queen Ætheldrythe. Taking the Veil at Coldingham. The Miracle on St. Abb's Head. The Queen's Pilgrim's Staff Budding. Enthronement as Abbess of Ely. Death and Chesting of St. Awdrey. First Translation of St. Awdrey. A Miracle of St. Benedict and St. Awdrey.	
SEDDING, THE WORK OF JOHN	<i>H. Wilson, C. W. Whall, and Heywood Sumner</i> 33-36, 74
<i>Illustration</i> :—Winsford Church, Somersetshire: C. L. Brierley.	
SIMPSON, WILLIAM	9-16, 54-61, 187-193
SPANISH COLONIAL CITY, A: SANTA CRUZ, TENERIFFE	<i>C. A. Nicholson</i> ... 77-86
<i>Illustrations</i> :—Church of St. Francisco: From a Pencil Drawing. A Group of Houses. St. Elmo's. St. Francisco: Interior. A Street in Santa Cruz. Interior of the Cathedral. Exterior of the Cathedral. A House opposite the Cathedral. In the Cathedral. Bellcote and Cornice. A House Treatment.	
SUPPLEMENTS:—	
ARCHITECTURE AND CRAFTS AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY: SECOND, THIRD, AND FOURTH SERIES Nos. xix., xx., xxi.	
"THE COLLECTOR": No. II.: THE REMBRANDT EXHIBITION AT AMSTERDAM:	
IN HONOUR OF QUEEN WILHELMINA'S ACCESSION <i>Harold Rathbone</i> No. xxiii.	
<i>Illustrations</i> :—The Night Watch (Plate). Rembrandt: From a Pen and Ink Drawing by Himself, p. i. Gerrit Harmen van Rijn (Rembrandt's Father), p. iii. The Burghers, p. v. The Young Bride, p. vii.	
SWAN, JAMES A.	150-155
TIJOU, JEAN	18, 19
WATTS, GEORGE FREDERICK, THE WORK OF	<i>W. E. F. Britten</i> 169-177, 229-236
<i>Illustrations</i> :—Eve Tempted. The Dove that Returned in the Evening. Chaos. The Rider on the White Horse. The All-Pervading. Genius of Greek Poetry. Sic Transit Gloria Mundi. Fata Morgana. Study for Britomart. Study of Drapery.	
WHAT IS ART: BY LEO TOLSTOY	<i>G. H. P.</i> ... 213-216
WILSON, EDGAR, THE WORK OF	<i>Esther Wood</i> ... 121-128, Coloured Plate: No. xxi.
<i>Illustrations</i> :—"A Ruined Castle." The First Eddystone Lighthouse: From an Etching, Heightened by Wash. St. Mary's Churchyard, Battersea: From an Etching. The Old Snuff-Shop, Haymarket. The White Hart, Battersea: From a Colour-Print. A Back-Door Study: From an Etching. High Street, Merton, Surrey: From an Etching. The Old High Street, Lambeth: From an Etching. Riverside Prose and Poetry: From an Etching. Ships of the Olden Time. A Decorative Tail-piece.	
WILSON, PATTEN	38, 41, 43, 87-92, Coloured Lithograph Plate: No. xxiv.



At Venice: John Ruskin, January, 1877.

At Verona: John Ruskin, 30th October, 1876.



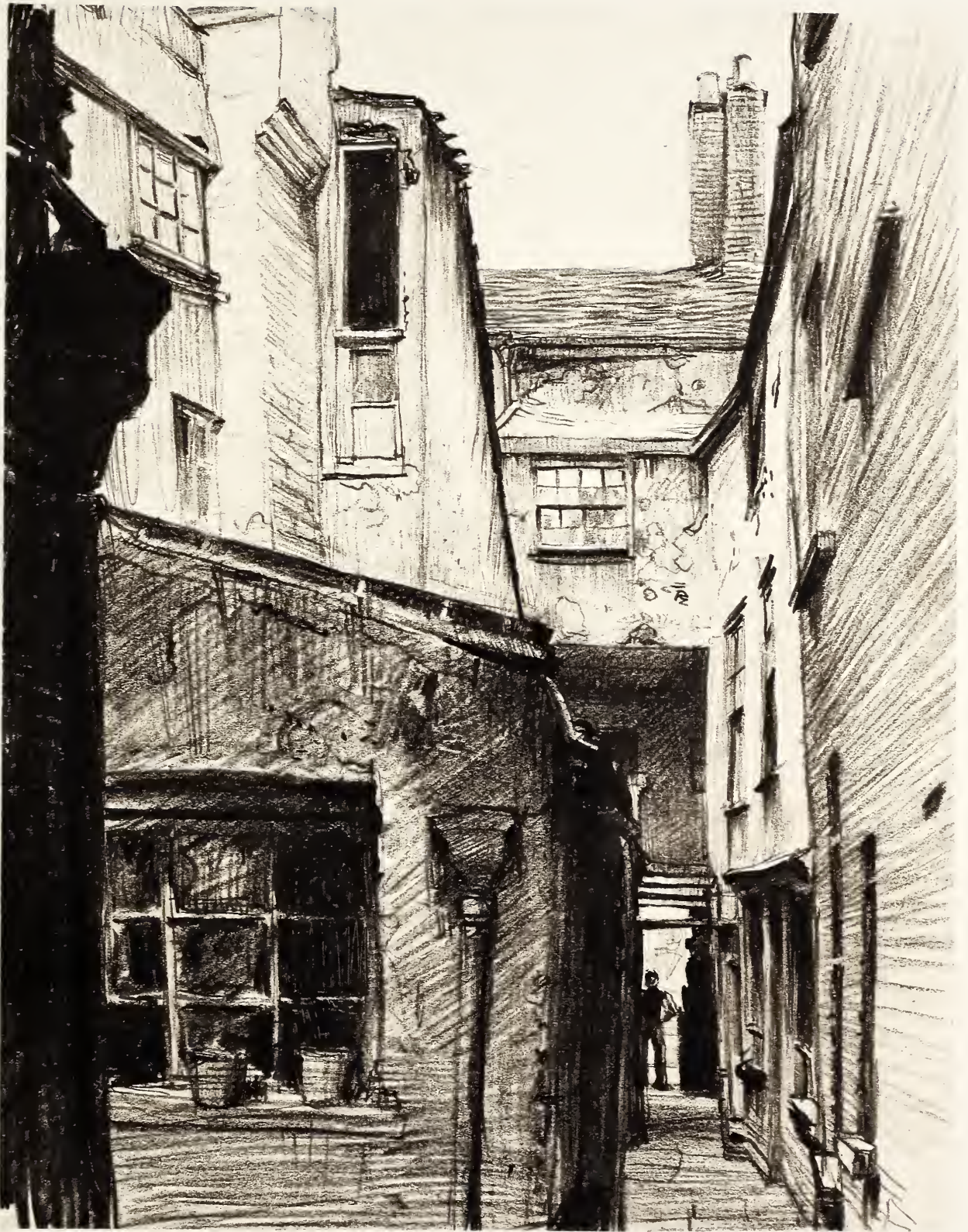
Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2018 with funding from
Getty Research Institute



OPEN-AIR PULPIT, VITRÉ:
DRAWN BY T. M. ROOKE, A.R.W.S.



"A RUINED CASTLE":
DRAWN BY EDGAR WILSON.

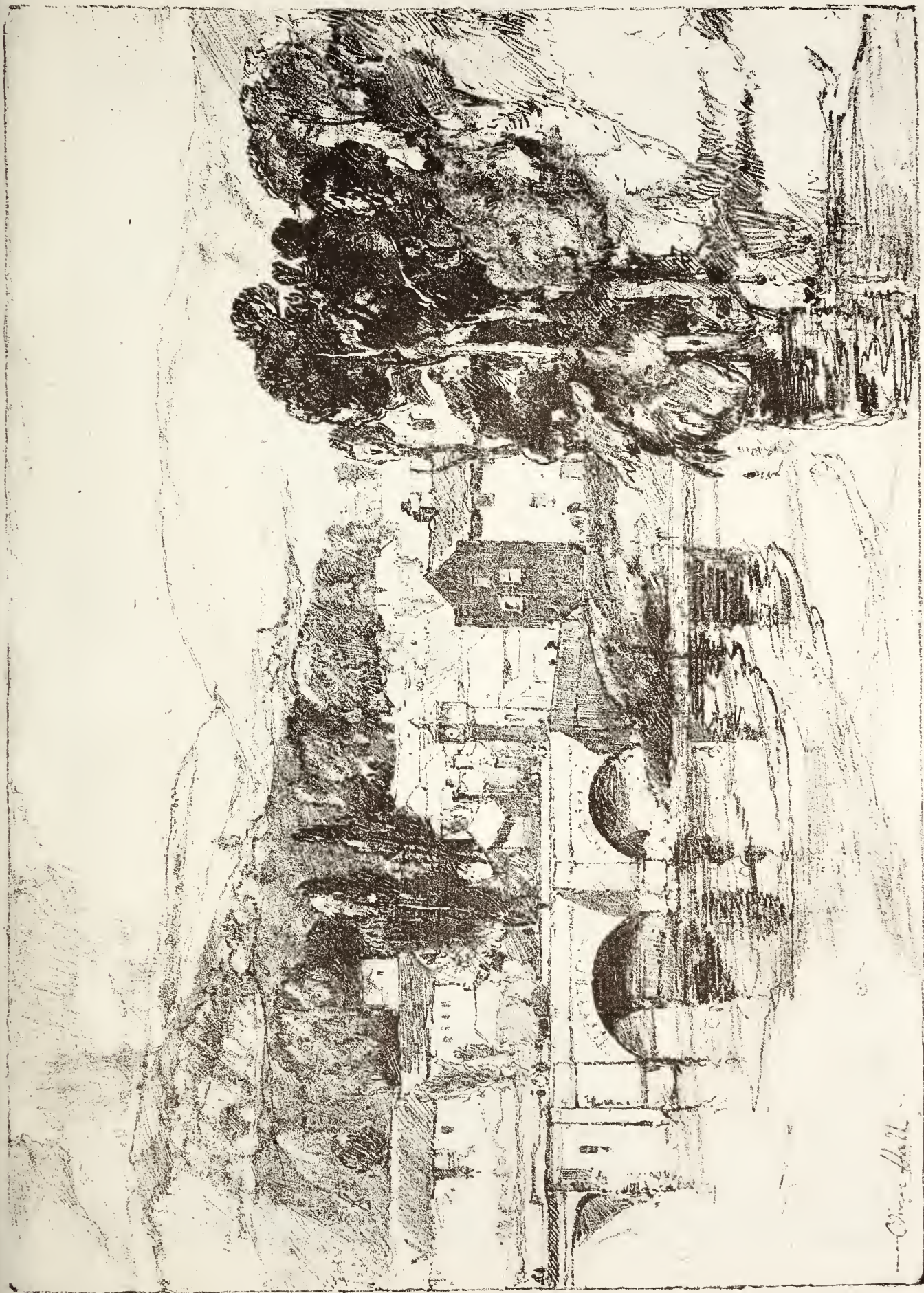


THE "OLD HORSE
AND GROOM":
BACK OF
HOLBORN-ABOVE-BARS.

DRAWN BY
F. L. EMANUEL.

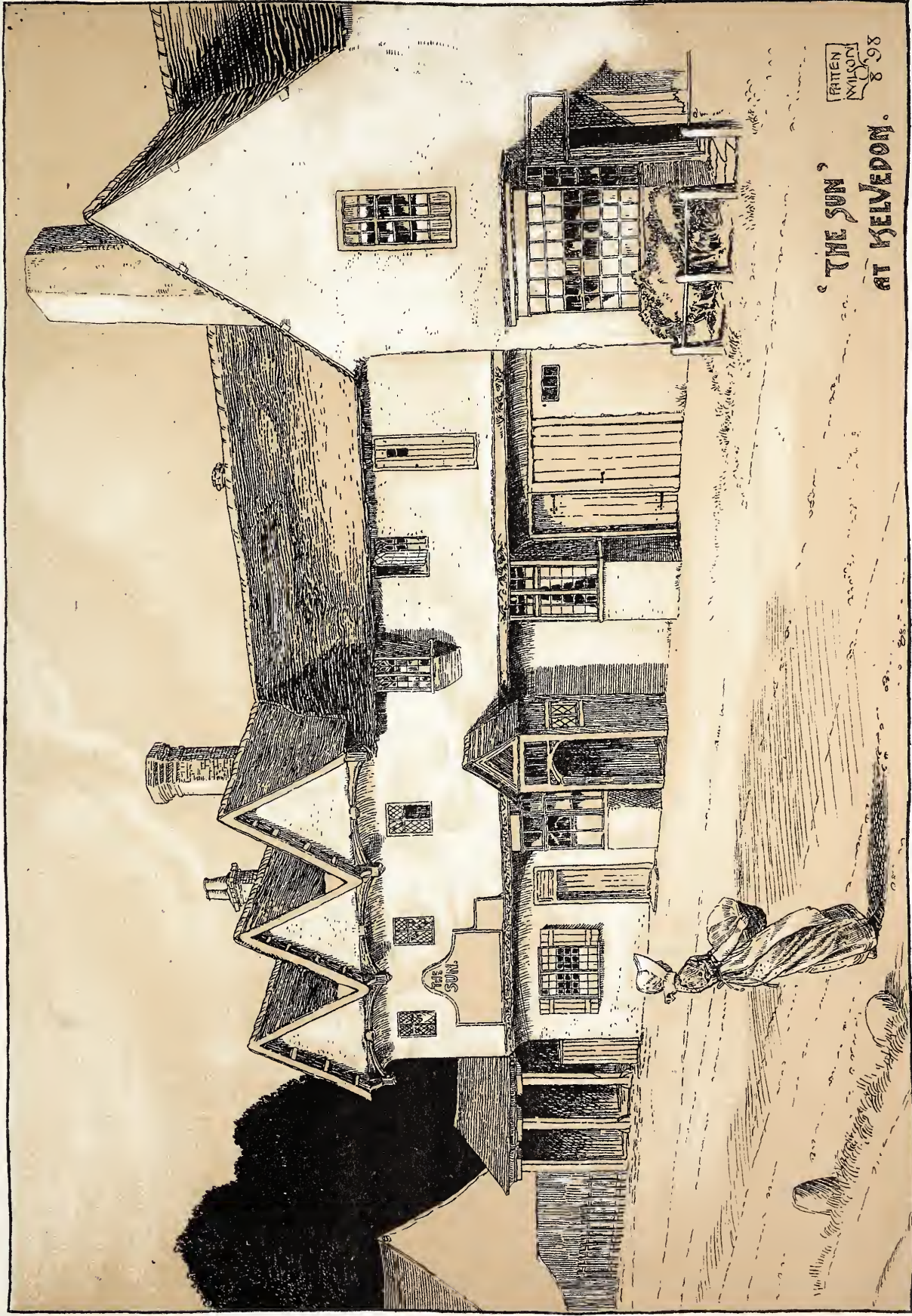


Holywell Street :
From St. Clement Danes Church,
Strand: Drawn by
F. C. Emanuel.

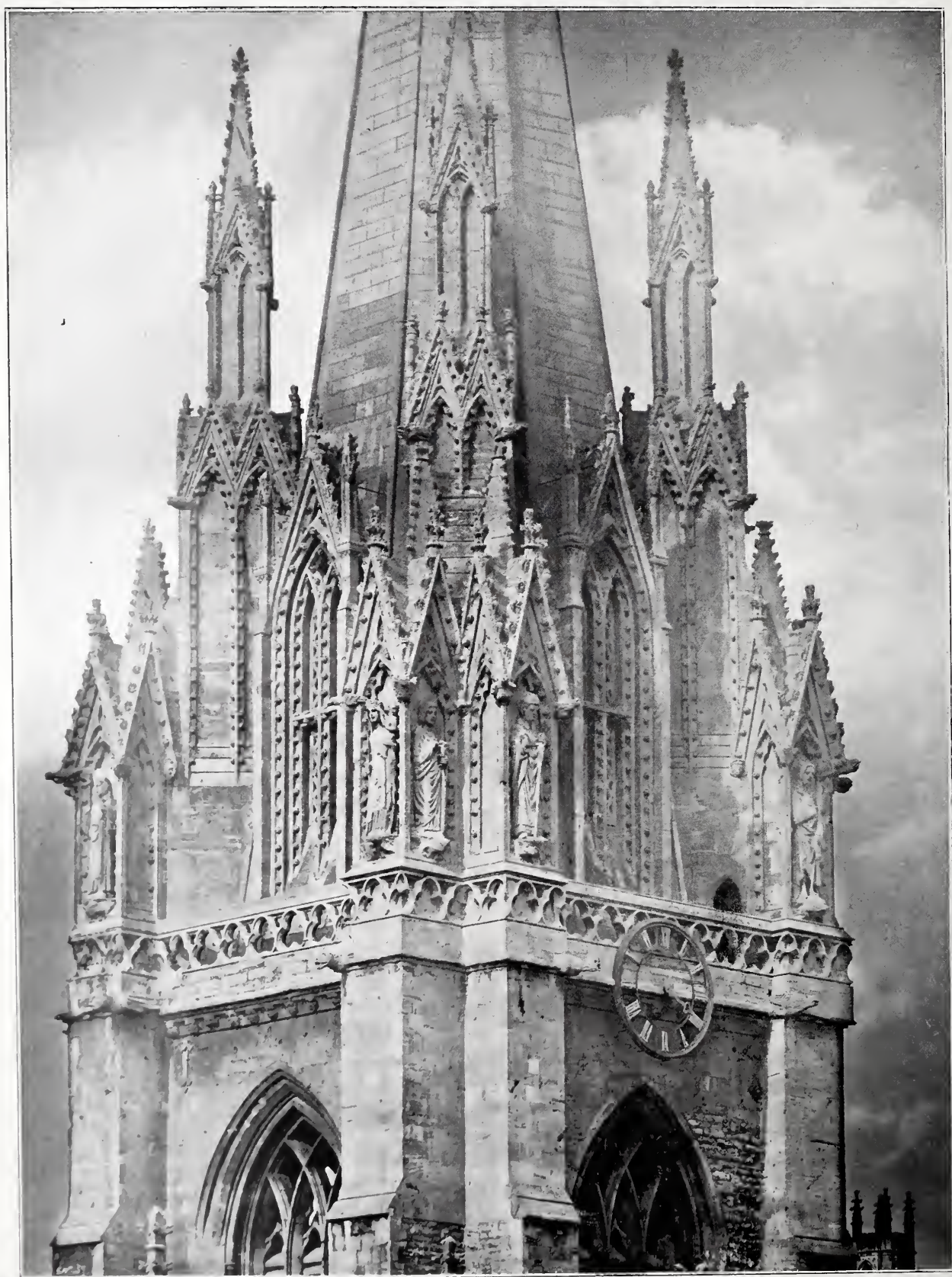


Oliver Hall

BRIDGNORTH, FROM THE WEST SIDE:
LITHOGRAPH BY OLIVER HALL.



'THE SUN'
AT KELVEDON.
WILSON
898



Photograph by W. H. Wheeler.

VIEW OF THE UPPER STAGE OF
ST. MARY'S, OXFORD : BEFORE
RESTORATION.

THE CHURCH OF ST. MARY THE VIRGIN, OXFORD: BY T. G. JACKSON, R.A.: REVIEWED BY H. WILSON.

THIS book of Mr. Jackson's should be in the hands of every architect. It is one which will interest a very wide circle of readers for a diversity of reasons.

Obviously the work of a scholar, the arrangement, the illustrations, the type and printing are alike admirable.

Yet, with all this, one must confess to a sense of disappointment. The book must needs be unsatisfactory to the archæologist because it is, in point of fact, a record of disintegration; it is equally so to the architect, for, though the new work is well shown, all too little is given of the ancient aspect of the tower; while the historian can only lament the loss of invaluable data, the disappearance of individual, characteristic features, and the impossibility of now acquiring new knowledge of its builders.

This is the more amazing in that every page shows the work of a man who knows and loves his Mother Oxford; a man to whose spirit the literary aspect of the place has the most intimate and affecting appeal; to whom the lightest fact, the slightest mention of any detail of University life in the past comes with almost fatidic significance.

Documents of all kinds have been religiously examined, musty rolls, dusty manuscripts, sheaves of yellowing notes have been turned over lest haply some important fact may have passed unnoticed.

The result is that, from the constitution of the Parish Church of St. Mary as the home of the University, to the time of the building of the spire and

onwards, Mr. Jackson is able to give us a fairly complete account of what might be called the scholastic and spectacular aspect of Oxford during the Middle-Ages. Did Thomas Skibbo of Bekisynne steal a servant boy and rob a scholar of the same place? he is pilloried again by Mr. Jackson. Is the obstreperous vicar of St. Giles bound over to keep the peace and surrender his club? he is dragged again from the shelter of oblivion for



HEAD OF STATUE
OF THE VIRGIN.

SPECIALLY PHOTOGRAPHED BY
H. W. TAUNT, OXFORD.

our delight. Is Emmota, Symon's wife wickedly beaten on the head with a shovel? the crime and the patient are here again for execration and compassion. When the mendicant friars "Pomis et potu ut populus fabulatur puerulos ad religionem attrahunt," we, though infinitely remote, bestow a smiling reprobation on this new way of "*staying* with flagons and comforting with apples." Through riots and archiepiscopal visitations, through Royal processions, theological disputes, and students' brawls, Mr.

Jackson leads us with his documentary clues through the mazes of University history onward to the time of the visit of Charles the Second, when we see the final transformation of St. Mary's into a parish church once more. Yet with all this devoted industry, this dwelling on the *written* past of the church and city, when we come to what is, after all, the main purpose of the book—the description of the work done to the tower and spire—there is not the slightest evidence of a right perception on the part of the author of the organic development of the art of building, or any feeling for the intimate relation between the growth of a society and the growth of a city; no real idea of the fundamental unity of *all* the works of men. Nor does it appear to be recognised that towns are not merely chance aggregations of buildings—but are organisms subject to the same laws of evolution and development as those which govern the growth of states and societies. It may well be that the common failure to realise these things accounts for the prevailing attitude of mind towards historic buildings of all kinds—explains that blindness to their most valuable characteristics. If a sacrilegious hand interpolated passages of modern imitative script into a papyrus, or destroyed and then *restored* parts of a priceless manuscript, a howl of rage would rise from the whole community; but when, as in this book, the wholesale renovation of a social, racial document is sedately described, the world gives a smiling acquiescence. Oxford is persuaded that she has

received benefits and not injuries from the hands of one of her devoted sons. For Mr. Jackson, as who would not, does love his Mother University, and solely, we would indeed believe, errs, I will not say through intent, but through failure to perceive.

Yet who can look on a town, old or new, whether within it from a tower or without from some natural eminence, without being struck by the

living look of the network of streets and houses. Physiological similes rise almost by instinct to the lips. The streets are arteries; the houses, cells; the public offices, nerve centres—the whole the work of myriads of city-shapers, polioplasts. These and cognate ideas are to be found in every novel. But there the matter ends; perception penetrates no farther, else should we all see that buildings are the cellular skeletons of bodies of men; cells secreted, so to speak, by them as the reef by the coral insect. Those of the past witness to forgotten organisations, those of the present are the direct outcome of our own necessities.

By their aid the historian, the sociologist, the psychologist, can reconstruct the times, the

state of society, the mental development of the people that gave them birth. And none has the right to destroy these evidences, these pathetic survivals of a faded time.

In order to see how this applies, in the present instance, let us run swiftly in thought through the intervening centuries, and endeavour to construct the city for ourselves, from the time when there was no Oxford; when the river ran naked between green



HEAD OF THE KING
(EDWARD THE CONFESSOR).

SPECIALLY PHOTOGRAPHED
BY H. W. TAUNT.

banks sloping down from oak-sprinkled uplands. We, far-off spectators, can picture the first fall of trees, and the rise of a tiny excrescence of boughs and mud on a ground of green—the first hut of the first settler, an off-shoot from some distant gathering of Dobuni. Accelerating in thought the flight of time, we see other excrescences rise about the first, till a tribal settlement is formed and palisaded round. A

border of cultivation spreads outwards over the wildness. Through the barrier at dawn and sunset flow and return a trickle of inhabitants, proceeding to or returning from the field or chase, and the turf is trodden into roads. The palisade extends, the settlement becomes important; then come incursions, burnings; the hamlet disappears in a flush of flame only to grow again like the Arabian bird.

From the ashes of the hamlet the village springs, from the village the town, from the town the city: stone replaces wood, a wall the primitive palisade. Each growth corresponding with, because the outcome of, some development in the mental or social constitution of the builders. The growing organism, moreover, receives part of its peculiar and individual character from the nature of the site and surroundings.

As the sea shapes the cliff, so the stream of human atomies is shaping Oxford, and as the years fly past him, with their seasons flickering like cloud-shadows and sun-gleams across the landscape, the spectator sees the little patch of grey houses spread further over the green earth, the arteries threading the body of buildings widen, and lengthen out into thoroughfares between it and

similarly growing towns. The lands become the scene of inter-tribal strife, then they are over-run by the Romans. The spectator sees the first eagles of the road-makers planted in the centre of the town amid the sounds of sack and pillage, and the last, as the sturdy bearers, leaving behind them indelible marks of their presence, went out for the last time along the road they themselves had



HEAD OF A BISHOP.

SPECIALLY PHOTOGRAPHED BY H. W. TAUNT.

made. He sees the place harried by marauding Mercians, by West Saxons, and thrice burnt by the Danes. Yet after each calamity the town grows greater, as though the very turbulence of the life within its veins made the increase of the body more rapid. And with its growth, the power of growing waxes. From all sides come bands of knights and merchants, streams of pedlars and packhorses, chapmen, hinds and herds of cattle. Within the town the

centres of instruction established by S. Frideswide draw more and more numerous flocks of scholars. Clerics of all orders come and go. Nuns within their wooden cloisters minister and meditate. Kings are crowned and buried.

Then one last huge fire, and the burgesses, undismayed, begin to build in stone. Bands of masons, guildsmen, and artificers set to work, and a nobler Oxford rises on the relics of the old. Thence onwards through wars, rebellions, dynastic changes, the influx of scholars continues. New colleges are founded, wherein "the naked souls of the children of men may be clothed upon with the garments of Philosophy," and where later they may demonstrate, dispute, and take their first degrees. Buildings crystallise round these centres of activity. Workshops of every kind arise. Goldsmiths and

enamellers, workers in wood and ivory and crystal gather there. Then comes the great change. With the Norman dominion a stronghold rises minatory over the eddying life about its base. A forest of scaffolding hides the little Saxon church, and a more ambitious building takes its place. Unresting activity everywhere prevails. Scaffolds appear, then disappear, revealing the new buildings which sprang into being beneath them; organic growths, rather than creatures of the artificer's skill.

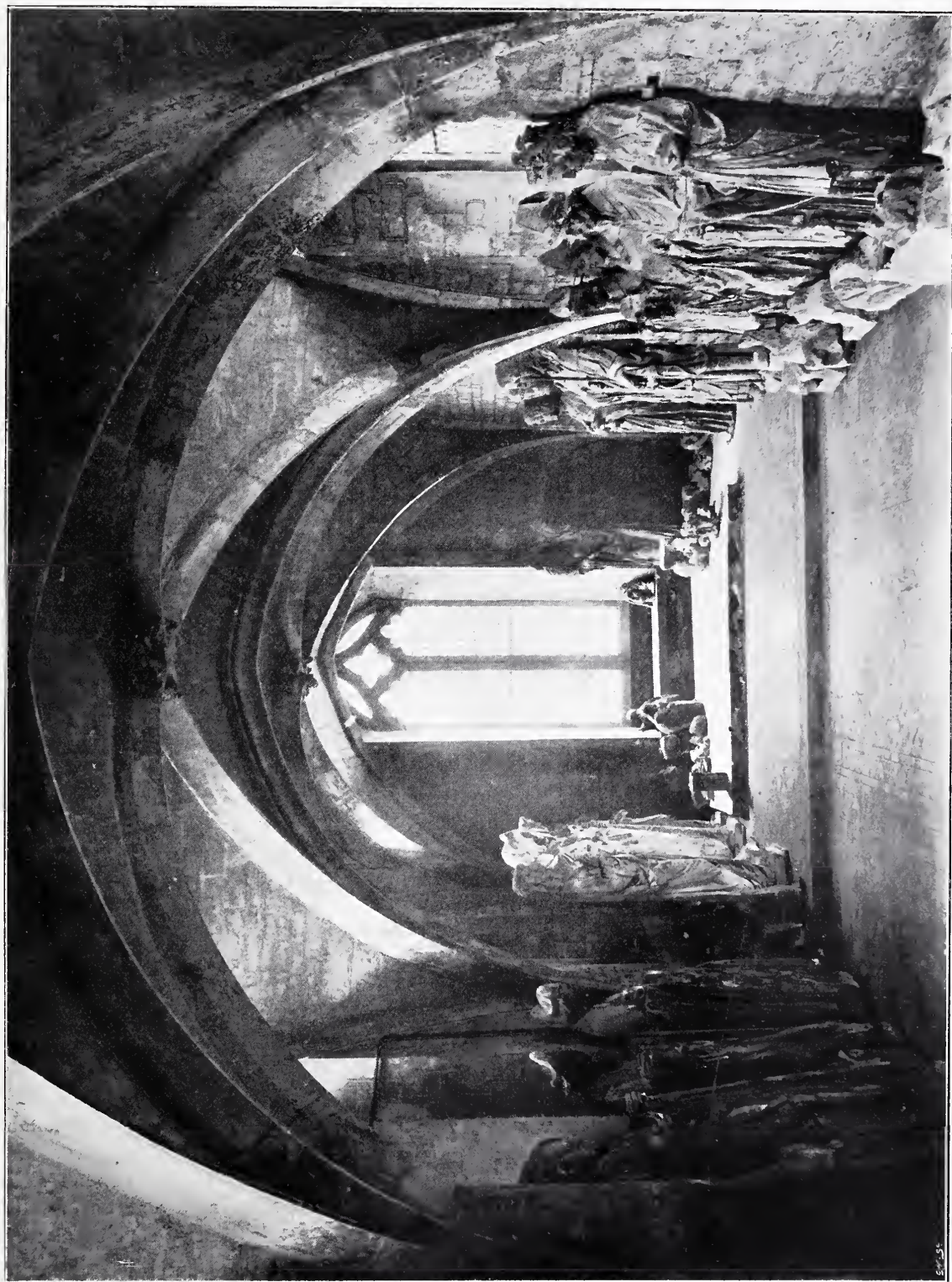
Feasts of dedication, fasts, rites for the living and the dead, solemn ceremonials, collegiate functions, follow one another in swift succession. Townsmen and gownsmen dispute incessantly; processions of ecclesiastics thread the streets, among them the gentle St. Hugh himself, come from Lincoln to dedicate yet another development of the Virgin's shrine. This once new church grows

grey, and, under pressure of the superabundant vitality of the organisation which produced it, throws out new offshoots, grows greater, and at last sends up that pinnaced jet of stone, that carven prayer, that miracle of masonry, "which *was* the eye of Oxford." And there for centuries it remained, the crown and pivot of civic and religious thought. Every impulse of the city's life, every increase of art and skill, every rise in spiritual intensity, of collective vitality, of the knowledge of human unity in the minds of its builders, helped to raise it, and lay behind it as the life of the organism made and lies behind the structure of the shell. But if the life of Oxford men made Oxford in the past, Oxford in a very real sense helped to make her makers. Action and reaction are inseparable, and the glory of her streets has for centuries shaped to gracious modes the thoughts of her inhabitants. No one who has once seen Oxford doubts this. The men of ancient Greece understood the magnitude of their debt to the makers of their monuments; they knew the power of the silent eloquence streaming from fanes and serried statues to mould the minds of men and purify their lives. We think too little of these things. And herein is a great marvel. While men of science are everywhere seeking examples of early art, while Cambridge is organising a band of explorers to preserve records of the vanishing races of the Eastern Archipelago, to gather up every fragment of savage art, every record of disappearing tribes; while explorers in Egypt and Assyria are excavating and religiously preserving every trace of art and craftsmanship—spending fortunes in seeking out the roots of art in early times—we, here in England, spend yet other fortunes in obliterating the traces of our own artistic history; and pour out thousands in destroying the kindly beauties of our native



SIDE VIEW OF HEAD
OF THE VIRGIN.

SPECIALLY PHOTOGRAPHED
BY H. W. TAUNT.



VIEW OF THE LOWER CHAMBER OF
THE OLD CONGREGATION HOUSE.

Specially Photographed by H. W. Taunt, Oxford.



ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST.

SPECIALLY PHOTOGRAPHED
BY H. W. TAUNT.

art, the incomparable craftsmanship left us by our ancestors.

Lo, this is nigh and it is naught ; that, far off and fair.

This history of the Church of Saint Mary the Virgin in our English Athens proves again, as though, alas, it were necessary, that affection gives no guarantee of wisdom ; it shows again, as if we did not know, how easy it is even for the scholar and artist, carried on by the momentum of a system, to destroy what he should gladly worship. The spire of St. Mary's, Oxford, in fine, is now one more pathetic example of the fatal results which follow when the disruptive force of corporate ignorance is turned upon the handiwork of centuries.

Torturing as it is to see these relics of Early England vanishing one by one, the torture becomes a thousand times more keen when we know that there is rarely any need for their disappearance. In the present case there was far less need than usual.

In proof of this I propose to give here a short account of the whole restoration, drawn from Mr. Jackson's book, and from letters and reports published in other places.

From these it will be seen how many difficulties beset the Architect who takes on himself the sole responsibility of dealing with historic monuments, to what straits he is inevitably brought when

justification of his acts becomes necessary, and how unjust it is to expect any man to come unscathed from the ordeal. The pitiable, the lamentable results of the Academic methods of Restoration have rarely been more unmistakably apparent than in this present instance. I call attention to these things in the hope that some concerted action amongst lovers of antiquity may put an end to the daily destruction of English history.

On November 23rd, 1892, the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings wrote to Mr. Jackson, giving expression to alarm at the report that the renewal of the statues had been decided on, for "the impression made (by them) on the beholder was due largely to the antiquity of the statues, and to their harmonious connection with the other enrichments of the spire."

On the 28th December Mr. Jackson, replied in the pages of the *Times*: "From my printed report you would have learned that the more important parts of these statues have an antiquity of only forty years, and I have been informed, *though I have still to verify that statement*, that two of them were then entirely renewed."—"This work you mistake for genuine sculpture of the fourteenth century."

In the report referred to above, submitted to the University on November 25th, 1892, Mr. Jackson stated that "enough was left of the original work to show that the statues were extremely fine examples of English sculpture in the early part of the fourteenth century."

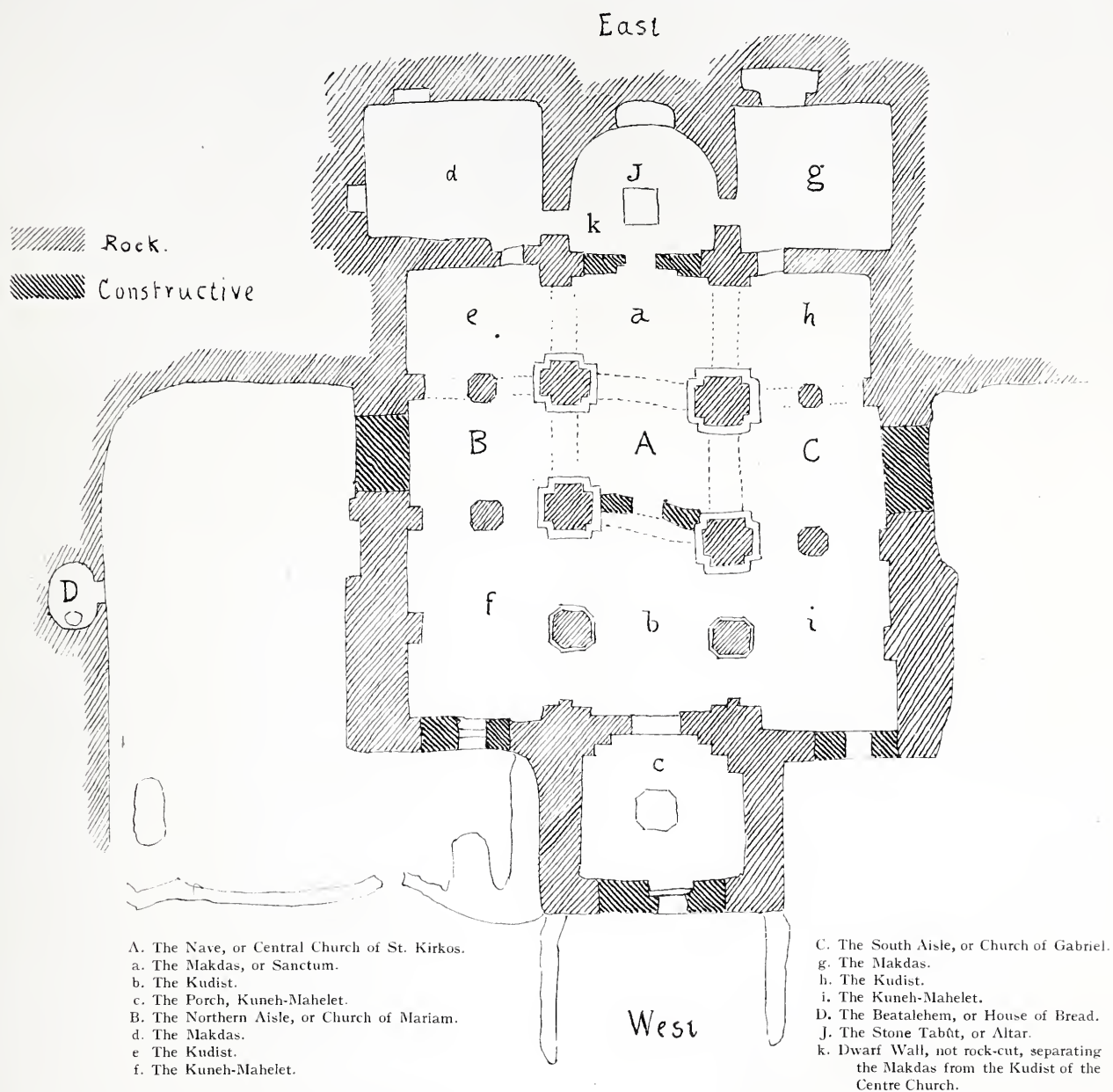
On January 6th, 1893, Mr. Jackson says, "though only two of the statues may have been entirely renewed, all the others had new heads, hands, and other parts put on forty years ago, and the trunks which remain are in many places modelled up in Roman cement."

On January 9th, the Society urged that, however fragmentary the statues might be, they still possessed abundant interest in the genuine portions of them to make their removal undesirable.

On January 10th, Mr. Jackson replied: "The statues round the base of the spire have so far perished that it is not safe even to allow their ruins to remain." He further added: "The days and hours I have spent upon the scaffolding at St. Mary's, trying this stone and that in the hope of saving it, and in particular handling every bit of sculpture, brought me at last to the sad conclusion that preservation was impossible."

On January 6th it was not certain whether two or more of the statues were altogether modern. In this same letter, of the 10th, it is asserted that the statues are "spurious antiquities." It is not easy therefore to understand this "sad conclusion."

(TO BE CONTINUED).

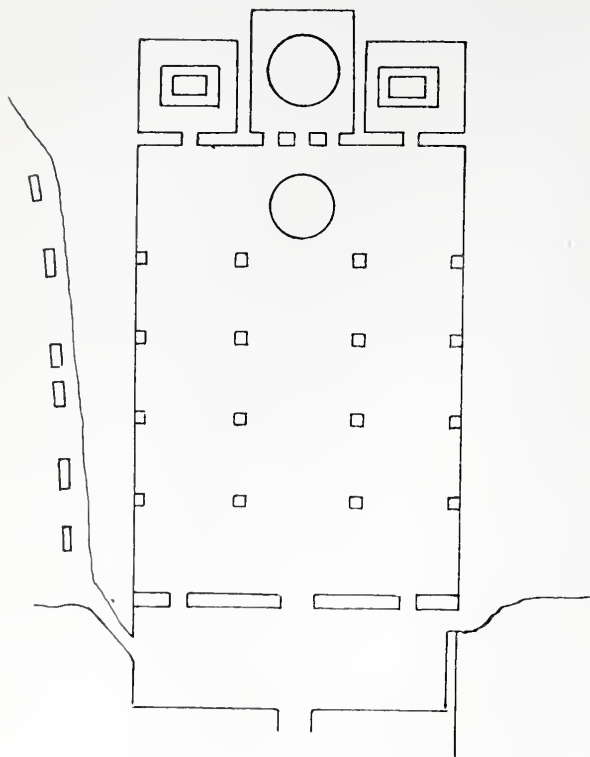


PLAN OF ROCK-CUT CHURCH AT DONGOLO.
DRAWN BY WILLIAM SIMPSON.

ABYSSINIAN CHURCH ARCHITECTURE: LETTERPRESS AND ILLUSTRATIONS BY WILLIAM SIMPSON, R.I., M.R.A.S. PART II.: ROCK-CUT CHURCHES.

ON the line of march to Magdala, one of the camping grounds of Lord Napier's army was at a place called Dongolo—the same name as the better known town on the Nile; it is situated about half-way between Addigerat and Antalo. Here there is a very interesting specimen of a rock-cut church, of which I made some sketches as well as a plan. This was the only church of the kind that I had the good fortune to see, but I learned that others exist. Near Chelicut there is one called the Church of Abha Os Gaba, or Abhahasuba. Salt

gives a plan of this, and a copy of it forms one of the illustrations of this article. There is a rock-cut church on the Takkazé, said to have been excavated by Lalibela in the tenth century. Salt also copies from the work of Father Alvarez a plan of the church of Dummuda Miriam. There are other rock-cut churches known by the names of St. Emanuel, St. Saviour's, St. Mary, The Holy Cross, St. George, Golgotha, Bethlehem, The Martyrs, Marcoreos, &c. I have no exact knowledge of the positions of these churches, but the impression exists in my mind that they are scattered over the greater part of the country. From the list here given, which is not exhaustive, it will be seen that churches of this kind are plentiful in Abyssinia. This is what I would have inferred from the church at Dongolo, for, although it is rude enough,



PLAN OF EXCAVATED CHURCH OF
ABHA OS GABA, OR ABHAHASUBA,
NEAR CHELICUT, FROM A "VOYAGE
TO ABYSSINIA," BY HENRY SALT.

it could not have been a single effort in this direction; the work on it showed that there must have been some previous practice and experience in such excavations.

In the Eastern or Greek church there are two types; one is in its plan elongated, with a nave and two aisles; the other is square in plan. In each of these there is an apse or three apses at the eastern end; but these look as if they were additions to the building, appearing as if they were constructed on to the main body of the edifice, just as the chancel of an English church, from its being narrower and lower in the roof than the nave, suggests that it might have been an after-thought on the part of the architect. These two types are both found in the Russian churches, and the striking point presented to us being, that this rock-cut church at Dongolo is almost identical in plan with the Uspenski Sobor, or Church of the Assumption, in the Kremlin at Moscow, where the emperors of Russia are crowned. The resemblance is in this case so great there need be no doubt that the plans of both have been derived from the same model in the Eastern church. The body of the Dongolo church is a square, with four large columns, or piers, in the centre; in the church at the Kremlin these four pillars support a dome; here what may be called the nave has a barrel roof, while the aisles are flat roofed. It was explained to me at the time, but I quite forget now

who was my authority, that this Dongolo church was divided into three churches; that the nave and each of the aisles were looked upon as separate places of worship. Each of these, again, were understood to have the three-fold division of the Abyssinian churches. The central church is dedicated to St. Kirkos, a favourite boy saint with the Abyssinians; the north aisle is dedicated to Mariam, or the Virgin, and the south aisle to Gabriel. The three-fold division in each is indicated by the letters on the plan. The Beatalehem, where the Bread and Wine is prepared, is also rock-cut, and occupies a position similar to what it does in other churches.

The date given to this church is 333 A.D., and its foundation is ascribed to two emperors at the time when Christianity was first introduced, who are said to have been twins. One was named Atsbaha, "The Dawn"; and the other, Abraha, or "The Light." It is very possible that if these persons are not mythical, there may be a considerable amount of what is legendary given in their history. The very early date of this church is very doubtful. We may be tolerably certain that the first missionaries did not begin their labours by cutting places of worship out of the solid rock.

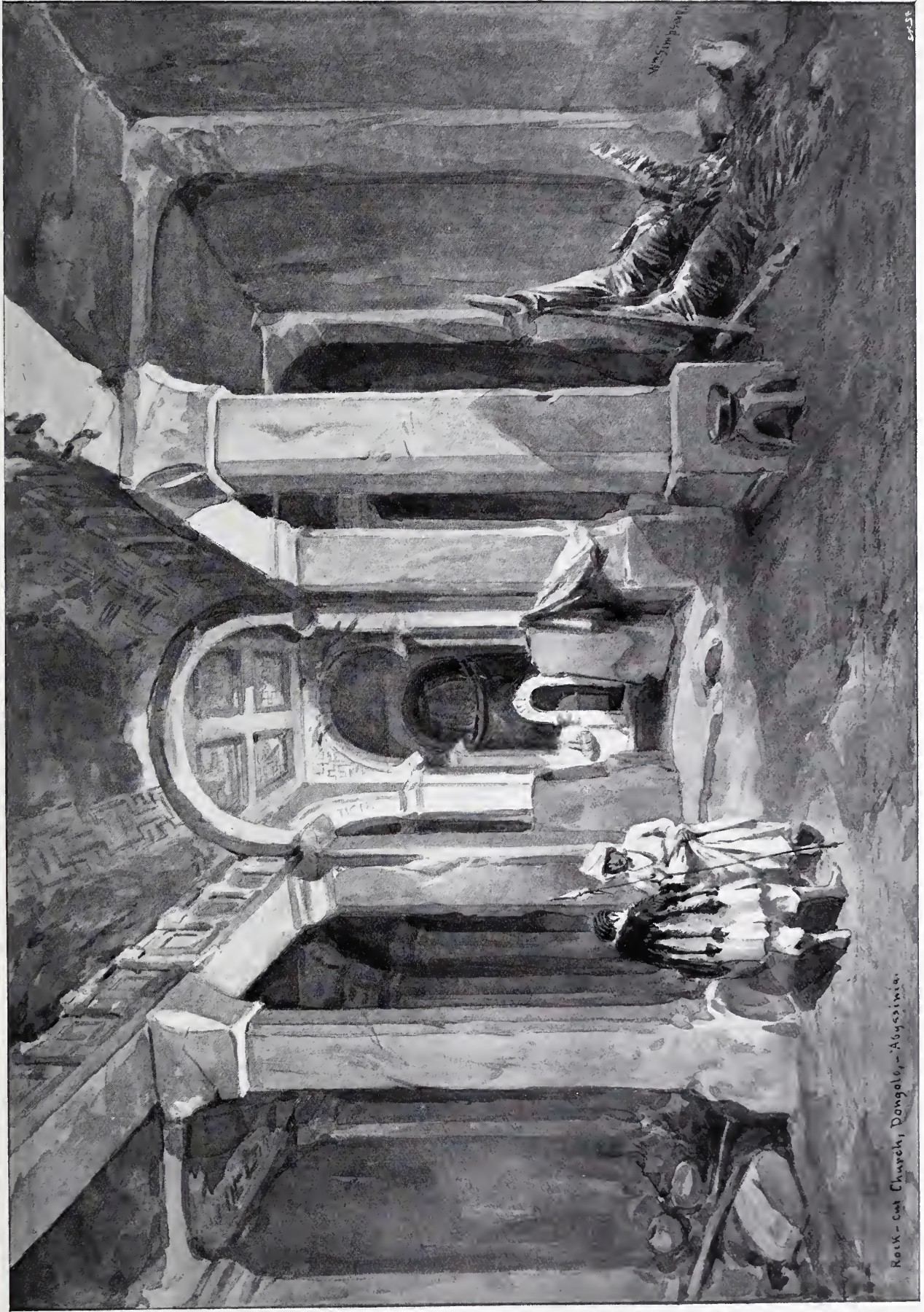
There is a wall enclosing the sanctuary with the Tabût; it is a built wall, and consequently formed no part of the original church. The door in this has an arch over it, which is somewhat Saracenic in its appearance, and it suggested to me that the place may have been used at one time as a Muhammadan masjid. The orientation of the church at the latitude of Abyssinia would be in a line very near to the direction of the Kiblah at Mekkah. The arch is covered with what I at first took for ornament, of which, luckily, I copied a portion; this, on being shown to Dr. Rieu, of the British Museum, was declared by him to be a Cufic inscription, and the few letters I had traced might be read as *El-Malik* ("The King"), or, perhaps, *El-Mulk* ("The Kingdom"). He also gave it as his opinion that the inscription might date about the eleventh century; but, as this arched doorway may have been brought from some other structure, and erected where it now is, it alone, I fear, is not much of a guide as to the period when the church was excavated.

The probability is that the walls were originally covered with paintings, as some fragments of decoration still remain on the roof.

An interesting question here presents itself, and that is the origin of the architectural forms found in this and in other structural churches of Abyssinia. Unfortunately, the material on which any speculation might be founded is very small. The massive square column of the Dongolo Church, with its solid block of a capital, is nearly all we have before us as a guide. This column, it may be



EXTERIOR OF ROCK-CUT CHURCH,
DONGOLO, ABYSSINIA: DRAWN BY
WILLIAM SIMPSON, R.I., M.R.A.S.



Rock-cut Church, Dongolo, - Abyssinia.

ROCK-CUT CHURCH AT DONGOLO,
ABYSSINIA: DRAWN BY WILLIAM
SIMPSON, R.I., M.R.A.S.





ROCK-CUT CHURCH AT DONGOLO:
ENTRANCE TO THE SANCTUARY:
DRAWN BY WILLIAM SIMPSON, R.I.

noticed, is chamfered at the corners, a peculiarity found in other instances. Captain Goodfellow, R.E., at the time of our expedition, made some explorations at Zoula, the ancient Adulis, and found the remains of an old church; part of one of the pillars remained, and it was exactly like the Dongolo examples. Mr. Bent reports the existence of similar columns at Aksum;* also at Koloe.† The capital is a square block, massive in character, and in perfect keeping with the column. It has a vesica-shaped chamfer at the corners; and I give a drawing of one of these capitals that I found in the remains of a stone-built church at Agoola. This presents us with the manner in which they were decorated. The frieze is suggestive of Doric; it seems to be formed with dwarf pilasters, and a panel between. These details are rather too precise and distinct to be a survival; and if the Doric had been the basis of this style, the column could scarcely have been changed from the round to the square. If identification with the Doric fails, its development from the Ionic or Corinthian is still more unlikely. One would be more inclined to suppose that there might be a connection with Egypt, but the comparison fails to support it. The rock-cut temples of India might be guessed at. These I have sketched, and am familiar with their details, with this knowledge I can freely affirm that there is no resemblance, and that the one style cannot be derived from the other. Mr. Bent brought these columns under the notice of Dr. A. S. Murray, who pointed out a similarity they possessed with forms on the Harpy Tomb, from Xanthus in Lycia; and a suggestion of an influence from Asia Minor appeared to be possible. The Falashas, or Jews, in Abyssinia—to which may be added the traditions of the Queen of Sheba and her visit to Jerusalem—point to some intimate relations between that country and Syria, which might account for architectural forms having been derived from Asia Minor. Still, the evidence for any theory of origin is very slight, and no certain conclusion can be arrived at till further details can be brought forward.

It is to be regretted no architectural character was given to the exterior of the Dongolo church; had such been the case, some clue to the origin of style might have been found. The rock, as will be seen in the illustration, has been merely scarped in a rude fashion, and no structural or decorative features are visible. The markings at the front entrance only indicate that some kind of a porch had been erected there.

Mr. A. J. Butler, in his "Ancient Coptic Churches of Egypt," lately published, gives plans of the old Coptic churches in and about Cairo. These are all of the elongated type, with nave and side aisles; and the plan of the excavated church of Abba Os Gaba, near Chelicut, evidently is a repetition of that form. The plan here given is from Salt's work, and is very imperfect, but the character of the church is conveyed in it clearly enough. We may also conclude that the columns in it are also square, like those at Dongolo.

If the plan of this, as well as other churches in Abyssinia, were copied from the Coptic churches of Egypt, judging from Mr. Butler's work, the style of architecture was not carried along with it. This adds very much to the puzzle as to where that particular style was derived. But another equally interesting puzzle presents itself, and that is as to where the Abyssinians found their first idea of these excavations. The old churches of Cairo are all built; the old Egyptian temple of Abû Simbel is excavated, but it is almost exceptional among the remains of the Nile Valley. Let the mind search anywhere, within a reasonable distance of Ethiopia, to find where the starting point could have come from, and the result appears to be a failure. Rock-cut temples imply great labour, and when there is also an architectural style which is followed in them there is more than mere labour to be accounted for. The only suggestion that presents itself is that they were developed out of the cells in the rocks, which we know ascetic monks resorted to. This, it is now recognised, was the origin of the rock-cut temples in India. The first of them were merely the cells of Buddhist ascetics. But, although this is a satisfactory explanation of the Indian caves, I feel doubtful about it when applied to those in Abyssinia.



CAPITAL OF COLUMN
FOUND AT AGOOLA.

DRAWN BY
WILLIAM SIMPSON.

(TO BE CONCLUDED).

PARIS NOTES: THE ELCHÈ BUST.

OWING to the pressure upon our space, consequent upon the Index, we are unable to include the above article, but it will be found in our next issue.

THE EDITORS, *The Architectural Review*.

* "The Sacred City of the Ethiopians," p. 192.

† *Ibid.* 220-1.



GATES IN FRONT OF DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE'S HOUSE,
PICCADILLY, RECENTLY REMOVED FROM CHISWICK PARK.

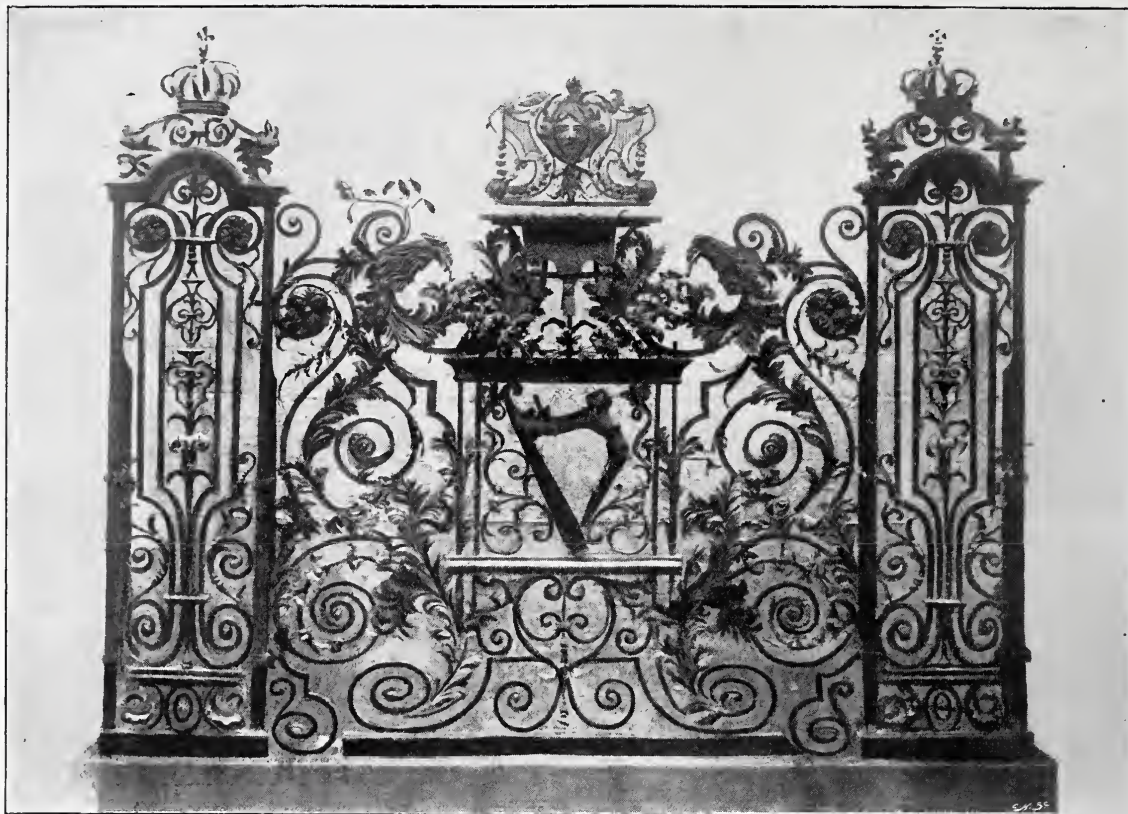
ENGLISH IRON RAILINGS, GATES, ETC., OF XVII. AND XVIII. CEN- TURIES: BY NELSON DAWSON. PART TWO.

AFTER carefully considering this work, one must conclude that the English smiths had got settled in their ideas about the best treatment of railings before Tijou came to England, and continued it after he had left.

If we look at one piece of work by Jean Tijou, the Hampton Court screen, in South Kensington Museum, we shall see more clearly why Englishmen resent a little his alleged influence on them. The only reason this large piece of work, which is of so much interest, came to the museum was that it was so perished that there was a fear of its disappearing altogether, and so Her Majesty the Queen allowed it to be brought away. The large acanthus leaves hammered up in thin sheet iron have probably been renewed over and over again since they were first made. A metal worker once whispered that he had scratched some of them and found they were *copper*. The harp in one panel is built up of beaten sheet, and has a bad effect, particularly as the bar work is so large and heavy. And one knows that thin sheet leaves cannot be

welded on to heavy forged iron stems, they must either be brazed, or pinned, or screwed, and all or any of these is foreign to the art of smithing. Even the making of the leaves would not be done by the smith, but by the *repoussé* worker on the pitch or lead block. None of these things troubled the Frenchman, who was happy in thus producing a big effect by not very laborious means, and, although he was a clever man, the work did not fall in with the English notion of good craftsmanship, and it is unlikely that Tijou had much more than a passing influence. The screen from Hampton Court here spoken of has always been attributed to a Nottingham man, one Huntingdon Shaw, through a vague phrase on his tablet; but it is now admitted that Shaw worked under Tijou—possibly as his foreman—so that whether Tijou himself were smith, or designer, or both, it seems right that he should have credit for the work. Other specimens of his work are the great gates from Burleigh House, St. Paul's altar screen, &c.

About the time of Adams a great change came slowly over English railings, through the introduction of architectural details—a treatment which, perhaps, increased the distance from Mediævalism more than anything else that had happened—cornices and plinths with mouldings which might



PART OF THE HAMPTON COURT PALACE SCREEN,
NOW IN THE SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.

DESIGNED AND MADE
BY JEAN TIJOU.

have been excellent in wood or stone, with sometimes fluted Corinthian columns and capitals done in openwork iron—the hanging standards of gates built up in an Architectural manner, and many other things, that the smith was expected to produce actually, and not allowed to translate into some lawful way adapted to his material. And worse even than this, when he had forged all the parts of the wrought iron gate or railings, and they were put together; the whole must be powdered all over with urns—of cast iron! It has been remarked that the introduction of the thistle as a base of design, was a curse to German ironwork for at least a century—but as far as English railings go, urns have done us about as ill a turn. And why urns? One associates them only with the ashes of the dead, but here in England we like to leave our friends under the green turf and tall elms, so that it is not even a matter of sentiment with us. On the score of the introduction we should owe Wren and Inigo Jones but little if it were not that we had turned their classical urns to domestic account by placing them on the tea-table, to be evermore associated with hot buttered toast and the succulent muffin.

Concluding, then, that English railings and gates became more architectural, there seems a clear sequence. The work was in the hands of the smith entirely in the late Mediæval period—

passing through the Elizabethan and Jacobean times, still in smiths' hands, though influenced by the decorator, or builder—on to about the time of 1780 or so, when the influence of the smith can no longer be traced. Apparently, from the late work, the Architect took the design into his own hands, and, from that time forward, railing work seemed to lose the charm that the old metal workers were able to invest it with. It is true that with 1800 came the period of artistic depression—made much worse by the wars that were then carried on; and it was also the commencement of the period when cast-iron was to prevail for every purpose to which it could be put. But whatever the cause, there was no more wrought-iron worth mentioning until the so-called Gothic revival again drew public attention, since which there has been a freshened appreciation. The old conditions and possibilities have, however, passed away, let us try not to regret them. Let us not grieve for the picturesqueness of our forefathers. We may by all means imitate their earnestness and their ambition, noting carefully their good points, and going a step beyond.

One point seems to be of especial importance, and that is as showing the relationship of the architect and craftsman. From patient researches it seems quite clear that the Elizabethan architect was a very different person from his brother of



[This Design was published in Jean Tijou's
"New Book of Drawings," 1693.]

Photographed by Nichols, Stamford.

THE "LION GATES," AT BUR-
LEIGH HOUSE, STAMFORD: BY
JEAN TIJOU.



OLD WATER GATE IN FRONT OF KELMSCOTT HOUSE, HAMMERSMITH MALL.

to-day, that is, his duties and functions were different. At that time he appeared to be the first person who mapped out the general plan and arrangement of the building on paper, and, that done, he employed the different craftsmen to work on it, leaving the details very much to each master man. How this worked we can see at Burleigh and other famous buildings of the time, and how the same method lasted for a long period we can see by the way in which Wren employed Tijou and Grinling Gibbons to work for him; each, architect and artist, while working conjointly and for a complete whole, maintaining their own separate individuality. To-day there seems a possibility of a revival of craftsmanship on a similar artistic basis. If the work of an artist is wanted, his enthusiasm must be aroused, and this is not likely to occur unless he is left to scheme and invent the design he means to carry out.

It would be difficult to find anything in London that makes one feel so sad as the iron railings in front of the Law Courts. We may or may not appreciate the buildings, but the ironwork seems to lack every quality that it should have, and which one always finds in the old work. It is the architect's own design, and if he were unfortunate in finding a sympathetic smith to carry out his ideas, so much the worse for his reputation. Had he called in a metal worker

who understood the possibilities of iron, and appreciated the requirements of the building, it is possible that this criticism would not have been called for.

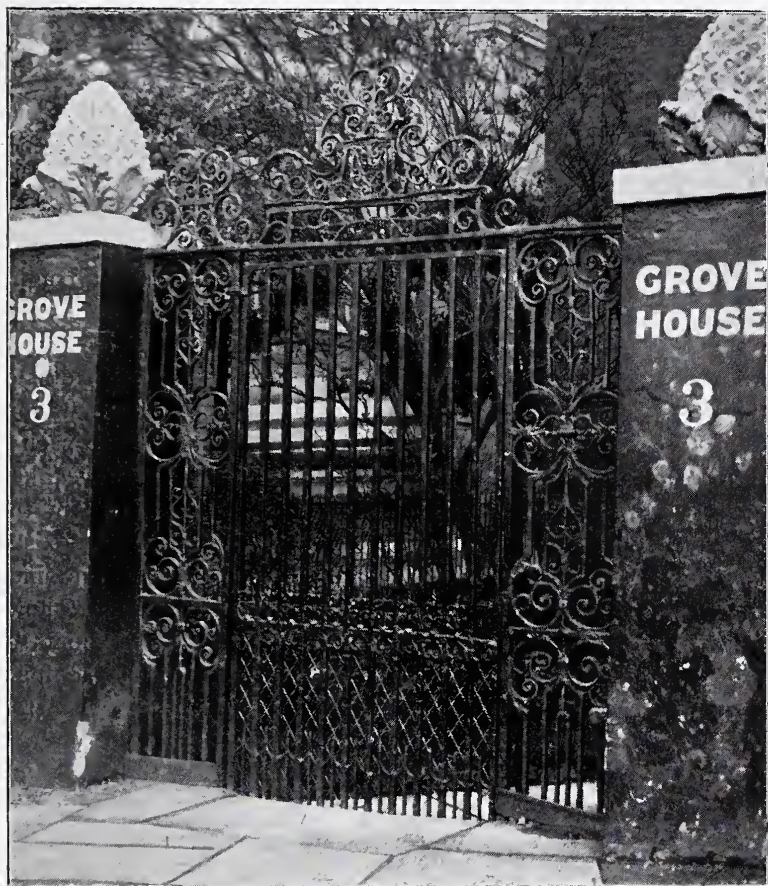
Here is a case in point—a reason why the metal-worker should have a chance of freedom as of old. To co-operate *with*, rather than operate *for*, the architect—to the benefit of themselves and the work.

The illustrations here given are not to be taken as being of the finest specimens of railings still remaining with us—there may be many better ones not far away. Neither do those given include every type of the period dealt with. There are some of the plainer sort in front of the old William of Orange houses that, though they have little or no ornament, are yet of such thoughtful proportion as to much assist the architectural value of the houses. There are those of the “Adams” period, of which we have not here any notable illustration. But there is one illustration of a latter period.

As recently as about eighteen months ago, while walking in a retired road at the back of



GATE IN BATTERSEA: HAVING CAST IRON VASES ATTACHED TO WROUGHT IRON WORK.



GATE OFF THE FULHAM ROAD.

The iron-worker can only stand lost in admiration for both work and author, despite the early period that gave this grille birth, the great lapse of time that it has endured, and the look of neglect that it now wears. More than in the Architecture of the period, one feels before it that the intervening time is bridged over, and that at one's side stands John of Leighton himself, with leather apron and hammer, considering the work. It is no mean quality that in a work of Art the artist has so invested it with his personality that after five hundred years the subtle essence still asserts itself.

But John of Leighton's time is long since, and the art of smithing has sorely declined. There are such things as pattern books, and therein we find illustrations of commercial ornamental cast iron at seductively low prices. Therein are Gothic, and Classic, and English, and Louis XIV, and many another, to meet all architectural needs,

Chiswick Park, one might have seen the elaborate gates (here shown) that now adorn the front of Devonshire House, Piccadilly, to the great improvement of the sterile and dreary wall, behind which the ducal residents ensconced themselves. But in walking by the same gateway now, one is astonished at the ironwork that has taken the place of the former gates, and of which, for curiosity sake, an illustration is given. The Chiswick Park and mansion are now, we believe, used as a private lunatic asylum, and one wonders whether there is any connection between the poor inmates and these uncouth gates that shut them from the outer world! It is to be hoped that no future historian will find out that they are the work of the year of grace 1897 lest the metal workers of our time be covered with reproach. Let us hope that they will be thought to have been made in "another place."

While talking of railings one feels sorry that it has not come within the scope of this article to refer to that very miracle of English smithing—the Eleanor Grille in Westminster Abbey.



IN CHELSEA.



KING'S ROAD, CHELSEA.

particularly that of the suburban villa, which, perhaps, is one of the greatest offenders. But even when wrought work is used, the bars are invariably put in as they come from the merchant—rolled mechanically and accurately till a spring-bow compass would not detect a line's breadth of variation throughout their length. Hard, correct, and unsympathetic, the work excites no pleasure and gets no praise, save that of the unthinking. It would be an affectation to have a clock, for instance, made by hand in these times, and it is doubtful if we should get such a good one as is made in the usual manner and by machinery; but where so much more beauty can be obtained by hand work—where, indeed, the whole æsthetic value depends on being made by hand—it is a very good reason why we should still pursue the methods of our forefathers, even if we have to avow that we know no better and cannot do quite as well as they did.

NOTE.—In note to the illustration of the gate of Chelsea Hospital, which seems to be somewhat condemnatory, it may be explained that it is the construction that is complained of. The half panels and ornament at sides being pinned on to stonework, the absence of framing to this and to the gate itself looks rather as if the work might originally have been a fixed iron screen only, having the centre made to open as a gate at a later period. As to the design, the sense of fitness is by no means absent, but it is overwhelmed by the defects mentioned.

BEVERLEY MINSTER.

SIR,—My reply to the "Comment" in your last number need only be brief, for the theory which the writer advances is supported by no evidence whatever. The plan alone disproves it. The writer takes as his starting-point the contrast which he imagined to exist between the setting-out of the plan of the choir of Beverley, and that of St. Hugh's choir at Lincoln, and the choir of Salisbury. I thought that I had made it sufficiently clear that the widths of the choir and its aisles and the widths of the bays were set out in exactly the same way in all three cases. It is quite impossible that such a "transformation" as is suggested should have taken place without leaving ample evidence in the structure itself. No such evidence, however, exists. A similar theory was advanced a few years since with regard to the nave of Beverley, where, however, it could be supported by some fragments of undoubted Norman masonry re-used in the fourteenth century triforium. Those who are interested in the subject will find that this theory was sufficiently disposed of in *The Antiquary*, Vol. xxvii., pp. 18, 135, 183, and Vol. xxviii., pp. 39, 87.

JOHN BILSON.



IN A SMALL STREET OFF THE FULHAM ROAD.



BILTON GRANGE, NEAR RUGBY.

DESIGNED BY WELBY PUGIN.

THE LIFE AND WORK OF WELBY PUGIN: BY PAUL WATERHOUSE, M.A.: WITH DRAWINGS BY OLIVER HALL, FRANCIS D. BEDFORD, PATTEN WILSON, AND OTHERS: PART FOUR.

OF Pugin's work in the Houses of Parliament we shall speak presently; besides this, the only other specimens of his design to be found in or near London are the church of St. Thomas of Canterbury, in Rylston Road, Fulham, and a convent at Bermondsey, except that the High Altar at the Jesuit Church in Farm Street, Berkeley Square, and the large window of St. Mary Magdalene, Munster Square, are also attributed to his hand; and that a church at Woolwich might, though rather far afield, be included in the metropolitan list.

Pugin's share in the design of the Palace of Westminster was the subject of a bitter, but now half-forgotten, controversy. The contest was waged by the respective sons of Pugin and Barry, and may be followed in detail by those who choose to read "Who was the Art Architect of the Houses of Parliament?" and "The Architect of the New Palace of Westminster." Of the merits of the controversy it is certainly enough to say that Pugin never claimed the title of creator of the building, and that Barry never denied—in fact, frequently acknowledged—his great debt to Pugin's

inventive genius in the details of almost every part of the gigantic fabric. Pugin's supremacy in the details of the stonework is, perhaps, not universal, as in this department a great deal was due to another hand; but where there is woodwork, where there is metal work, where there is stained glass, where there is wall paper—there you have Pugin. Spend a day in any part of that building, and you will marvel every hour at the fertility, the grace, which has laid a gentle hand on every corner of every room and hall and corridor. Not only are the legislative chambers and their accompanying offices replete with this man's work, but up and away in the humblest furniture of the remotest bedrooms in the residential quarters you find the same evidences of the same productive skill. Nay, more, there is somewhere, in a half-forgotten limbo, a veritable museum of samples which Pugin submitted, but which Barry did not choose. There is scarcely an object of household ironmongery for which Pugin did not design a host of variant examples. Many were chosen (for variety is conspicuous in the building), but many also were left. The story that in sixty minutes Pugin filled sixty circles with sixty separate patterns of mediæval tracery is probably an unexaggerated illustration both of his fertility in idea and speed in drawing. Half an hour's study of the unpublished designs in the possession of Pugin's family would convince anyone of the

harmony of his creative bent with the motives as well as the details of the Palace of Westminster; but, without treading controversial ground, it may be admitted that one of Pugin's tasks in the creation of the Palace of Westminster was that of the industrious producer of accessories; and no one who is familiar with the building can overlook

to mention that he had yet a further share, if a somewhat secondary one, in the competition which preceded the selection of an architect. He helped Sir Charles Barry in the preparation of his submitted drawings, the "get-up" of which was, no doubt, materially enhanced by his invaluable draughtsmanship. Also for his friend Gillespie Graham he



THE GATEWAY OF OSCOT COLLEGE.

FROM A DRAWING BY W. H. BIDLAKE, M.A.

the enormous importance, as a factor in its undoubted merit, of the profusion, wealth, freshness, and originality displayed in the design, not merely of its furniture and equipment, but of those thousand nothings which in a building of the kind are everything.

It is fair to Pugin's reputation as a hard worker

made a complete and separate design, which was unsuccessfully submitted under Graham's name.

Naturally he was not without a share of work as a superintendent during the progress of the building. Pugin had the greatest influence with workpeople, who felt the humblest respect for his unerring judgment and knowledge. The staff of



Oliver Hall

CHAPEL ADJOINING GRACE-DIEU MANOR
HOUSE: DRAWN BY OLIVER HALL

workers whom he got together, and the skill with which he controlled their operations, may be said to have formed the groundwork of much that is excellent in modern workmanship. Living tradition among his old employees cherishes the memory of his stern tyranny, his unwavering decision, his temperate knowledge, and, not least, of his strange figure and unusual maritime costume.

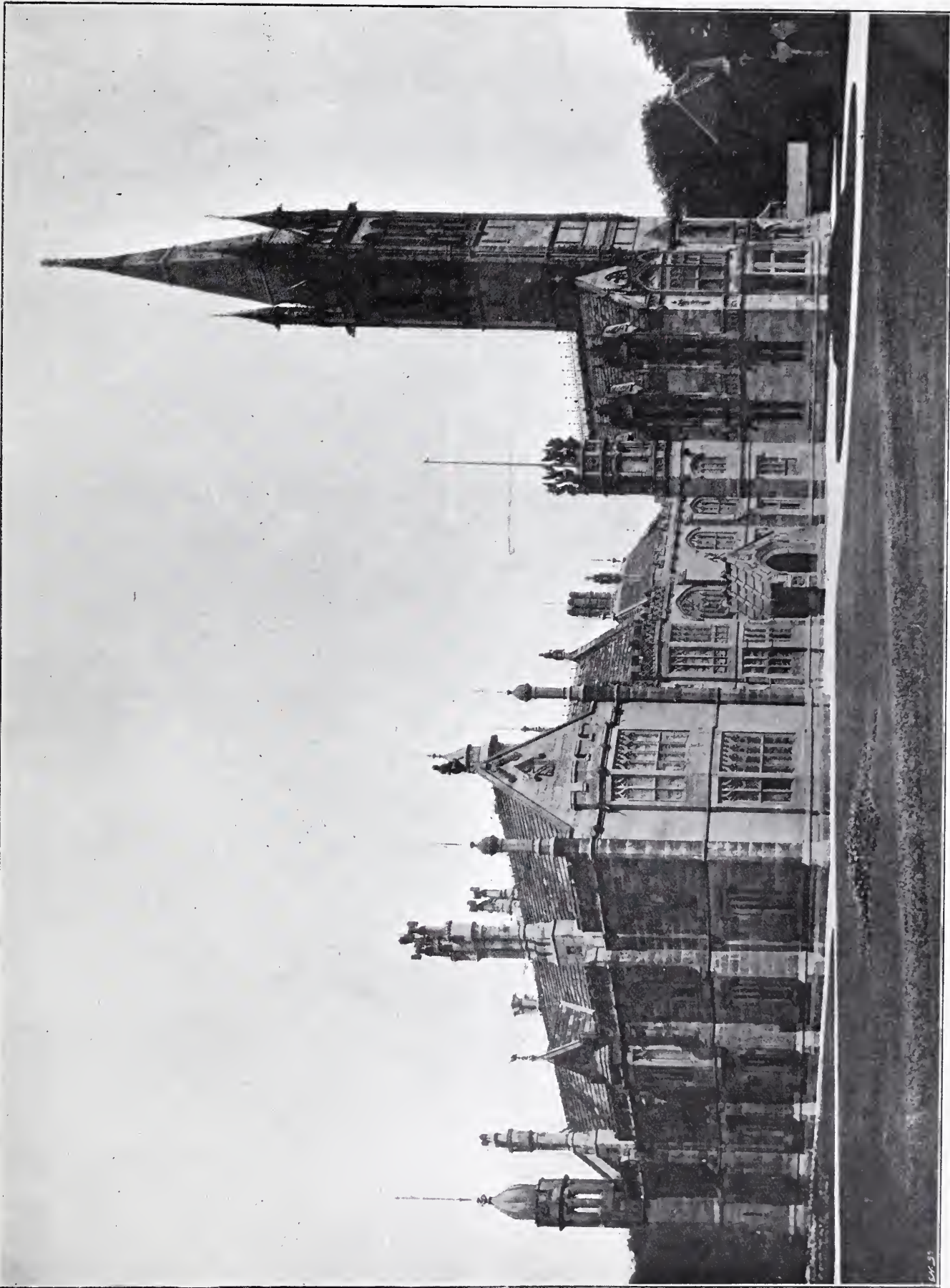
The little convent at Bermondsey repays, I think, the trouble of reaching it, especially if the seeker be one who likes to realise that maritime London has a substantial, not merely a reputed, existence. At Dockhead, which is the termination of Tooley Street, you are within smell of tar, and you have a consciousness of the nearness of old Thames—a wide, open, below-bridge, navigable Thames, only hidden from you by a thin row of houses. At a swirl of the road the tramcar brings you suddenly upon the Church of the Trinity, which is not Pugin's, and upon the Convent of Our Lady of Mercy, which is. I cannot be quite sure whether we are to attribute to Pugin the quiet, three-gabled front facing north, but it is a good piece of design, noticeable for its unassuming distinction. It is a gentlemanly building, and Gothic in its degree, and cheap, too, I expect. Stock brick, and a little stone, and four or five bits of carving are the ingredients, yet the whole has a breadth and worth which is not very often to be found in the Gothic works of its decade. Notice the gargoyles which surmount the rain-water heads; notice, too, the angels at each angle of the building, and the sidelong steps to the entrance. If you are so fortunate as to get within the walls, you will see the refectory and other buildings on the south side of the inner court, which are undoubtedly Pugin's—the tall, "corbie-stepped" gable is shown in an old woodcut which bears Pugin's initials—so, for that matter, is the apse of the church. Probably Pugin projected the church, and a later hand carried it out, or possibly it was built just before Pugin came on to the scene. Pugin's pilot coat must have felt at home among the seamen of the district, and I picture to myself that more than once his visits of inspection to this convent must have been paid by way of river and sea rather than by road.

At present I have not spoken of the houses which he built for himself, first at Salisbury and afterwards at Ramsgate. St. Marie's Grange at the former town was a specimen of somewhat uncouth eccentricity. An illustration of it is to be seen in Ferrey's Life. There is a quaint, uncompromising mediævalism about the building which, though it testified to the designer's preference of art to utility, made the eventual sale of the building unremunerative. The home which Pugin built for himself at Ramsgate was, in his own opinion, the most

satisfactory of his works. I had nearly said "the home and church," but the addition is really unnecessary, for Pugin's life was passed as much in the sacred building as in the secular; they were both his home. Perhaps it would appear beside the mark to speak in an appreciation of a man's art of the religious side of his life, but to set this aside in estimating Pugin is virtually to disregard more than half of his character. *Zelus domus tuæ exedit me* would have stood for his motto. At Ramsgate, being both architect and paymaster, there were no hampering restrictions as to cost, no limit on the expenditure except the limit of his own means; and here the architect, with characteristic devotion and munificence, delighted to spend, even if need be to the extent of sacrifice, his money as well as of his art. Begun in 1846, and opened for worship in 1851, the church owes its existence entirely to the generosity of Pugin, who, when he came to reside at Ramsgate in 1843, made it his pious business to supply the spiritual needs of his co-religionists in the town, caring specially for the French sailors, whose destitution, both physical and spiritual, was provided for by his alms as well as by his gift of a church. Small as it is, the church has the charm of mystery. Entering by a door less than five feet high, you rise from a compelled obeisance to find yourself refreshed by the pleasure which always accompanies the first glance at a building whose plan, though really straightforward, does not reveal its whole disposition at once. The nave is very short, yet such is the arrangement of the columns that on entering, though one sees the High Altar, the south aisle, terminating in the Lady Chapel, and the adjoining Pugin Chantry are not fully seen. Nor can one see the chapels of St. Joseph and of the Sacred Heart, which are attached to the cloisters on the north side of the church. It was by no means every workman who could satisfy Pugin's ideas of craft, and it is characteristic of his care, not only for the design, but for the execution of his buildings, that in this case he employed a score of Scotch masons to work the specially selected stone which came sea-borne from Whitby. Pugin, of course, was superintendent as well as architect, but he employed as foreman of works, or possibly as contractor, his old friend Myers, a rugged and enthusiastic builder, whose acquaintance he first made at Beverley, and to whom he intrusted, wherever possible, the carrying out of his designs.

In the Pugin Chantry, besides the recumbent figure of the founder, it will be found that the lower part of the window represents Pugin offering the church to God, and attended by kneeling portraits of his three wives. It was the architect's intention to surmount the tower with a spire.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



SCARISBRICK HALL: DESIGNED BY WELBY PUGIN.



MEDALLION OF YOUNG GIRL, CALLED
"THE SISTER OF CARRIÈS" (BRONZE).

BY JEAN CARRIÈS.

THE WORK OF JEAN CARRIÈS, FRENCH SCULPTOR AND POTTER: BY MON. EMILE HOVELLAQUE: CONCLUSION.

"I AM a workman," Carriès would say. It is the key of all his execution. The themes he treated he borrowed from no tradition. They rose from his heart, were as spontaneously the outcome of his life as the songs and satire of Burns. His first models were of the people like himself. And when a broadening experience led him, in his "Velazquez," his "Loyse Labé," his "Franz Hals," to pay homage to the aristocratic art of Spain, of the Renaissance, or Holland, when the mystery of the flame evoked in his brain the fantastic visions of the end, he kept throughout the freshness of impression, *naïveté* before Nature, the simplicity and intensity of imagination of a virgin sensibility and primitive mind. Nor did he ever in his most brilliant improvisations forget that he was, above all, a craftsman. But in his early work, though his technique and patinas were curiously personal, this preoccupation of the material was subordinated to a realistic presentation of human misery. It was the *individual* he felt, the marvellous unity of his experience, the intensity and complexity of a certain æsthetic character, the

æsthetic value of the significative lines. There was no need to point a moral. That would be sacrificing the whole to a part. The work is moral because true, touching because living. His "Miner" is perhaps the most powerful concrete presentment I know of what our inhuman civilisation costs the poor. Yet the first and strongest impression is the *choice* of attitude, the research of line. The imagination is startled and troubled by the awkward pose of the statue so unexpectedly cut beneath the knees. The miner is clearly quite unconscious of his pitifulness. Yet the statue is more moving than any words, for it is the visible and insupportable presence of human suffering itself.

It is useless to describe other works in this first series of "Désespérés," whom he studied with such patience and ardour at a time when his fellow-sculptors were passively following tradition, fabricating nymphs and recommencing the past. To describe one is to explain all, and define the nature of Carriès' future excellence. In all it is the *lyrical intensity of emotion* which attracted Carriès, nowhere more piercing than in those faces where every shade of anguish, defeat, or resignation has become permanent. It was no preconceived pity for the poor which led him to become their poet. It was the extraordinary force of their

expression. And as pain is keener than joy, he studied pain alone, from the head of his "Christ," who is, indeed, the Christ of the outcast and vagabond, to that of the "Blind Beggar," his earliest masterpiece, a summit he attained at once, and was not destined to reach again for many years. So ardent, so firm, so exquisitely austere is the modelling of the wax that Carriès refused to have it cast. It was definitive. It betrays fully, and for the first time, his individuality, and defines his artistic family. It is an Alonzo Cano. And in its fire, tragic sternness, almost savage ardour and anguish, it is worthy of that Spain, a spark of whose genius burns in the kindred Provençal blood from which Carriès sprang, and whose influence glows through all the northern thoughtfulness of his work.

In his "Désespérés," Carriès was confined to the reality of the streets, to wax or plaster, which he embellished with admirable but perishable patinas. In his following works he had the noblest of materials, bronze, to transform and beautify, and all the domain of imagination and of the past to range over. He revels in the subtle arrangements of head-dress, collarette, and robe, which form as dainty a setting to his "Loyse Labé," "Mme. Hals," "Novice," "Religieuses," as the lacework of its leaves to an anemone. He delights in the storied magnificence of chasuble and mitre (*l'Evêque*), or stern sweep of helmet, and gleam of armour round the head of his "Guerrier." He evokes for his pleasure visions of the Renaissance, of kingly pain, of cloistered peace, of Spanish haughtiness, Dutch bonhomie, or the mysterious half-bestial life of his marvellous "Faun," with the ease of an *Improvisatore*. Whatever charms, touches, seduces him, he exteriorises swiftly in forms which are a confession and an evocation. Even his portrait busts (his "Jeune Garçon" for instance, which is Youth itself) are less individuals than impressions—the delighted impressions of his bounding vitality, of those

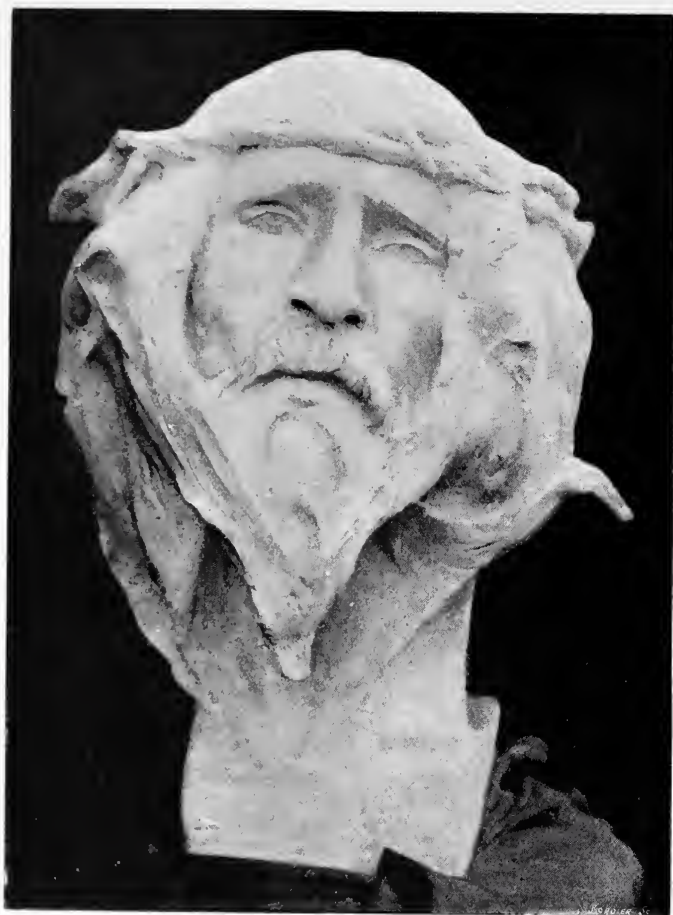
rapid years crowded with life, animated by a world of enthusiasms, visions, hopes, which are now dust and silence. Of that brilliant and moving world his bronzes keep but a frozen memory. The very ardour of execution which still trembles in them disquiets and saddens one by its feverishness. They are fragments snatched from fate. There was no time for calmer vision and quieter workmanship.

The "Head of Charles I., King and Martyr," announces this, the leading period of his sculptural labours by its nervous fineness of modelling, its aristocracy, its delicacy and decorative grace, its exquisite pale patina, its comprehension of the resources of bronze. But in the succeeding busts there is a far subtler sense of the organic individu-



A FRENCH GENTLEMAN, CALLED ALSO
"LE CALLOT": STATUETTE IN WAX.

BY JEAN CARRIÈS.



HEAD OF CHRIST (PLASTER).

ality of each type, a closer study of the supple tissues, the living textures of the flesh, relaxed or dense, a finer divination of the total life, plastic and mental, of each. That mysterious pantheistic sense of *life*, which developed so creatively later on, which is already there. The complex unity of soul and body is rendered in them by an imagination which is complete. In his "Désespérés," Carriès *felt* and *divined*. In these he *thinks* and *understands* as well. What criticism is more penetrating than his "Portrait of Franz Hals?" What description of that artist's sensibility, of his life, could teach us more than the magnificent joyous and sane vitality of this bust, its massive and easy power, the reserve of agile force in the firm laughing look? Again, in the "Bust of Velazquez," as severe and strict in arrangement as the "Franz Hals" is careless and fanciful, Carriès has expressed all the haughtiness, distinction and disdain, all the gravity, all the nervous ardour of a soul supple and fine as the blade of a rapier; the very density of the meagre flesh, firm tissues—sinewy dark and hard—the bilious pallor of the subtly-lined face are visible in the sombre bronze, whose blackish green patina darkens in places to a grave black. The contrast between the rosy cordiality of the well-fed lymphatic Hals, reeking with jollity, and the lean

princely Spaniard is inexpressible. The physiology of two races, the psychology of two souls, is written there. Neither portrait is in literal accordance with documents; both are interpretations, fantasies truer than any reality. For even when the document was a living person, the bust a portrait, as in his "Jules Breton," his "Vacquerie," his own "Portrait," Carriès *interpreted* and *transformed*. His domain was the permanent and general.

As M. Alexandre has well observed, the cross hidden in the folds of the Charles I., marked on the armour of the *Guerrier*, concealed or expressed in nearly all his work, even more than the choice of religious subjects, is the signature of this subtle mysticism of Carriès. But the constant *mysteriousness of impression* is due less to any mysticism than to this psychological process by which his mind instantly transformed the particular into the general, by which the stylisation of the model was immediate, by which a dream image substituted itself to reality, in the *Franz Hals* or *Velazquez*, as well as in the purely imaginary creations he conceived without consulting any document whatever. They are dreams realised in bronze, and keep the visionary nature of a dream. Such are even the most concrete and apparently individual of his busts—his "Evêque," his

"Monk," for instance—which one would at first suppose portraits.

This irradiation of an inner life, the quiet light shining through the flesh, revealing the invisible, the spiritual beauty of Religion, constantly haunted Carriès. Hence his "Nuns," his "Novice," his "St. Fidèle." The "Novice" is a masterpiece, and perhaps his masterpiece, for here there is no excess of the picturesque—all is simple, touching, with a delicate perfume of grace. The timid, shrinking beauty is that of some pale young flower that has expanded in shadow and chill. All the poetry of cool, claustral life, all its silence and deep rest, its innocence, its purity, are beneath the quaint and charming head-dress of the child, in the sweet seriousness of the shy tender face, untouched by the fever of our confused and noisy lives. The pale, gentle features, the large calm eyes, as pure and limpid as living springs, will never grow conscious of harsh images of unrest, lassitude and pain. Something of the freshness and cool youth that speaks of unruffled quiet will remain in that face grown old, as in those clear faded faces we pass in Paris under the white caps of the nuns, poems of peace and symbols of rest. In the full pure contour of the mouth and rounded brow, in the full childish cheeks, suave as

a Metsys, we read the happy calm of a heart fed with tranquil dreams and serene thoughts, in some garden of rest, among unchanging duties, measured by the quiet bells which will hardly toll more slowly when the little "Novice," an aged nun, passes away to some more perfect peace. So delicate and swiftly winning is this charm of feeling that it is only later we see the rare grace and subtle taste of head-dress, robe and folds, the fanciful fine artistic sense of arrangement, or the quiet splendour of the harmonious grès, relieved with incrustations of dim silver and faded gold.

It is thus with all the works in which Carriès has expressed the fragile beauty of woman. They partake doubly of the character of dreamy Evocation, common to all the busts of this period: they make clearer one of Carriès' chief characteristics. Their charm is above all penetratingly poetic and suggestive; their grace is wayward, unique, unexpected; they have a musical intensity of feeling, and their beauty is less a beauty of pure form than of very sweet impression.

Even in his women, a head suffices to express all he has to say. But from them the tragedy of pain or care which disfigures is absent. In them expands the secret charm of whatever bows our hearts in adoration, sacrifice, or love. They have (as in "Mme. Hals, the Abbess,") a sweet and strong serenity, a grave cheerfulness, a tender, smiling delicacy, or (as in "Loyse Labé") a witty grace, that set one dreaming of the old popular songs of France, so deep and simple, so soberly pathetic, so profoundly human: and, like them, they have a delightful flavour of *naïveté* and simplicity, a robust, refined, and rustic charm, as of clear water in a cup of wood.

The study of the life of the flesh in these busts is even closer than in the "Velazquez" and "Hals." The progress is evident. Nothing can exceed the delicacy of rendering in the firm peach-like surface of the exquisite "Loyse Labé," the bloom so curiously rendered by the patina of the bronze, the delicate glow of life in the "Novice," "Buste de Jeune Fille," and others. This interest in the marvellous living tissues, this growing divination of the mysterious forces which create an organism, prepares us for one of Carriès' most striking originalities—his expression of child-life. Almost alone among painters and sculptors, he is the poet of infancy. None has felt so deeply the charm of

the helpless undecided baby bodies and the fine satin of the baby skin under which beats almost visibly the rapid flow of ever-changing life. It is not this half vegetative existence others have expressed, but the awakening soul. No one has rendered like him, with such delicious suppleness of hand, with such swiftness and sureness of tender observation, such delicacy of modelling, the sudden, exquisite turns of awkward baby heads on the disobedient muscles of the yielding neck, the warm peace of their motionless sleep, the finished marvel of the tiny dimpled hands that clutch brusquely and close so firmly, all the perfect flesh that mothers kiss so fervently, and in which men take no interest until consciousness awakes.

With the "Faun," the sense of the mysterious life of the organism visible in the "Children" becomes dominant; we pass from bronze to grès, to a material which, by its fleshlike texture, infinite variety of surface and colour, expresses the epiderm and flesh with startling reality. We touch here on the supreme originality of Carriès' physical sensibility: his Pantheistic sense of universal life.

In none of the images which he multiplied on his "Portal" is this sense of mysterious life more strongly marked than in the wonderful grès exhi-



THE BUST OF BAUDIN.

BY JEAN CARRIÈS.

bited in 1892, the "Grenouillard," in which all the uncanny poetry of stagnant pools, all the portentous vitality that slowly gathers form in the deep ooze, have fashioned themselves into so precise and weird a dream-shape. Crouching heavily in a frog-like attitude, a great half-human, half-aquatic monster convulsively presses a strange newt to his massive chest. From his back, bulging into pustules like those Surinam toads which carry their eggs and half-formed young in the foul pouches of their skin, a young frog has just emerged, and pauses in the act of springing into independent being; others are obscurely felt in the swelling pustules of the dense, flabby, and elastic flesh. Only the dim, cool, gray-green *grès*, dashed with mottling patches of clear brown or poisonous green, can give any idea of the intense reality of that viscous frog-flesh, and the hard, powerful, yet brittle and distorted bones that so strangely pierce the corded muscles and heavy folds of tense skin.

But the work which would most fully have expressed Carriès' various gifts in this phase of his development is certainly his unfinished "Portal."



BUST OF AUGUSTE
VACQUERIE:

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE
FIRST SKETCH IN CLAY.

Gothic in Architecture, Gothic and Japanese in decoration, it is the fit entry to this weird land of the fantastic in which Carriès dwelt during those years of exhausting effort, of nightmare struggles with the leagued forces of Nature. A strange dream Architecture: the hard, fulvous, half-organic material under the eye seems to take on a monstrous life, to swell into uncertain, moving shapes, for the apparitions emerging from the *grès* seem rather hallucinations than carved reality: a touch, and the grimacing faces swollen with supernatural life will surely disappear under the hand reassured by the smooth surface. But no. In the central pillar, crowned like church portals with a Virgin, in the lateral pillars the obscure tide of Life rises and informs the tortured masks struggling towards the light, straining to emerge for ever from the domain of sleeping terror and darkness to which daylight and reason banish them. The apparitions mount and expand like smoke in strange scrolls of heads grimacing Lust, Madness, Hate, Sloth, Avarice, Senility, till they reach the obscene birds and cynical brutes of the tympanum, the vague organisms that float there like jellies on some sea saturated with life, and finally, the mouth of the central monster, whence steps fearlessly the fairy princess of this world of terrors. Into what land of Circe has she strayed like the Lady in "Comus?"

Like the dream of his life, this strange dream is unfinished. Only a few fragments were completed in the marvellous polychrome *grès* which would have given it its final splendour of colour. Carriès was tired of his orgy of fancy. His feverish exultation had fallen. His desire was to return to purely sculptural work, refined, sober, simple. A word must be said of his "St. Fidèle," undertaken at this time, for it betrays the influence he most strongly felt, that of Claux Sluter, one of the greatest names in all sculpture. The art of Sluter is absolutely different in origin and nature from that of Carriès. It is as solidly objective, concrete, Flemish as Carriès is gracefully subjective, wayward, French in balance and reserve. He is nearer Holbein and Teutonic feeling, and Carriès, a pure Celt, very far from either. Yet in this group there is much to remind us of the great dreamer of the Burgundian tombs and Puits de Moïse. Much might have been hoped from this influence. The "St. Fidèle" was Carriès' last work, with the unfinished "Abbess." An era of calmer, more thoughtful work was opening before him. But his ardent eyes were for ever closed before he could reach it. All he leaves he considered as preparations, his works as essays. They suffice to his glory.

THE WORK OF JOHN SEDDING,
ARCHITECT: BY J. P. COOPER,
ASSISTED BY H. WILSON: PART
SIX.

THROUGHOUT a long and busy life Sedding kept untouched the freshness of his nature. Like a child, novelty ever attracted him. His spiritual retina kept its youthful impressionability. Experiments never ceased to fascinate, no failures discouraged him. Though an experimentalist, he was not "at home in all the styles." He dallied with many, as was the fashion of the day, but only one was deeply affected. That one was his own solution of Gothic. It was an attempt to take up the threads of Gothic tradition where they were left in the fifteenth century, and weave into them the web of modern need and thought. It was a magnificent attempt, but one doomed from the first to failure. The failure was as splendid as the idea. It was an attempt to bridge an impassable chasm by an impossible abstraction.

In Holy Trinity Church, Sloane Street, his most ambitious work, this idea is very fully carried out; but, even had the whole conception been realised, the lack of unifying tradition among the executants, the lack of co-ordinated powers of design in the workmen employed would still have prevented the finished work from being a true masterpiece. Nevertheless, it marks a mighty advance on all preceding work, and the mere attempt to combine in one building the best work of all the best artists and craftsmen of our day is one which should endear his memory to all who are striving, as he was, to the founding of a real vital architecture: an architecture which shall be the immediate and harmonious expression of spiritual and social needs.

Probably the best part of Sedding's design, certainly that which is and has been the most widely appreciated, is that in which he was least hindered by the failures of the workers. In embroidery there is only one person between the artist and the finished thing, and feminine intuition often supplied the lack of traditional knowledge. In this branch of art his love of colour showed itself, his wild and wayward fancy had free play, and flowers and trees, birds, beasts, and creeping things emerged from the woven ground in ordered irregularity. Robins with scrolls of greeting to the Virgin, doves and owls, tits, squirrels, dormice, lived in happy-family fashion together on chasubles, altar frontals, copes, stoles, and hangings; at hide and seek behind a tangled maze of flowers. Were all his buildings to crumble to dust to-morrow, and all his other

work to decay, John Sedding's name would still live in our memories as a most gifted artist; a designer of incomparable power and initiative.

Still, even here, the very beauty of the work makes one feel what the world loses in having so few who embroider their own designs.

Another branch of Art in which the play of his power of imagery was less impeded was that of metal work. Here his feeling for crisp, curled forms, for brilliant contrasts of light and shade, for cunning juxtapositions of broad, gleaming surfaces with jewel-like patches of richer work, moves one to admiration, even though the work be not personal, but only an imperfect translation of the designer's conceptions. The many drawings for chalices, pattens, ciboria, pastoral staves, mitres, processional crosses, show how strong was his bent towards the art of the metal worker. Indeed, no inconsiderable part of his youth was spent in the workshop of a once celebrated smith, for the purpose of acquiring a deeper insight into the secrets of the craft, in order to avoid the mistakes made by every uninstructed designer.

The wonder is that he had enough vitality to supply all these varied activities. He seemed, in truth, to be able to direct the whole dynamic energy of his nature on the special problem of the moment, withdrawing that energy temporarily from every other avenue of activity, thus accomplishing much in little time.

Yet, after all, one regrets this restless expenditure of energy, though fully conscious that it was the inevitable result of his environment. The natural outlet for the gifts of such a man was the direction of a guild of masons and other craftsmen. He was a mediæval master builder, born two centuries too late. But as this outlet was forbidden him, the pent up energy found vents in these varied channels of artistic expression, and the world is the richer by his work.

To sum up: John Sedding was a Romanticist born in an age of Stylists. Between the two there is ever antagonism. The stylist cares for little but the manner, the romanticist everything for the matter. The latter creates, the former re-shapes existing creations. There can be no harmony between the two, yet both are good and both necessary. They represent the two poles of intellectual energy. Sedding came into the world gifted with powers which could never be fully displayed, endowed with ideals impossible of realisation. But, just because he was so full of unused activities, his influence was so dynamic, his personality affected so many. The expression of his aims in his design and his writings is so

pervasive, so dominant, that one sees its results even in the works of men who scoff at what they call his eccentricity. Whatever the world may ultimately think about his work, nothing can diminish the value of his achievement. Sedding's place is with Madox Brown, Morris, and Burges, men who have left their mark upon their time, and have earned the grateful admiration of their successors. Time will add lustre to their names.

AN APPRECIATION OF J. D. SEDDING: BY
C. W. WHALL.

THE work of John Sedding was the life of John Sedding and his personality. This cannot be said of everybody, perhaps of few. Many men do large works who in their hearts hate them. They would sooner do other things, and do them otherwise. But they assume their life's work like a garment, and the man within it (if you could reach him) is something quite different. So it comes about that, in setting myself to write about the *work*, I found myself, at every sentence, writing about the *man*. His work to me had all the qualities of his character—all the strong qualities of it, also all the weak ones.

Many have known him longer than I, but the few years of our intercourse were busy ones, and full of vivid experiences.

What one chiefly noted in him was his impulsiveness, warmheartedness, brightness. What one chiefly wished for in him was repose.

Repose—not in the sense of indolence and dreaming, but in the sense of serener outlook upon things around him, contemplation, comparison, balance, and judgment.

But of no one perhaps could it be better said that his defects were the defects of his virtues, their exaggeration. Did he seem unrestful, it was the buoyancy of his hopeful, youthful nature and the warmth of his heart that made every goose a swan, and perhaps led him to estimate too light-heartedly and solve too brusquely some of the problems with which he had to deal, and also to change his point of view with a rapidity and energy sometimes too dazzling; especially as, if one may be allowed to remember it, he did, it must be confessed, enjoy giving a dig at the opposite side, and dragging his coat-tail for people to tread on. Yet, as I say, the whole thing being so genuine, so good and sweet-natured, and all meant in such good part, these "defects of his virtues," as I have called them, never gave offence to a breathing being—we loved him all the more.

My paper resolves itself into anecdote whether I will or no. The first time I ever saw him to know him was at the Liverpool Art Congress in 1888, where an enthusiastic friend came up to me at a

conversazione and said: "Here, come along; here's Sedding looking at your work and talking about it." In short, we were introduced, and, after making a few chaffing remarks about the work (underneath which I discerned sympathy, such was his way), he asked me to call when I returned to town.

That was in November—somehow I never called till the end of the following March.

I came upon him in what I may call a characteristic moment—undertaking, at the eleventh hour, an almost impossible task, with a sort of humorous despair, covering, it seemed to me, some amount of real nervous irritation and disappointment. It was the drawing which he was preparing for the R.A., showing one bay of the Sloane Street Church with its proposed decoration. Burne-Jones had not sent the drawing of the frieze. Thorneycroft had not coloured the statue, and he had not got anybody to do the window—had not thought of anybody; there was thirty hours. It was five o'clock, and to-morrow night at eleven it must go in. "Here! Could I do anything, or should he give up the whole thing?" Yes, I would do what I could.

I brought it back in twenty-four hours, and then all hands were set to work pasting. Burne-Jones' drawing came about six. I remember Sedding's comic despair at the black ink, and at a curve in the composition of the foreground which he felt jarred with the lines of his architecture.

The window that I had done to fill the space was put together from a series of drawings I had made in illustration of the *Te Deum*, and amongst the subjects was one which led me to talk about a picture of mine, of which I showed him the photograph. It represented a "Nativity," with a group of little children round the crib. In the background, under a night sky, were buildings; on one side a great Gothic church or cathedral, all in darkness, and on the other a palatial building of the Renaissance type, brilliantly lighted up.

"What's all this, what's all this?" exclaimed Sedding; and I began to stammer out some, no doubt, rather lame explanation. One is not at one's happiest in explaining one's own little "allegories."

The "cathedral was meant as a sort of figure of the future Church," still dim and indistinct—the other building for the "inn, in which there was no room"—and I had made one of the architecture associated with the Church, and the other of that associated with "the World."

But here he snapped me up. "That's where I think you are all wrong," he said, almost hotly. I bowed, rather amused, and said, "Doubtless." He said: "Oh, you must excuse my bluntness; but I do feel so deeply that we ought not to make these distinctions in forms of art. They are all the manifestation of the Holy Spirit guiding man."



WINSFORD CHURCH, SOMERSETSHIRE:
RESTORED BY J. D. SEDDING, ARCHI-
TECT: DRAWN BY C. L. BRIERLEY.

I would not quote such a phrase as this were it not that I remember so distinctly the very words used, and that they seem so typical of the man. My Renaissance building had been studied in Belgrave Square, copied, indeed, from portions of it, and I had thought that my sentiment was fairly expressed by that locality, with which I had never associated anything particularly sacred; but to Sedding's eye the whole world was bright, and man within it moved about guided by a beneficent spirit, and directed always to the good end by however circuitous a path. He saw the other side—with deep pain—but he put it aside, made excuses for it; he was as if he would not see it. He might have said with Mr. Jarndyce in "Bleak House," "The man means well, the wind's in the east."

I saw a good deal of him at the Art Congress in Edinburgh the same year, and I cannot refrain from relating an incident which must be new to you, for it occurred when we were together, and I have never, I think, told the story, and certainly he would not.

He had just read his paper, the whole gist of which was to show architecture as quite independent of any aid from the sister arts—a theme, I need hardly say, that ran in the very teeth of all his own practice, and was selected by him, I verily believe, more out of a boyish spirit of mischief than anything else, and to give him the pleasure of reading it to the audience of painter and sculptor friends whom he had gathered round him to hear it. When the battle royal was over, he was going to get a hasty lunch close at hand, in order to be ready to join the *afternoon* "row" also; on the subject of "Artist *v.* Critic," but, in exchanging a word with him (he had liked the paper which I read following his), I found that he had *never been in Edinburgh before!* Not only so, but this was his only day. The afternoon was all before us, and I fortunately succeeded in making him come and see things.

In St. Giles's he had drifted rather into a theological vein, and we had some conversation about "Church" matters and "The Scotch," which I need not recount. I merely mention it as showing that he had, as all must have noticed was his invariable way, got beneath the art surface of things to the deep questions of human life and aspiration underlying it.

Coming out into that poor street, the first object that greeted us was a little, rather woe-begone looking little, child of three years old or so. It was not in any particular distress; barefooted, dirty, and cold-looking, but not crying, though very distinctly snivelling, but it excited his instant sympathy. "Oh! *poor* little thing! I must give it a cake!" He bolted into the nearest shop, made them put a paper bag on the scales big enough to hold a small

ham or so, and fill it with "some of this," and "a few of those," bewildered the shopwoman's reckoning by adding with his own hand a maccaroon here and a chocolate there, and finally carried it out and placed it in the arms of the awestruck infant.

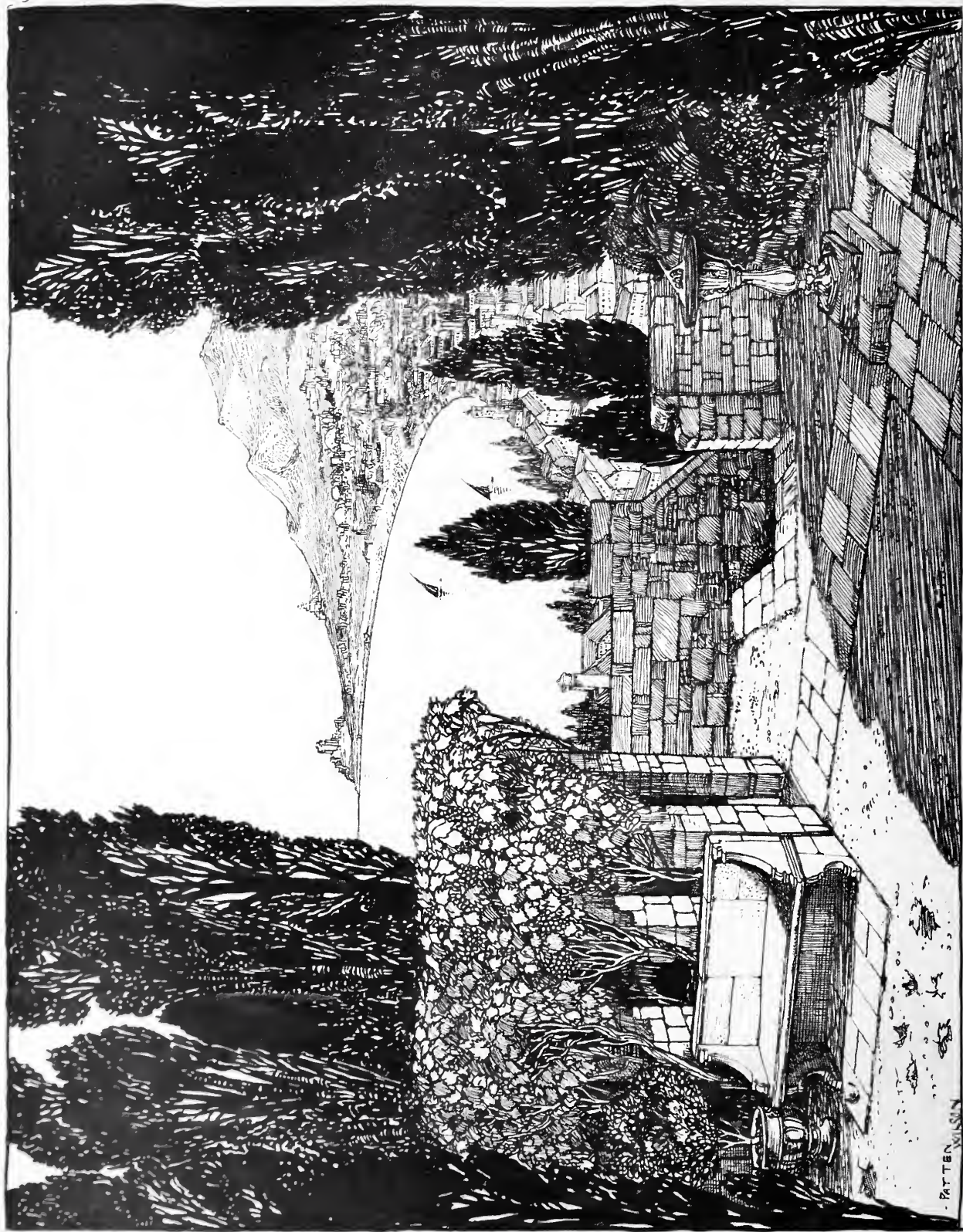
All Edinburgh seemed instantly to gravitate towards that bag! One could almost hear a gathering hum spreading from us outwards in concentric circles! Meanwhile, the immediate crowd (who had been watching the purchase itself with noses flattened against the window) was sufficiently alarming, and, seeing that the cause of it all was now under the wing of an elder sister, and a providential cab happening to pass, I succeeded at last, with a sense of relief, in rescuing him from, shall I say, the "victims" of his perhaps disproportionate generosity.

The last reminiscence I shall venture to recount brings me more directly to the question of John Sedding's Art. We went together to see Holy Trinity, Sloane Street. I looked at it in silence, trying to take it in. He cocked his head on one side and said: "Well? Well, is it too naughty? I hope it's not too naughty?" I said, "I don't see your point in mixing the styles. It's using *style* all the same, only you use two styles instead of one. I like your Bournemouth Church better."

I think the same things now, but what I recognise in Sedding's work, apart from the question of dealing with style—where, it seems to me, he hardly saw the question in its real bearings—what I recognise in his work was a true endeavour to make things what they seemed; a hatred of false motives, and doing things for convention's sake, and a full intention of doing them for their own sake. This led him to the really great point in his position and career, the true help that he gave—I may almost say the impulse and initiative that he gave—to the union of the arts. Many artists, many craftsmen, some living, some dead, have good and grateful cause to remember his enthusiasm in that regard which led him out towards them with such sympathy and generosity.

He had at heart what we all have at heart—the common cause in which we are embarked; and to help each other in bringing the arts to greater perfection by bringing them into greater union is, I suppose, what we are all ready to do; the acts of helpfulness which result from our association are things of every day; not less precious because they are common.

I think my experience may perhaps meet with many a corroborating echo from the lives of others, when I say that the man who first and widest flung open the gates, through whose bars we had been looking for years with longing, sometimes almost despairing, eyes, and laid a career open and possible before us in the field of art, was John D. Sedding.



ACT II.: SCENE III.: LEONATO'S
GARDEN: DRAWN BY PATTEN
WILSON.

"THE ARCHITECT'S EDEN":
"MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING,"
AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE:
WRITTEN BY "KHEPR": ILLUS-
TRATED BY PATTEN WILSON AND
HERBERT RAILTON: PART ONE.

THE stage is to the architect an unregained Eden; there he once prolonged his childhood, building palaces, towers, and castles of canvas and cardboard, plotting magic landscapes in elfland and designing gardens that had not to wait for the sun and rain and a long period of years to bring them to perfection, but burst to sudden splendour at the touch of the painter's brush; there unhindered by the wishes of opinionated clients, untrammelled by the exasperating callousness of builders, the unintelligence of workmen; he scattered the early flowers of his genius, gave unhindered birth to new ideas, and walked not as he now walks, "in rags gathered from all ages."

In the days of Inigo Jones it was not so. He, in 1605, fresh from Italy and the Danish Court, was at once employed in devising machinery and decorations for the costly masques and pageants then in vogue, and the earliest account of scene painting, it would seem, is that given by Ben Jonson of a masque designed by him and performed at Whitehall on Twelfth Night of that year:—

"First, for the *Scene*, was drawne a LANDT-SCHAP, consisting of small woods, and here and there a void place fill'd with huntings; which falling, an artificiall sea was seene to shoote forth, as if it flowed to the land, raysed with waves, which seemed to move, and in some places the billow to breake, as imitating that orderly disorder, which is common in nature. In front of this sea were placed sixe *Tritons*, in moving, and sprightly actions, their upper parts humane, save that their haire was blue, as partaking of the sea colour; their desinent parts, fish, mounted above their heads, and all varied in disposition. From their backs were borne out certain light pieces of taffata, as if carryed by the winde, and their musique made out of wreathed shells. Behind these, a pair of *Sea-maides*, for song, were as conspicuously seated; betweene which, two great *Sea-horses* (as bigge as the life) put forth themselves; the one mounting aloft, and writhing his head from the other, which seemed to sinke forwards; so intended for variation, and that the figure behind, might come off better; upon their backs, Oceanus and Niger were advanced." Oceanus in a sea green robe, with grey hair and blue flesh "gyelonded with seaweed." Niger, "his hair and rare beard curled, shaddowed with a blue and bright mantle, his front, neck, and wrists

VOL. IV.—E 2



ROUGH SKETCH FOR THE STREET
SCENE IN MESSINA.

DRAWN BY HERBERT
RAILTON.

adorned with pearle." "These induced the masquers, which were twelve *Nymphs*, *Negros*, and the daughters of Niger, attended by so many of the *Ocianaes*, which were their *light-bearers*." These masquers were placed in a concave shell, like mother-of-pearl "curiously made to move on those waters." "On sides of the shell, did swim six huge *Sea-monsters*" bearing on their backs the twelve torch bearers, "all having their lights burning out of whelks or murex shells."

"The *scene* behind, seemed a vast sea (and united with this that flowed forth) from the termination, or *horizon* of which (being the level of the *State*, which was placed in the upper end of the hall) was drawne, by the lines of *Perspective*, the whole worke shooting downwards, from the eye; which *decorum* made it more conspicuous, and caught the eye afarre off with a wandring beauty. To which was added an obscure and cloudy night-piece, that made the whole set of. So much for the bodily part. Which was of master INIGO JONES, his designe, and act."



ROUGH SKETCH FOR LEONATO'S GARDEN.

DRAWN BY HERBERT RAILTON.

In the same year, Inigo Jones made an innovation in the arrangement of stage plays. Three plays were presented in Christ Church Hall, Oxford, in that year. "The stage was built close to the upper end of the hall, as it seemed at the first sight. But indeed it was but a false wall, fairly painted and adorned with stately pillars, which pillars would turn about; by reason whereof, with the help of other painted cloths, their stage did vary three times in the acting of our tragedy."

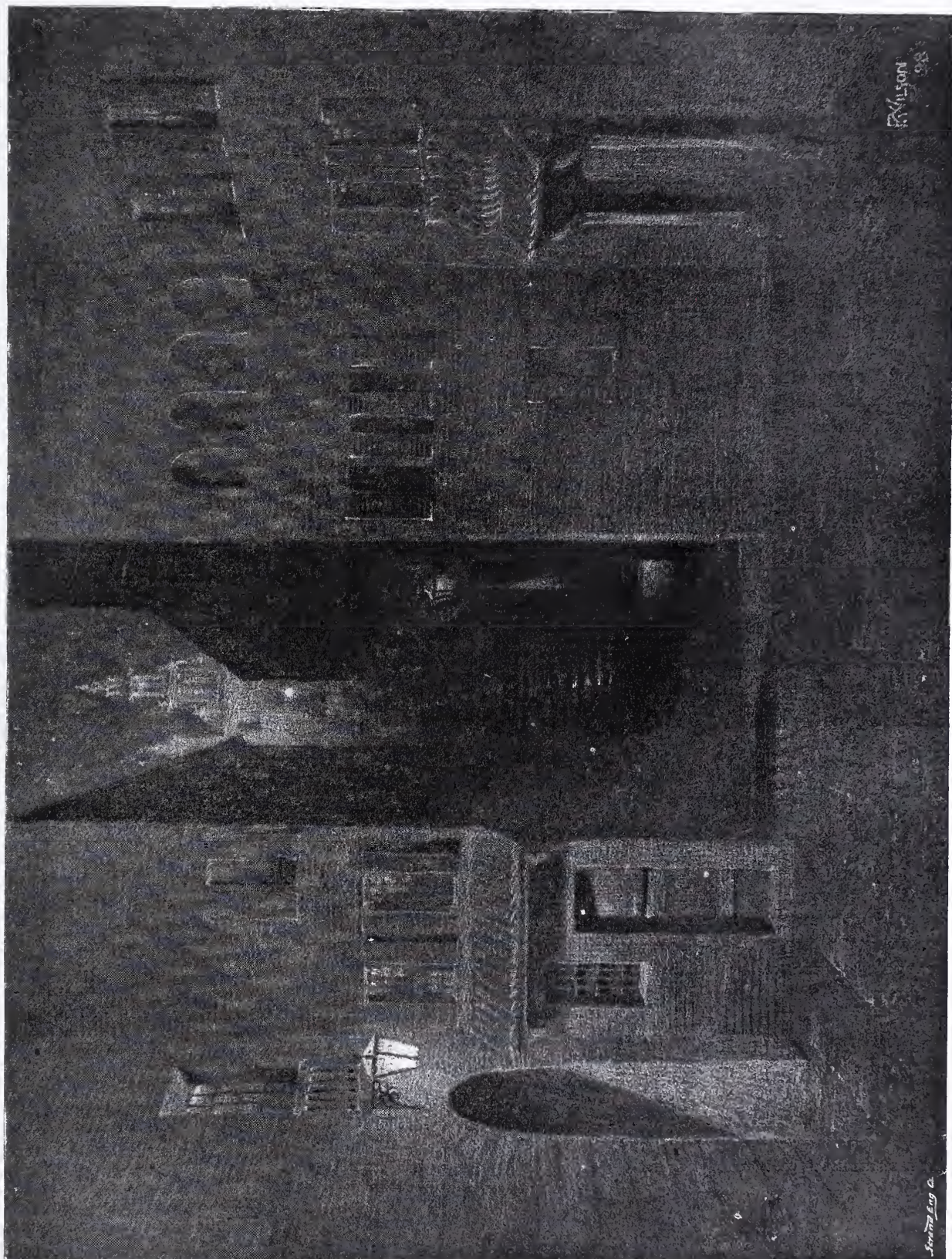
In 1636, not under the superintendence this time of Inigo Jones, Oxford was to make a still greater advance.

There was in that year a plague in London, but by the great care of the Chancellor and Proctors, Antony Wood informs us, Oxford being kept clear of it, the king, Charles I., the Queen and court, went there on the twenty-ninth of August; on which night, "after the King, Queen, and two Princes had supped, they saw a comedy acted

in Christ Church Hall, for such an one it was, that it had more of the Moralist than Poet in it. And, though it was well penned, yet it did not take with the courtiers so well as it did with the togated crew. It was intitulated 'Passions Calmed,' or 'The Settling of the Floating Island,' made by Strode the Orator, and performed by the scholars beyond expectation. It was acted on a goodly stage, reaching from the upper end of the Hall almost to the hearth-place, and had on it three or four openings on each side thereof, and partitions between them, much resembling the desks or studies in a Library, out of which the Actors issued forth. The said partitions they could draw in and out at their pleasure upon a sudden, and thrust out new in their places according to the nature of the screen, whereon were represented Churches, Dwelling Houses, Palaces, etc., which for its variety bred very great admiration. Over all was delicate painting, resembling the sky, clouds, etc. At the upper end a great fair shut of two leaves that opened and shut without any visible help. Within which was set forth the emblem of the whole Play in a very sumptuous manner. Therein

was the perfect resemblance of the billows of the sea rolling, and an artificial Island, with churches and houses waving up and down and floating, as also rocks, trees, and hills. Many other fair pieces of work and Landscapes did also appear at sundry openings thereof, and a chair also seen to come gliding on the stage without any visible help. All these representations being the first (as I have been informed) that were used on the English Stage, and therefore giving great content, I have been therefore the more punctual in describing them, to the end that posterity might know that what is now seen in the Playhouses at London belonging to his Majesty and the Duke of York is originally due to the invention of Oxford scholars."

On the following day, at St. John's College, the Refectory windows being shut, and candles lighted, another play was performed, the Chancellor being careful to order a short banquet for the king,

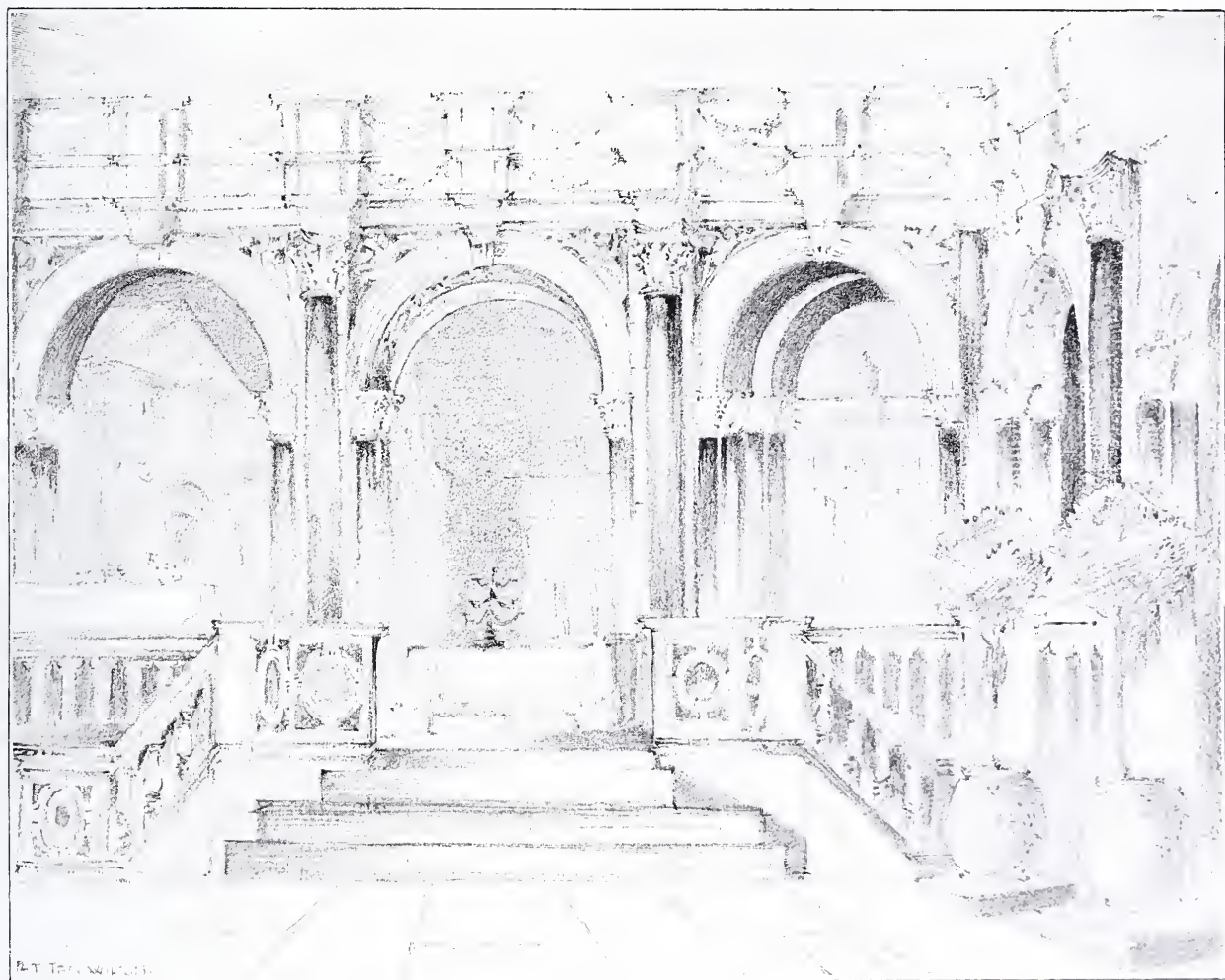


ACT III.: STREET SCENE IN MESSINA:
DRAWN BY PATTEN WILSON.

queen, lords, and ladies during an interval in the middle thereof. When the play was finished the king and Queen went back to Christ Church, where, after having supped privately at about eight of the clock, they went into the Common Hall, and there saw another comedy called "The Royall Slave," made by "Mr. Will Cartwright, of the House. It contained much more variety than that of 'Passions Calmed.' Within the shuts were seen a curious temple and the sun shining over it, delightful forests also, and other prospects. Within the great shuts mentioned before, were seen villages

she sent to the Chancellor that he would procure for her "the cloaths" and perspectives of the stage, especial mention being made of the Persian attire of the Royall slave, to the end that she might see her own players act it over again at Hampton Court. "But by all men's confession the players came short of the University actors."

These scenes, strange and glorious as they must have appeared, would probably be founded on those which the great architect invented for his masques, the records of many of which have come down to us.



ACT II.: HALL IN LEONATO'S HOUSE.

DRAWN BY PATTEN WILSON.

and men visibly appearing in them, going up and down, here and there, about their business. The interludes thereof were represented with as much variety of scenes and motions as the great wit of Inigo Jones (well skilled in setting out a Court masque to the best advantage) could extend unto. The strangeness of the Persian habits gave great content. All men came forth well contented, and full of applause of what they had seen and heard. 'It was the day of St. Felix (as the Chancellor observed), and all things went happily.' The Queen was so pleased with the entertainment that

Not only did Inigo Jones invent the scenery, but also furnished the subject and allegory, designing, also, all the ornaments, scenes, and apparitions. He was the mind of the whole. After his quarrel with Ben Jonson, who put his own name before that of the architect, "he worked," says Gifford, "literally alone. An obscure ballad monger, who could string together a few rhymes, to explain the scenery, was more acceptable to him than a man of talent who might aspire to a share of the praise given in the entertainment."

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)



MOSQUE OF OMAR, JERUSALEM.

O N FOUNTAINS AND WATER TREATMENT: WRITTEN BY A. E. STREET, M.A.

To the Oriental, living under a sun of ruthless and unchanging splendour, the tinkle of falling water, the soft touch of moisture in the air, the rich verdure of responsive earth, the murmur of song-birds in the grove, made up what was, in every sense of the word, his Paradise. The walled gardens—the Persian name for which has grown to so high a significance—throughout the East, whether in Babylon, in Nineveh, or in Palestine, marked the Royal Palace, and the great houses of nobles. They were the most exquisite refinement of luxury in a thirsty land. In them, flower and fruit and the grateful shade of forest trees ministered to each eager sense.

The Garden of Eden, with its "Groves where rich trees wept odorous gums and balm," and its "Flowers of all hues," is the summing-up of the delights which attend the presence of water in a parched and sun-dried country. The sense of its bounty has always coloured thought and letters, Hafiz and Omar Kháyyam attest it; the gardens of Solomon, in which he "planted trees of all kinds of fruits, and made him reservoirs of water to water

therewith the wood, that bringing forth trees," were in his mind when he wrote the Canticles; they supplied him with his rich imagery; they gave the mine of metaphor in which he quarried his wonderful song. To him, as it had been to Abraham, to Joseph, to the whole population of a country which owed little or nothing to its rivers, the Nile—the genius of the water as the Egyptians called it—was above all rivers typical of the bounteousness and beneficence of water, and Egypt was in their eyes a garden—a country of unbroken plenty; a "paradise" with a mighty stream for its water-channel, and a continent of vivid crops for its lawns.

How pleasant to the unaccustomed ear of a man, driven from home by drought and famine, must have been the everlasting trickle from the buckets as the water was pumped into the dykes and ditches above, and the swish of the deep inexhaustible flood of dark water, soon to finish its long course in the sea!

The rivers of Palestine, on the other hand, are the strangest, one may say the most ineffectual, in the world, and Jordan is the extreme example. It is, in the words of Dean Stanley, the river of the desert. It hurries down between its barren hills, carrying with it only a narrow green ribbon of vegetation, to lower and lower depths, till it plunges beyond hope of escape into the ill-omened waters of the Dead Sea. Small wonder that, to a Syrian, Abana and Pharpar, the rivers of Damascus, should seem better than all the waters of Israel! It was to its pools, above all to its wells, that Palestine trusted. These deep borings with wide marble lip and rough stone cover were the centre of all animation; to them the young women came with their long jars to draw water to the accompaniment of gossip. It was at one of them that Eleazer met Rebekah, Jacob met Rachel, Christ met the woman of Samaria. They were the life and centre of the village then, and now, together with the sepulchres, those that survive, and they are not a few, keep unbroken the chain which binds the present to the past. They had the glamour of old time on them even then; it is, indeed, the happy province of water to stir the fancy and set it working.

If we turn to the ballad poetry of Greece we are struck at once by evidences of the way in which water moved the old poet. Landscape did not touch him in the same way; adjectives tended to be more conventional, and, where most descriptive, not invariably apposite, but a single epithet constantly gives us a charmingly observed little sea-scape, a "Fortuny" in one happily-chosen word. Something in the element, in beauties at once suggestive and obvious, in its grace and delicacy as well as in its expression of power, in its quick play of light and colour, its sympathetic

responsiveness to every change of sun and cloud, in the music as in the thunder of its voice, touched the chord to which poet and painter vibrate in common. This showed itself in the exuberance of the graceful anthropomorphism so dear to the Greek mind, in the endowment of every river and every fount with a personality of its own, and also in the felicitous and intimate treatment of Nature already alluded to.

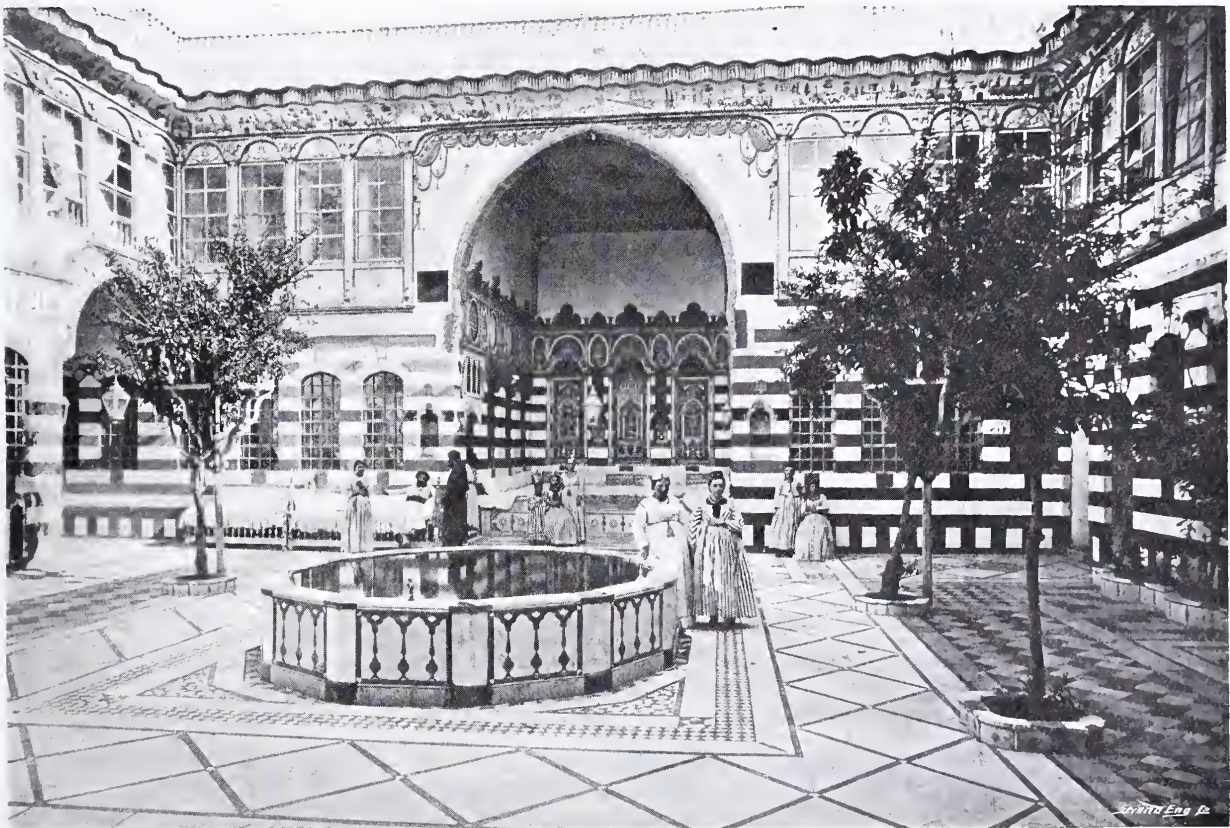
Ocean is the All-Father of an innumerable family of river gods and water nymphs who people, or personify, each tiniest spring Scamander—

Xanthus his name with those of heavenly birth,
But called Scamander by the sons of earth—

is the son of old Ocean, a demi-god bearing his

surface ripples with unnumbered smiles. Conceive the brilliancy of the colouring when the vermilion-cheeked craft cut this summer sea!

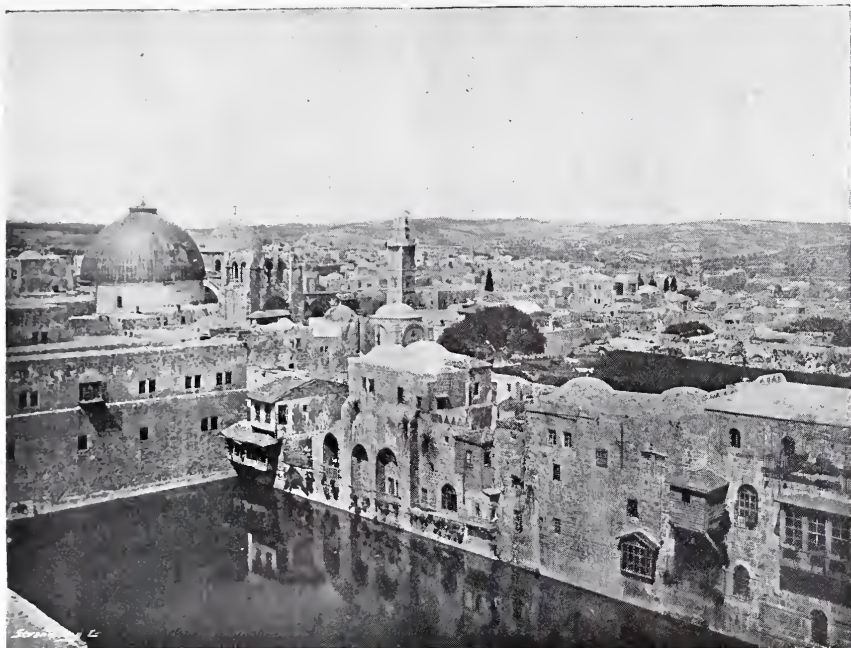
Greek fancy imaged the river in its pride as a bull, or a strong man; the bubbling spring as a nymph, young and timorous and coy. His Tritons, his horses of the sea, his dolphins, his maze of myth and fable following natural features, and playing upon them, his deft embroidery of imaginative detail on sober fact, have taught the world in what light and gracious spirit to approach the treatment of water, and have put countless motives into our hands to choose where we will. The obvious inference would be that the Greek made a great feature of



COURTYARD RESERVOIR, HOLY LAND.

part in the theomachy on the plain of the Troad. Yet the river, in its impersonal shape, runs now with deep and silvery eddies murmuring among his reeds to the sea, now swollen and brimming with rains, loud-voiced and mighty in strength. The Ægean, which Lord Leighton rendered with complete truthfulness, with its "summer isles of Eden lying in dark purple spheres of sea," is pictured under every aspect and with every attribute. At one time its wide expanse of waters, its unfertile plain, lies grey under a grey sky; at another, it is violet, wine coloured, even black; it is streaked with cloud shadows; it is worn into furrows by the wind. It roars aloud, and again its

his water supply, if not in bringing it to the city, at least in its distribution; yet this was probably not the case. River deities and water nymphs were, indeed, to him the objects of real worship: Achelous, no doubt, had his altar at Dodona; Alpheus at Olympia; other rivers were as certainly held in high reverence. This was originally pure Fetishism or Nature worship. Mountain tops, groves, caves, every distinctive feature in the conformation of the country, appealed to the sense of the Supernatural; but none with the same force as springs and rivers, for they represented an actively beneficent power, pouring out for grateful humanity all the blessings which belong



A POOL IN THE HOLY LAND.

to a fertile soil. Rustic devotion surrounded the sources with masonry, or reared its little shrines in a spirit of thankfulness. Later, as anthropomorphism became more pronounced, the cult of the natural object was sunk in that of the god, but, throughout, it was the usefulness more than the beauty of water which prompted its adornment, and the religious instinct, more than the artistic sense, which set the hands to work.

Springs and rivulets, rather than rivers, were the feature of Greek scenery: Inachus, Ilissus, Eurotas, names which have become household words, are magnified to our minds by their associations, out of all proportion to their mere scale. Even in early days, before the destruction of woodland had brought a less temperate climate and a diminished rainfall, they were little more than torrents; but springs abounded, and were sedulously turned to account. Homer gives a picture of careful husbandry when he tells us how the

Peasant to his garden brings
Soft rills of water from the bubbling springs,

and, if Plato had to lament sources which, even in his day, had run dry, plains, once fertile, become stony and barren, still, a fair supply of water was generally at hand. When this was not the case the Greek was content to carry the water to his doors with very little parade, and the lie of the country favoured him. The noble pomp of the aqueduct was probably unknown to him till the days of Hadrian. A canal or

an underground conduit discharged the water into a reservoir, which was commonly situated on the outskirts of the town. At the city end of it a stately grotto or some more formal architectural feature was almost invariably placed, through which the water was distributed in a manner better according with what we should look for from the Greek sense of beauty and fitness. This was the great meeting place for the women, as the markets, the gymnasia, the baths, and the barbers' shops were for the men. In the time of Solon Athens relied entirely on wells, many of which, and among them Callirhoë, are still extant, and each district was bound by decree to use its own well, so as

to equalise the strain on the supply. In course of time these probably came to form architectural* features in the open places of the city. In all the early foundations these were few, the streets were narrow and tortuous, and the outsides of private dwellings unpretentious and even flimsy in the extreme; but a Hippodamus, a man of comprehensive mind with large ideas of dignified and symmetrical planning, would not overlook the part which water might play in the adornment of a city.

* The architectural treatment often consisted of a superstructure, as in the case of Callirhoë, which was covered in by Pisistratus. This covering was frequently in the form of a monopteral temple, adorned with the statues of the deities to whom the particular springs were sacred.

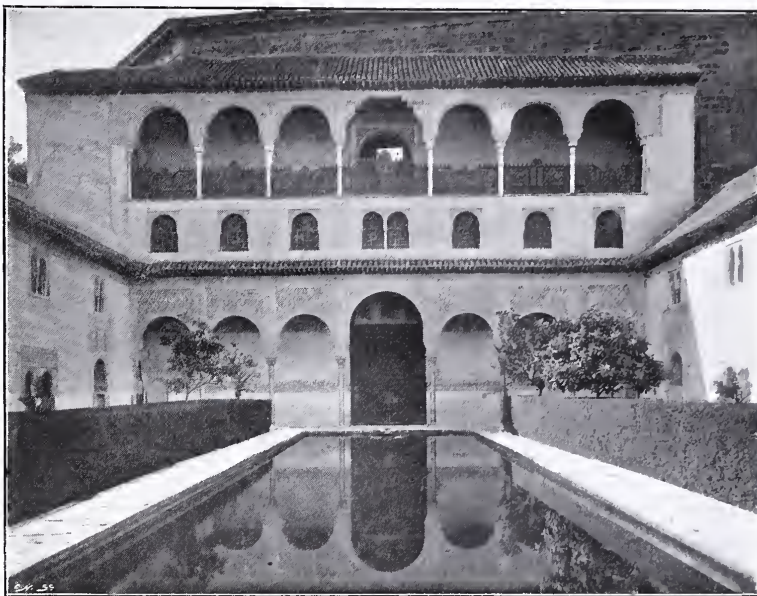


FOUNTAIN IN THE COURT OF ST. SOPHIA, CONSTANTINOPLE.

Such features as the Clepsydra of Andronicus, which were probably common, and the shrines of real or mythical founders and benefactors, doubtless shared with fountains and wells such sites as offered themselves. The Greek, however, was not lavish with his water. The pictures, which we get in the comic writers, of the state of the streets in Athens, point to a condition of squalid discomfort, and an indifference to appearances very much out of keeping with the splendour of the public monuments. The baths indeed, from an early period were an important detail in Greek life, but at no time were their arrangements on anything approaching the luxurious footing familiar in Rome; nor in his own house did the Greek make the most of his opportunities. How far each house had its own water storage is not clear, but, where evidences of such an arrangement remain, as at Delos and Tiryns, it was confined to an underground cistern. When the Greek gentleman came home, as was his habit, to escape the mid-day heat, he had his shady room, but there was no fountain to cool the air for him, or to win him to forgetfulness with its musical splash.

In Rome, things were very different. Perhaps nothing more impresses one with a sense of the thews and sinews of antiquity, of the colossal scale of its enterprise, more deeply than the solemn perspective of arches which still divides the solitudes of the Campagna. As in her great military roads, so in the network of aqueducts which were spread over the face of the Empire (there were seven separate supplies of water for Augustan Rome alone, the majority of which entered the city on arches)—the Imperial city gave visible expression to her majesty, and, in Mommsen's words, justified, if anything could justify, her military successes when viewed in the light of the well-being of nations.

Rome has ever been an enigma to the statistician. Where the truth lay between the half million and the two millions and a half, at which its population has been variously estimated, one cannot guess; but it was at once a city of large open spaces and dense overcrowding. The great insulæ, piled up tier on tier, sombre cliffs of precipitous building, must have harboured sordid and ugly lives by tens of thousands, but the city in between the crowded quarters was open and airy, gay with young leaves, with fountains and the sound of falling water. We get some idea of the sumptuous liberality of the supply, and the measure of its enjoyment by the people, when we read in "Pliny" that the



COURT OF MYRTLES, ALHAMBRA.

Aqua Marcia alone supplied 700 reservoirs, 130 tanks (*castella*), which served in many cases as fountains also, and 105 water jets. The tendency was all towards clearing the heart of the city, and making it a more dignified background for public life. The Suburra itself, the busiest centre of all, was emptied of its teeming population of workers as time went on, and private effort was all in the same direction. The great houses covered more and more ground; the open courts were multiplied; long vistas carried on the eye from colonnade to colonnade, from lawn and tree and fountain to the shimmer of leaf and the sparkle of water again beyond.

The combination of fountain with cistern seems to point to a fuller recognition of the decorative value of water than the Greek could boast of. The latter, intent, before all things, on preserving the freshness of his spring, was led to treat it in a way which was wanting in special characteristics, and did scant justice to the power of water to contribute to the general scheme of beauty. The Turk has continued the tradition of keeping his spring under cover: the octagonal building resting on columns and arches, with wide eaves and a low dome, is a constant type. It fails of being distinctive in common with the Greek form; but the gleam of the marble, the glitter of golden arabesques, the delicate intricacy of the grilles, give it an abiding charm. Sometimes, as in the Monastery of St. Laura on Mount Athos, the roof serves as cover to a great circular basin, but all the variations are within certain definite limits. In Egypt, too, the old polygonal stone fountains of the Arabs have given way to a somewhat coarse and heavy rendering of the Turkish form; but the fountain proper, of which every town in Europe has its

variety, and also not a few in the East, had its origin in Rome. It is incredible that the Greek should have made no use of the jet, but there is no picturesque and expressive word in the language, such as one might have looked for, to give one certainty in the matter. The Latin phrase, on the other hand, is as vivid as you will, and the actuality must have met the eye of the Roman a score of times in a morning walk.

A Pompeian wall-painting has preserved for us what was probably a typical form of the

face to face with a *motif* almost identical, but enriched and glorified, an old traditional air set in a garland of variations by a masterhand. In the Fonte Maggiore, which is Perugia's boast, while the artists gave their fancy a free rein in the decorative detail, a studied and loving adherence to the old unaffected outlines governed the whole, and gave it that sense of the dalliance of austerity with the gracious forms of an older world, which is the characteristic and the charm of the time and the men. So, again, Jacopo della Quercia, in the Fonte



FORTE GAIA, SIENA.

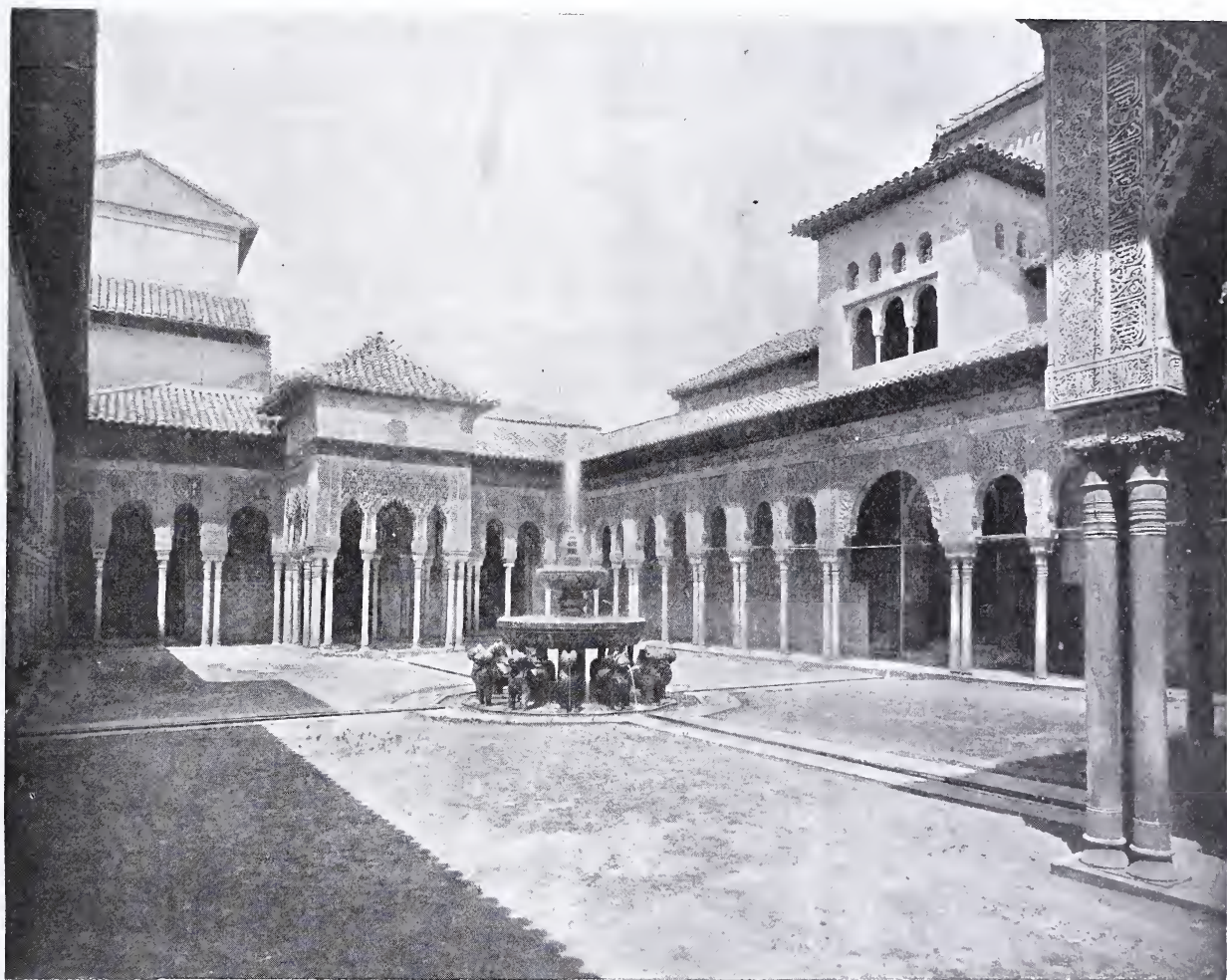
fountain of the courtyard—a bowl raised on a short stem in the form of a wineglass—and one shape or another of cup or basin had its part, we may suppose, in every scheme. The simplest possible form of cup—a translation of the foregoing into another language of Art, but standing in a larger bowl—is usual in Jerusalem. In its naïve and simple lines we seem to get a reminiscence of the well-hole so familiar to the people, and the polygonal cistern, which has nothing to offer us for all our delight but the beauty of its material and the never failing charm of the water itself, which is enough, is still more nearly allied to the well. If we pass from the East to Italy we find ourselves

Gaia at Siena, sunk his freedom in willing submission to rigid geometrical forms. The sculptor was still twin brother to the architect. The day of voluptuous roundness of outline, of conch, and goddess, and dolphin, was still to come. The fountain was adorned in the spirit of holy legend, and not of pagan myth, and, if the Madonna of the day was none other than the artist's mistress, yet the water nymph still had somewhat of the cold, maidenly grace of a Christian saint.

The Eternal City, meantime, is true to herself. The home of many fountains in the past, the summer heats are tempered for her people now by the spray of falling water. The Aqua Marcia still

gushes from the mouth of dolphin or the pitcher of water-maiden. Here the classical spirit is supreme. Whether in Bernini's "Fontana del Tritone," or in the mass of the Trevi the mediævalism of Perugia and Siena is frankly trodden under foot. In the great façades of the Trevi and the Paolina, representatives of a large class dear to designers two centuries ago, which attains a certain grandiosity, but never anything more, we have, perhaps, something faintly analogous to what is sometimes termed

modification, have exchanged rôles with Temple Bar or the York Watergate. The Luxembourg Garden, laid out as it was by the architect of the Palace, has a unity and completeness to which the Boboli Gardens at Florence offer the only real parallel, and Debrosse's somewhat rococo work, with its whimsical varieties of scale, and its absurd garnish of cotton wool stalactites, is useful as illustrating how a fountain at rest may be made as interesting as when it is playing. This quiet basin



COURT OF LIONS, ALHAMBRA.

the grotto, through which the water of the reservoir was poured into the lap of a Greek town. This, at least the reservoir outfall, must have been the genesis of the type—which, for the rest, is not a natural one and needs explanation; but while in one instance we find the solid wall at the back, as in the Trevi, in another the fountain stands free. It may be that as time went on the wall was shed as a meaningless survival, or this particular variant may with more likelihood be the lineal descendant of the triumphal arch. The Fontaine de Médicis in the Luxembourg Gardens, which is a characteristic example of the style, is nothing more nor less than a gateway, and might, with the least possible

of water, which mirrors vase and baluster and sinewy beech-trunk, has a charm all its own, and under conditions in which the fountain in general looks *desœuvré* and raffish, takes it to its arms as it were, and allots it a place of its own in making up the general sum of beauty. But we must sit at the foot of the Moor if we are to learn the secrets which the love of water will teach. To him it was above everything a delight, the source of all that is pleasant to hear and feel and see; it ran, says Irving, in channels along his marble pavements; it filled bath and fishpond; with a sound like the murmuring of a distant multitude it flowed bubbling along its underground pipes to feed basin and

fountain; to-day it still offers its glassy face to image marble wall and evergreen hedge in the Court of Myrtles; it plashes in alabaster basins in the Court of Lions; it leaps from the ground in elfin jets, and frolics in a hundred little glistening bows in the Garden of the Generalife. Nowhere else is so fascinating an object lesson to be got. The European looks and admires, but he does not reproduce. He carries away with him an impression which will probably never quite die, but under greyer skies, when the forest trees groan and creak in the wind and the leaves whisper plaintively, the potent witchery is no more. It is the tropical sun after all, shining out of a brazen sky, which is the most eloquent preacher of the charm and delight of the bewitching nature of water; it puts the music into its voice, and makes sweet the touch of the soothing, moisture-laden breeze.

(TO BE
CONCLUDED.)



THE FONTAINE DE MÉDICIS: GARDEN
OF THE LUXEMBOURG

THE CHURCH OF ST. MARY THE VIRGIN, OXFORD: BY T. G. JACKSON, R.A.: REVIEWED BY H. WILSON: PART TWO.

IN the preceding chapter I attempted very briefly to indicate a point of view, a way of looking at ancient Art, which is too often neglected. The phases of criticism are as variable as the minds of men, each chooses the aspect most consonant with his nature, and neglects the others; yet all have

value, and while we rightly delight in the beauty of old buildings, while we revel in their history and feast our eyes on that mysterious bloom which time alone can give, we must not lose sight of their exceeding preciousness as human documents, as registers of mental growth. Yet this is commonly done. In its widest aspect, ancient Art, in whatever form, is a veritable hieroglyph, graven by the indwelling spirit of man. It is a hieroglyph made quite independently of the artist's volition. While

the mind of the artist, a luminous point in the illimitable dark, was revolving in narrow circles round his small ideal, destiny swung him in a wider orbit, and made his Art the sum of human effort. It is not the work of the individual artist as a detached existence that we survey, but the result of the united labours of a band, each member variously modified by association with his fellows.

We cannot regard any work of Art as an isolated thing, arising

out of a mere act of will on the part of the author; the artist is the medium through which his nation speaks, through whose eyes it sees things and itself; his spirit is the matrix in which the supreme characteristics of the nature of his people are given consistent shape and moulded into gems of Art.

Not only so, the bands of artists who made our monuments were themselves *processes* of the body politic; secreting cells developed by the needs of the body; they expressed the body because they were in another sense *expressed* from

the body. In yet another way those guildsmen were the orators of their age, and their sentences were chiselled. For the orator is at his highest when he becomes the vocal chord, the organ played on by a mighty multitude, when the melody he makes is not his own, but the symphony of a throng strung to the finest pitch. And those artists, protagonists of another age in the great drama of history, were the spokesmen, not of themselves, nor of their own emotions, nor even of their time alone, theirs was the voice of young humanity, a humanity emergent from animalism; a humanity becoming conscious of itself, learning to express itself, the whence, the whither, and the why. It is this which makes their work sacred. If we believe with Novalis that we touch God when we lay hands on a human body, not less reverence is needed when we touch a human monument.

This may sound strange doctrine, yet it is less than the truth. But because we have been taught for years to regard architecture as a thing of dates and styles and fashions, to be described and catalogued and imitated; a trade to be learned; a trick to be acquired; style, a thing to be assumed, changed, or rejected like an old garment, we have therefore lost sight of its real nature as the permanent impress of society on its environment, the very type of human life.

What is Art but the continuance by humans of God's creativeness, *ars homo additus naturæ*. Art shows us the spiritual complexion of a people, and by its state reveals their condition. It is not, as many think, the skeleton from which the flesh has fallen, it is the mould in which the nation's thought

was cast; the farthest reach of a people's vital force; the bounds of their conquest over the invisible, the limit line of soul and matter. And it is this complexion of a building, the skin whereon is the very bloom of national vitality, which should be so precious to us that we should seek to preserve it at whatever cost; once gone it can never be simulated or restored. Why, when we should never think of

scraping down the surface of a Titian, have we not the same reluctance to cut and maim a monument? The thing is incomprehensible. The more so that this fever of demolition, the restoring itch, is not confined to our own country. We have the spectacle of whole nations turning round on themselves, and in a kind of quiet frenzy, with a restrained ardour, a silent fury of iconoclasm, rending their own history, degrading their own image, using the scholars, the artists, the cultivated men as instruments of destruction. And this is the strangest spectacle of all; it is not the ignorant builder, not the unlearned mechanic, who has demolished most, nor is it the *lulus naturæ*, void of feeling and



STATUE OF ST. HUGH.

knowledge, the Batty Langley, or the Grimthorpe, who has done most damage, but rather the trained artist, the accomplished professional, who is *made* to do these things. For we must not, in our indignation, forget that as well in demolition as in creation, the artist is the servant of a stronger will. How else can we explain those ardent protestations of love and admiration which seem infallibly to portend the destruction of the thing admired; how explain the discrepancies with which the first chapter of this review concluded; if

we do not regard them as hapless attempts to justify what was felt to be unjustifiable. Feeling this, one condemns not Mr. Jackson, that were, of course, unpardonable, but the system he represents.

Let me recapitulate. On November 25th, 1892, these statues on St. Mary's spire "were extremely fine examples of English sculpture"; on December 28th, 1892, "the *more important parts* were only forty years old"; on January 10th, 1893, they were "spurious antiquities"; on April 8th, "perhaps only one statue was undoubtedly modern." This latter sentence is possibly explained by the fact that on February 7th the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings issued a report made after a careful inspection of the tower, which report showed that ten of the statues were ancient, in a state of extraordinary preservation; that *not one of the ten had lost its head*, that only one face had fallen away; that there seemed to be no possible danger of any of the figures falling — so securely were they fixed in their places that it did not even seem necessary to suggest any additional attachments. Save for a few folds on the robe of the King and the shoulder of another figure, none of the statues had been

restored in cement; that the cement (Portland, not Roman) adhered well to the surface of the stone. Moreover, that the surface of the stone had weathered to such hardness that it resisted the point of a knife.

On April 8th, 1893, Mr. Jackson, restated the main parts of this report, adding line sketches showing the additions to the statues. *He verified the statement of the Societies' delegates in regard to the heads*, acknowledging that "St. Edmund was in an admirable condition;" that the head of the Virgin was sound, that the figure was "a very good one;" that the face and head of the King were in

fair condition; that St. Hugh likewise was sound; that head and face are old, that the statue could probably be refixed without injury; that the head of St. Oswald, though noseless, was otherwise in fair condition. "That perhaps only one figure was undoubtedly modern."

On May 12th, 1893, in a letter to the *Daily Chronicle*, Mr. Jackson returned to his original statements: "When I reached the statues from the

scaffold I found heads and hands loose enough in some cases to be lifted off, and that three of the statues were poor works only forty years old."* In the same letter, the decay of certain precautionary holdfasts is adduced as a reason for the removal of the statues. Nothing is said about the solid setting of the figures mentioned in the Society's report; though this can still be verified by reference to the figures themselves now stored in the basement of the Convocation House. *They have been sawn from their settings.*

On page 161 of Mr. Jackson's book we are told that "the figures were found to be standing in the niches merely by their own weight," and that the statue of the King "might have come to pieces at any moment." In the latter instance examination



STATUE OF THE KING.

shows that, in common with most of the others, the shoulders had been embedded in the masonry, and that there was no defect in it beyond remedy by a careful mason.

But it is not only in regard to the statues that mistakes are made. Speaking of other parts of the spire, Mr. Jackson says, in his report of November 25th, 1892: "Mr. Buckler having to repair, and, as it appears, nearly to reconstruct these groups of pinnacles, made a design *which*

* See quotation from the Society's Report given above.

most probably reproduced very fairly their original form; he finished the central trunk with the gablets for which it was evidently intended, and raised the central part an additional 11ft., which gives the pinnacle a total height of 58ft. above the springing of the spire. *The effect of this design is generally admitted to be satisfactory.*"

Yet in the report on April 10th, 1893, we find: "*For the topmost pinnacle (one of the above) there was absolutely no authority*, and it is a fair matter for original design. Mr. Buckler added a lofty shaft, and crowned it with a pedimented and crocketed pinnacle. I venture to think the simple spirelet without a shaft, which I have shown in *my perspective drawing, gives a more satisfactory outline.*"

The passages in italics should be compared.

"Days and hours spent upon the scaffold" would thus appear to have brought only confusion and wavering, and the strangest contradictions. I do not see how to reconcile these various statements.

It is not suggested that there is any wrong in this flexibility of opinion, only that it hardly justifies the assumption of an authority against which there is no appeal, an authority claimed by Mr. Jackson on page 160 of his book. These pathetic vacillations, I do not know what else to call them, cannot really represent the "matured opinions" of "one whose business is to satisfy himself before he proceeds to extreme measures;" still less can we recognise behind the veil of contradictions the polished writer, the skilled controversialist, the assured authority so long familiar. Is Mr. Jackson therefore quite right in treating as the "outcries of irresponsible sentiment" opinions which differ from his when he has thus apparently contradicted, in the most emphatic way, his own most positive dicta? Is it well to gird at the "imperfect information" of others when he himself would seem to have provided so many variants of the legend?

Enough has probably been said to make it clear how impossible it is even for the most eminent restorer to justify his actions with consistency. The burden of responsibility should therefore not be laid on any one individual. With the best intentions in the world, the modern architect—his works scattered over the country, his life of necessity largely given up to routine, management, journeys, correspondence, interviews—cannot afford the undivided personal attention so necessary to be exercised in the repair of any old building. It were unreasonable to expect it.

What is wanted is a school of repairing masons and builders, men who should do for our decaying buildings what is done for the

decayed ivories, carving, statues, metalwork, daily added to our museums, preserved there for the enjoyment of many generations by the skill of the repairers. We want "menders," not restorers. We do not want to regain that which has gone; we do desire to keep that which still remains, and to keep it as nearly intact as possible. To do this requires no skill in design; it requires no archaeological knowledge; it needs but common sense, a knowledge of mending, of materials; it needs only patience and care. There is no lack of able workmen who could do the work, nor of men qualified to superintend their labours. Had this been done in the case of St. Mary's spire, Oxford, we should still possess it in its former beauty; the statues which for 600 years have watched over the city would still be in their places, and we should still rejoice in that marvellous link with the past, instead of now lamenting its loss. Yet, because the face flaked away from one statue, and others were cracked, all were rent from their places, and because some of them broke under this treatment, they have all, with one exception, been consigned to obscure corners of an obscure and almost inaccessible room.

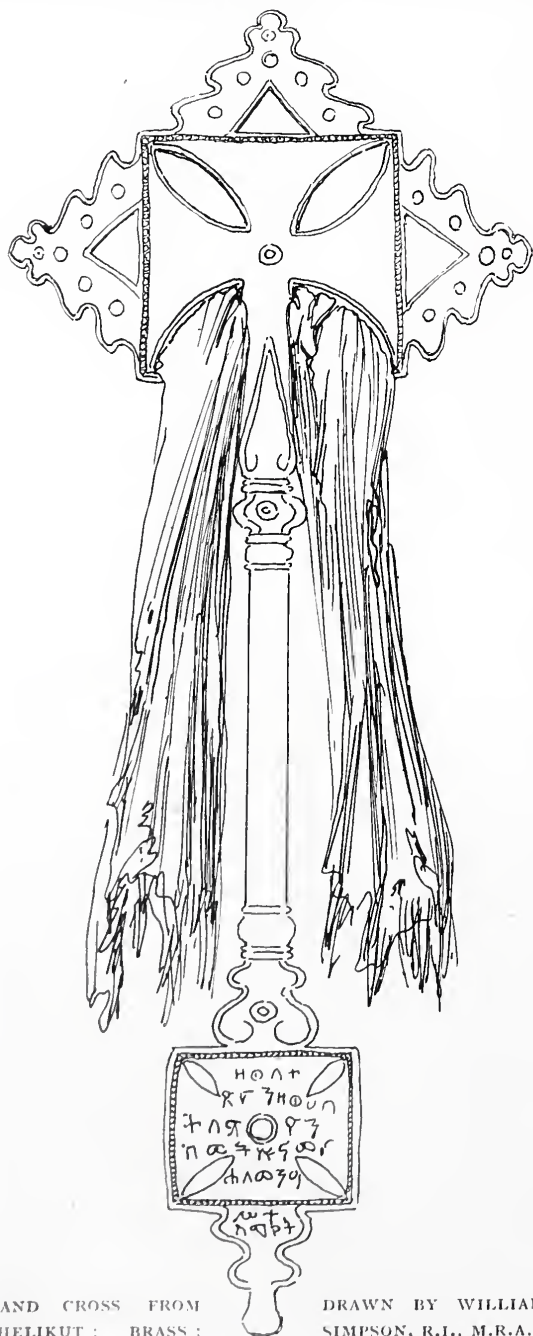
(TO BE CONCLUDED.)



ST. CUTHBERT, WITH THE HEAD OF ST. OSWALD.

ABYSSINIAN CHURCHES: LETTER-PRESS AND ILLUSTRATIONS BY WILLIAM SIMPSON, R.I., M.R.A.S.: PART THREE: CONCLUDED.

HAVING given in previous articles an account of the architecture of the Abyssinian churches, it is intended here to convey some idea of the ceremonial that is practised in them, with a few notes on vestments and the ritualistic instruments that are employed. In describing the construction of the churches, nothing was said on the pictorial art with which many of them are decorated.



HAND CROSS FROM
CHELIKUT: BRASS:
11½ INCHES.

DRAWN BY WILLIAM
SIMPSON, R.I., M.R.A.S.

In the southern round churches, where most of them are formed of mere mud walls, or wattle and dab—many being only wattle, without the dab—mural decoration is not to be looked for. In Tigré, where stone is used, the walls, although rude, are plastered, and in many cases covered with paintings. The subjects are generally saints, often painted so as to illustrate the mode of their martyrdom. St. George is the favourite saint, being their national hero; Kudosh Kirkos, a boy saint, has a great repute, with many churches dedicated to him. Tekla Haimanot is an Abyssinian saint who ranks high in general estimation. But it is curious to find at times among these saints the figure of Balaam and his Ass, and such a questionable character as Potiphar's wife. Even the "Shaitan" was reported to me by a friend who had seen him painted among the saints.

In some of the churches there are large paintings of Scriptural subjects, and, if I recollect right, it was at Addigerat where I saw one representing the overthrow of Pharaoh and his host in the Red Sea. Pharaoh himself, with little more than his head visible, was struggling in the water; his host was represented by four or five soldiers, with very mediæval-looking muskets in their hands, also struggling in the overwhelming flood. High and dry on the bank Moses was standing with a large processional cross in one hand, such as are used to-day in Abyssinia, while the other hand was held up, either giving the Episcopal blessing, or curse—it would be difficult to say which.

The art in these pictures, so far as my experience went, was of the most primitive kind, and the most of it could not be placed in a rank much above the style in which the cow is painted at home here on sign boards where milk is sold. I give a picture of Miriam, the Virgin, from the church at Focada, merely to show what a simple sort of production may pass as a work of Art; of course, this, it will be understood, represents about the rudest class of church decoration.

Many of the Abyssinian books contain pictures. There is much in the country that is quite mediæval, and the books are still purely so. Missionaries have imported a few printed works, but the books of the region are in manuscript, and written on skins. The works are all of a religious character—gospels, psalters, and books of devotion—most of them probably written by monks or priests, just as it was in the Middle Ages in Europe. In these books red and black ink, the rubrical colours, are used, and rudely done pictures are common. Small scrolls of parchment, covered with saints, prayers, charms, and talismanic figures, are very



HEAD OF THE VIRGIN: FROM A PAINTING
IN THE CHURCH AT FOCADA.

plentiful; these are, no doubt, made by the priests, and treasured by the owners from the protection they are supposed to bestow.

One morning on the march I came upon a church where the service was taking place; it was a small church, and few people about; chancing to look in, I noticed that the Beatalehem door of the sanctuary was not quite closed, so I just got my head far enough in for a few seconds to see the general arrangement without giving offence to the worshippers. This, with ample details of costumes, &c., from other sources, enables me to produce a fairly accurate illustration of the ceremony. As explained in a previous article, the priests put on their vestments in the holy place, and go in procession, chanting, to the Beatalehem, or "House of Bread," where the bread and wine is prepared. They return again in the same manner with the sacred elements, which are placed on the tabût or altar, and covered with a cloth, richly embroidered, if the church can afford it. The doors of the sanctuary are all closed during the consecration, so that the priests are entirely separated from the congregation. I regret that the hurried glimpse I chanced to have of the ceremony was so brief I am quite unable to give details of what takes place. From my experience on another occasion I know that the service takes a considerable time, and lasts during a large part of an hour. It is said that at each section of the rite the priests circumambulate the tabût; some authorities say that they dance round it, and that this is done in imitation of David when he danced round the Ark. The Jewish survival in this part of the ritual, if it really exists, will be better understood by recalling what was stated in a former article, where it was explained that the tabût or altar of the Abyssinian churches is traditionally accepted as a copy of the Ark of the Covenant.

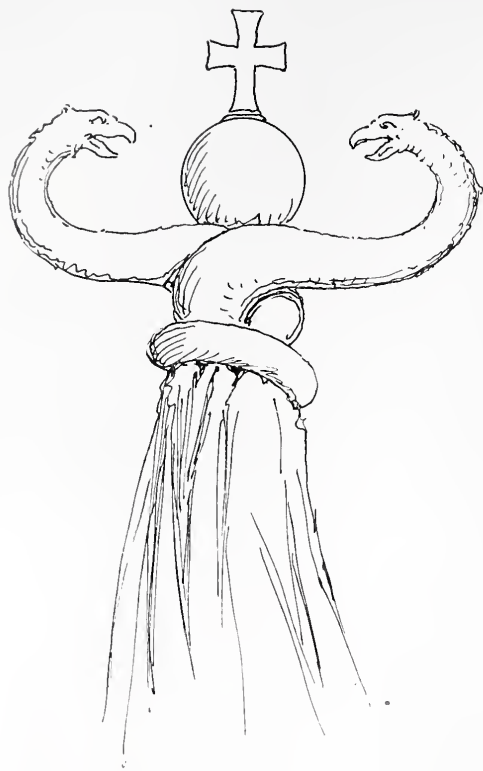
I was at Addigerat on Palm Sunday, and I attended the service to make sketches of it. The officer in command sent his interpreter with me to give any explanation I might require, and we

reached the church at daybreak; but the priests had already begun; each had palm branches in their hands, and I was offered a piece, which I fixed in the buttonhole of my coat. One of them made a ring from a small slip of palm, and put it on my finger. These little acts made it evident that they had no objection to my presence, or to the sketching, which they saw me doing. The first part of the service was performed outside the



PRIEST AT CHIELIKUT,
WEARING CABALANKA.

DRAWN BY WILLIAM
SIMPSON, R.I.

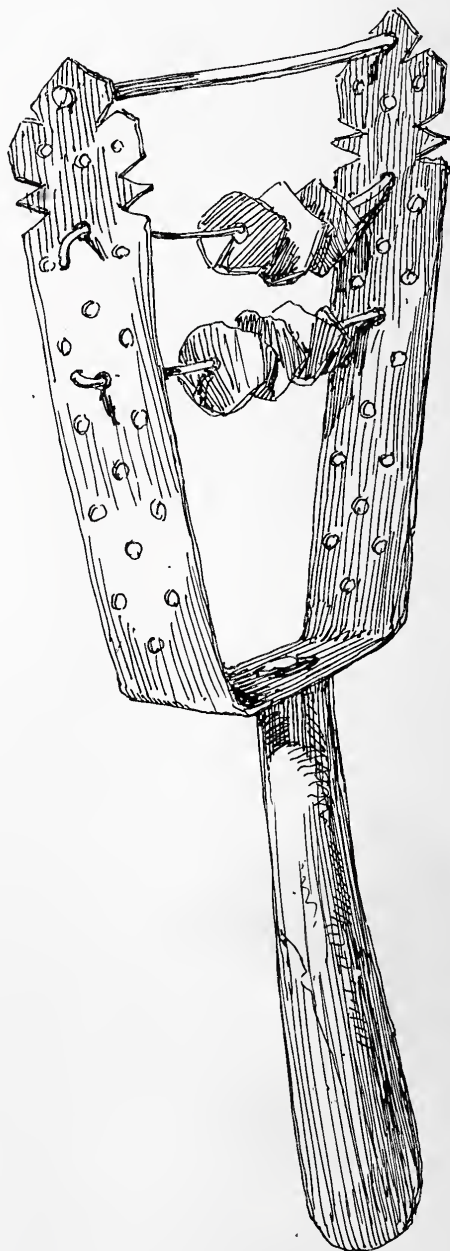


TOP OF PASTORAL STAFF OF THE ABUNA.

church. There was a large processional cross, incense, and a very little boy, with a branch of palm in his left hand, holding a bell in his right. A large book was held by two young priests—deacons, I think they were—from which the service was read or chanted. The priest who read held up one of the small hand crosses before the book while he muttered the words. He seemed at times to stop, while one of those standing by either prompted or corrected him. Whether he was a fair specimen of the priesthood or not I was not able to judge. What might be a chapter was read, and a psalm sung, at the front of the church—that is the west end—then they moved round to the south side, where a similar performance was repeated. This was done again at the east end, then at the north; after which they all entered the church, and the consecration began in the holy place. While this was going on the people stood or sat on the ground in the outer courts—there are no seats in the churches—and seemed very indifferent and listless. Psalms were sung in the Kunch-Mahalet, and at last after long waiting the priests came to the western door of the holy place, and administered the sacrament. The priests stood in the door, and the recipients passed from the south to the north; the bread was first given, and the wine was dealt out with a spoon; the basket, or whatever it was which held the bread, was covered over with an embroidered cloth, and the priest, as he took out each portion, seemed to cover it with his hands as he passed it into the person's

mouth. The priests were chanting all the time, and when all had received they returned into the holy place. I have already mentioned that transubstantiation is the doctrine of the Abyssinian Church.

The Epiphany is a very great day with the Abyssinian Church, as it seems to have been in early times, and particularly with the Eastern churches, when rivers and streams were blessed. I did not see the celebration of this day, but Mansfield Parkyns gives an account of it. The priests appear in their vestments, "and bearing with them all the church paraphernalia, go down to the neighbouring rivulet. Tents are pitched near its banks, ready to receive them, and there is a store of comestibles of every variety, with, of course, the usual large proportion of beer

ABYSSINIAN
SISTRUM.DRAWN BY WILLIAM
SIMPSON.

and honey-mead;* the whole of which good things are from the voluntary contributions of the devout of the parish."† It was explained in a former article that the Tabût was not a fixture in the altar, because it was at times carried out in some of the ceremonies, and, the Epiphany being one of the occasions, it is borne with great pomp and circumstance, and it becomes the central object of the celebration. After the sacrament has been administered to the priests, the chief priest raises his hands over the stream in the act of blessing it, after which the people bathe—the priests and important people are merely sprinkled with the water. When this has been gone through the eating and drinking begins; the women dance and sing, the men engage in various sports, some on horseback, and others on foot. After a wild revelry, in which the effects of the drinking has much influence, and the priests often become incapable, the church properties are all carried back. "The Ark," Parkyns writes, "is borne on the head of a priest, shaded by a canopy carried tentwise over it, and so sacred is it considered that no ordinary person may approach it, much less touch it.

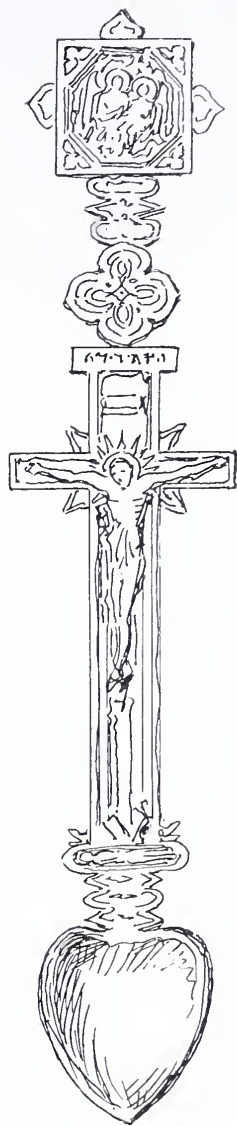
On the return march from Magdala, a large body of priests appeared one morning on the Wadela plateau, and, in honour of Sir Robert Napier,‡ they sung the song of Moses. The compliment implied was that Sir Robert had triumphed, and Theodore was the typical Pharaoh whose power had been destroyed. A richly ornamented umbrella was carried by one of them, and I have the idea that an article of this kind figures in most of their religious ceremonies. The umbrella is an old emblem of royalty and power in the east, but in what sense it was looked upon in the Abyssinian Church, I did not learn. Each one carried a long stick with a small forked branch at the upper end, and they stamped the ground with the other extremity, as if keeping time to the tune.

One very remarkable thing was to find that the sistrum of the ancient Egyptians had survived in the church service of Abyssinia. In singing the psalms, while they beat the ground with their long sticks, they hold aloft the sistrum in the right hand and jingle it to the tune. Some are ornamented, but most of those I saw were very rudely made, being only a slip of thin iron bent to the shape—a couple of pieces of thick wire are inserted across between the two arms of the instrument, and a few pieces of metal strung loosely on these wires

produces the sound. [The sistrum, being only a jingle of noise, is evidently a very primitive musical instrument, and it is curious to find this object, which so many centuries before was employed in the worship of Isis and Pasht, now still in use as an accompaniment to the Psalms of David.

In the ceremony of baptism, water is poured or sprinkled on the child, and, according to Parkyns, the priest "takes oil, and signs the cross on the child's head, hands, breast, and knees; and concludes by tying round its neck a plaited cord of red, blue, and white silk, as a sign of its Christianity."* This cord is afterwards changed for one of blue silk, called a "Matab," or sign, and is worn by all Abyssinian Christians. So essential is this blue cord as a sign that I often had my neck inspected to find if I had one, and when it was not found I was asked if I was a Hindu or a Mussulman. At last I procured a "Matab," and thus passed as one of the orthodox. My cord had attached to it a small silver-gilt cross of very delicate work, and also a plain silver ring, about seven-eighths of an inch in diameter. That all Matabs had this ring attached to them I could not affirm, but I noticed that the cord worn by Alumayu, the young son of Theodore, had one, and I am under the impression that it was the usual thing to have it. Its signification I did not learn.

The wearing of a cord as a visible symbol of baptism is peculiar, but there are traces of it in some of the eastern sects. In the Armenian Church the priest twists two threads of red and white, these colours, it is explained, typifying the blood and water that flowed from the side of the Saviour of the world, and places them upon the child to be baptised. According to Butler, in the Coptic Church of Egypt the child, when being baptised, was "girt with a crossing girdle about his waist," which was not removed till the eighth day after, when it was done with considerable cere-



SACRAMENTAL SPOON,
FROM MAGDALA.

* This is known as "Tej."

† "Life in Abyssinia." By Mansfield Parkyns. Vol. ii., pp. 78-9. This author spent three years in Abyssinia, previous to 1850. He dressed and lived in every way as the Abyssinians do.

‡ It was not till his return home that he became "Lord Napier of Magdala."

monial, "for the act was regarded as the completion of the rite of baptism."* There was a sect in the east known as the "Christians of the Girdle," but a historical explanation of their custom has been given, which, if correct, would imply that in this case the girdle had no emblematic meaning.

"Maskal" is the word in Abyssinian for cross, and that symbol figures very conspicuously in the ritual of the country. The large processional crosses are brought out in almost every ceremony. These, so far as I saw, are made of brass, and show a great variety in their design. An illustration of one is here given, which is perhaps a fair specimen of their style; the design is principally formed by smaller crosses, with at times engraved figures upon them. These crosses present at least one curious problem connected with the symbol. It will be noticed that below the cross there is a curved form like a crescent, and my first conclusion on seeing this was, that it might be the combination of the cross and crescent of the Byzantine church, from which the Russians derived these symbols. But in the Abyssinian cross, it will be noticed that at each end of the crescent form there is the rude resemblance of a head; a small hole for the eye, and a sort of notch which is evidently intended to represent a mouth; that this is the survival of an animal's head need scarcely be doubted. This finds full confirmation from an outline here given, taken from an illustration that appeared at the time, of the pastoral staff, or it may be a praying-stick, it matters not which—of the Abuna, in which there is a ball and cross, with two serpents—their bodies are twined round the head of the staff, but their necks and heads appear on each side of the cross almost exactly similar to those on the processional cross. In addition to this I have a photograph of a very beautiful silver-gilt Byzantine cross from Mount Athos, in which there are two creatures beneath it—slightly different in form from the Abyssinian—but manifestly expressing the same idea—whatever that may be. I have never chanced upon any notice of this peculiar combination in the Christian cross; so I cannot pretend to say exactly what it means. This point, it may be suggested, would be worthy of someone's attention, who could work out its explanation.

There is another peculiar feature connected with the cross in Abyssinia that also requires clearing up. I have not introduced this into the illustration of the large processional one, as it would have interfered with the design, but in the Consecration ceremony, where one of the figures holds one of these crosses, it will be seen that there is a long stripe of cloth attached to it. It is passed round the stem of the cross, and through the space on each

side formed by the curve of the crescent, or serpents, and the ends hang down to near the ground. I cannot say that this cloth is always attached to the cross, but my impression is that in most cases it was. In the pastoral staff of the Abuna, a piece of cloth covers the staff from below the folds of the serpents, and in the hand cross, of which an illustration is given, there is a small bit of cloth attached to it. The purpose in this may have been merely decorative, but I scarcely think so. I cannot recall anything like this in connection with crosses in the Western Church, but further examples may be found in the Eastern, where, if it has any meaning, its intention might be traced.

I give an outline of one of the small hand crosses, which I bought from a priest at Chelikut. It is made of brass, and is 11 in. in length, many of these hand crosses are much smaller. This one has the bit of cloth on it, it is blue in colour, old, ragged, and frayed at the ends. On the lower part of the handle there is an inscription, which was translated for me by the Rev. Mr. Rodwell, of St. Ethelburga. The English of it is: "Cross belonging to Walata Tsion*, having been given by her to the church of Tsion, that it may become to her a guide to Heaven."

I give an illustration of one of the sacramental spoons. The design is very elaborate, and to the recipient, with the idea of the real presence, the impression might be produced that the "blood" came direct from the Saviour on the cross.

Some one supplied me with a few notes, which I here transcribe, on the vestments of the Abyssinian church; and I regret, after such a lapse of time, that I cannot recall the name of my friend:

EBÄSNÉ.—White cloth worn on the head by the priest during service.

BURNOUS.—A sort of cloak worn by the priest during divine service, or at funerals.

CABALANKA.—A sort of cloak with cape (like the "Dino"), worn by the priests only on great days, or by the king.

AKLEEL.—A sort of crown or mitre, worn by the priests and deacons on festivals; also worn by them at the funerals of great men. These crowns are also worn by the bride and bridegroom at a wedding. Weddings are performed in the house (not in the church), in the evening; the bride and bridegroom take the sacrament at the church next morning. No sermons preached; monks wander about the country, and occasionally preach at the doors of the churches.

VESTMENTS WORN BY THE ABUNA.

LIBSAMUNGUST.—The dress of the kingdom (ecclesiastical), worn by the bishop at ordinations and consecration of churches, and when he administers the sacrament with his own hands. This is also worn by the king, and is then considered a civic garment. This dress is made of silk, embroidered in gold, with a cross embroidered in gold before and behind. The king's libsamungust does not have a cross, but a crown.

KASOLA.—A veil worn by the Abuna in public and at church, but is not a ceremonial vestment.

MASKÄL.—The bishop always carries in public a hand cross, of gold or other metal.

MAGHUNA.—In church and on public occasions a praying stick

* "The Ancient Coptic Churches of Egypt": Vol. II., pp. 273-4.

* Zion.



Consecration of the Sacrament. Abyssinian Church.

CONSECRATION OF THE SACRAMENT IN THE ABYSSINIAN CHURCH: DRAWN BY WILLIAM SIMPSON, R.I., M.R.A.S.

(maghuna), of silver, is carried before him. The crutch ends of this stick are ornamented with serpents' heads.

The ordinary dress of the priests in Abyssinia is a white turban. No one but a priest wears a white turban.

I can say nothing about the accuracy of these notes. I presume they were collected during the expedition, and that they are correct enough.

The use of the crowns at marriages is a custom of the Eastern Church, and of the Greco-Russian Church. I was present at the marriage of the late Emperor of Russia in St. Petersburg in 1866, and saw the crowns held over the bride and bridegroom. The crowns in that case had nothing to do with the rank of the persons, but are used at all weddings. The "Maghuna," or "prayer-stick," of the Abuna is probably the same as the wand, or cleft-stick, already described, which is used by the ordinary priests when singing the Psalms.

Theodore's Queen died in our camp during the March back from Magdala; her female attendants took her rich dresses, including such articles as her jewellery, slippers, drinking cup, etc., the robes they threw loosely over their shoulders, the other articles they held up in the air with their hands; and went, in something between a hobble and a dance, round the tent where the body lay. While doing this they howled or wailed, some scratched their temples till the blood came; their lamentations took the form

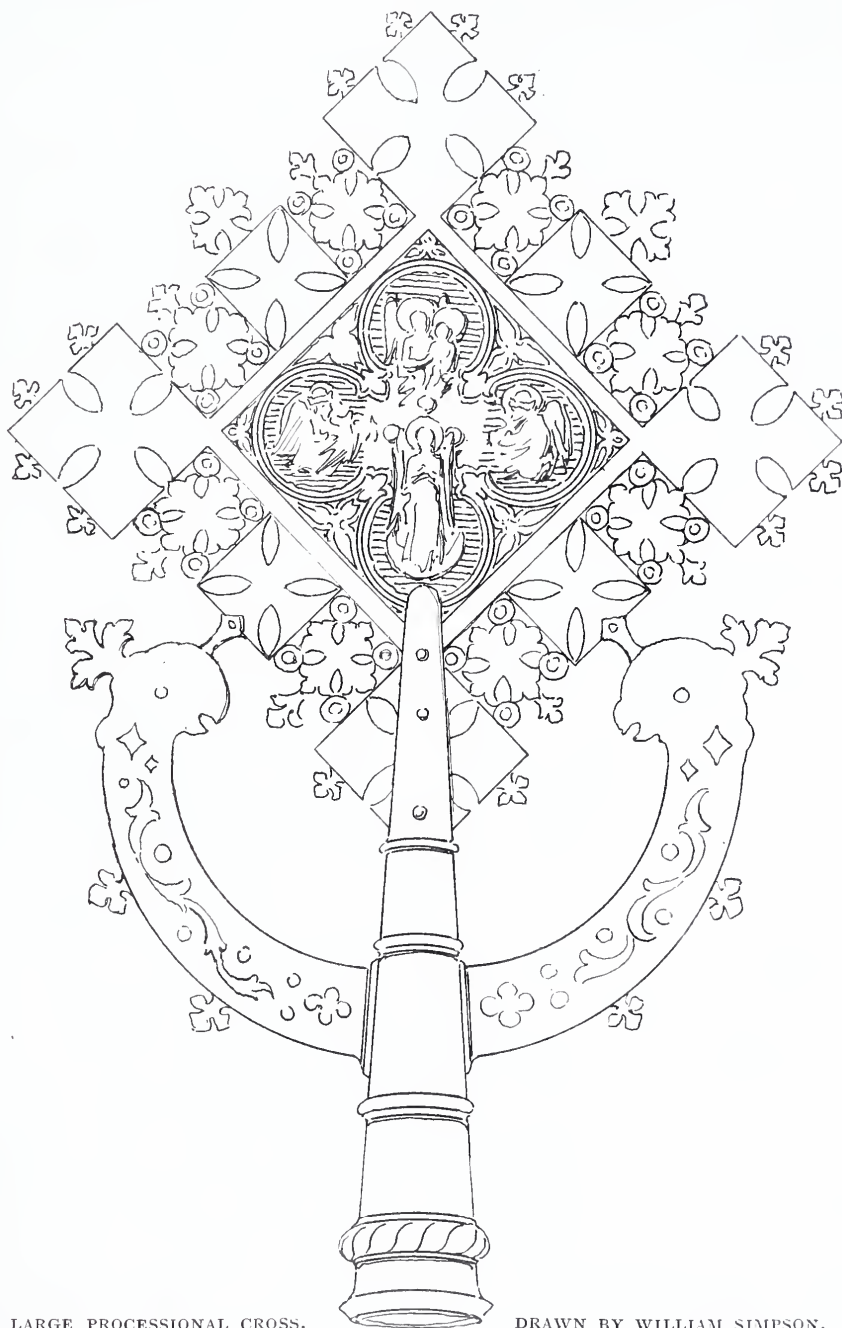
of praises of the Queen and accusations against themselves—"We are not worthy of thee!"—"Since thou art dead, we ought not to live!" etc. At last the priests got everything arranged, and the funeral procession moved away—the women following with the Queen's vestments, and wailing as they went. The priests had the umbrella, crosses, incense, etc., and the band of the 4th

Regiment led the *cortège*, playing the "Dead March in Saul." This last must have been an exceptional feature in the ritual of the Abyssinian Church. The body was taken to the church at Chelikut.

The favourite method of ornamenting costly robes, whether priestly or lay, is by sewing on thin pieces of silver, silver gilt, and probably gold for royal costumes, so as to produce various patterns. These pieces of metal are formed into a number of shapes, and are generally embossed. This makes them stand out prominently, so that they are easily distinguished from embroidery.

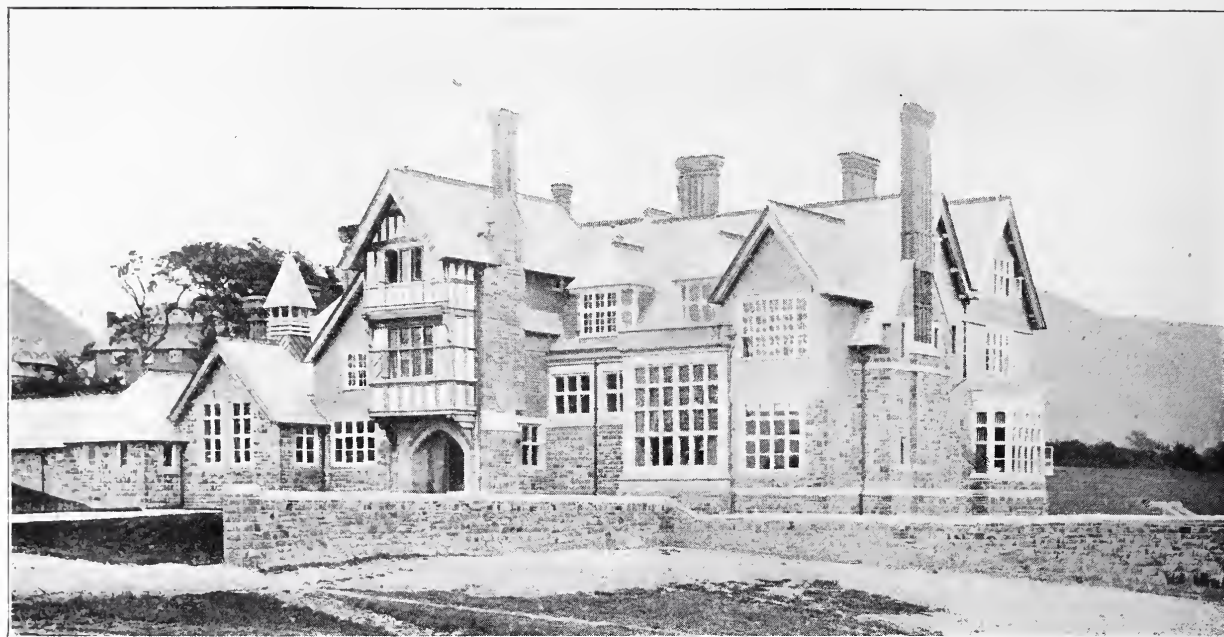
In conclusion,

I may say that these notes can make no claim to being complete on the subject. They are what chance threw in my way in passing through the country. As they are, they may be of some slight value. Abyssinia is now likely in the future to be more accessible to travellers, and further knowledge of the architecture and churches of that country will be more easily obtained.



LARGE PROCESSIONAL CROSS.

DRAWN BY WILLIAM SIMPSON.



PLAS DINAM, LLANDINAM: FRONT ELEVATION.

W. EDEN NESFIELD, ARCHITECT.

PLAS DINAM, LLANDINAM: BY W. EDEN NESFIELD: WITH NOTES BY J. M. BRYDON.

To the interest awakened by the articles on Mr. Nesfield's work we owe the pleasure of being able to give illustrations of another of his charming country houses, and cordial thanks are due to Messrs. Bell and Sons, of Saffron Walden—the builders of the house—for the plans and photographs from which these illustrations are taken.

Plas Dinam is a moderate-sized house in Mr. Nesfield's most characteristic manner. Built of stone, with the upper portion of the walls and the roofs covered with grey green slates, tall red brick chimneys, half-timbered gables, and many mullioned windows, we have here all the features he used with such artistic skill and felicity, but which, though familiar, never seem to lose their attractiveness in such capable hands.

In plan the house bears a striking resemblance to Loughton Hall (see page 293, Volume One), or, rather, it should be said Loughton Hall resembles Plas Dinam, for the latter was built in 1872, and, therefore, some six years previous to the former. The entrance, the great hall, the public rooms, and the offices have exactly the same relation to each other in both houses, so much so indeed that, at first sight, they appear to be the same, or, at all events, studies for the same house; but when the details come to be looked into, there are many and noticeable differences, for example, the somewhat awk-

ward disposition of the steps in the entrance hall and the principal staircase at Loughton, is a departure, and hardly for the better, from the superior arrangement at Plas Dinam. The owner's private room, also in the latter, is more *en suite* with the great hall and the public rooms, and has thus a much better approach. Still, after making every allowance, it is a curious instance of an Architect repeating what is substantially the same plan on two quite separate sites, and with entirely different materials. The outward and visible expressions of this sameness in plan, however, is altogether another matter. Loughton is a brick house, Plas Dinam essentially a stone one; moreover, the two are entirely different in style and architectural treatment, as great a contrast in this respect as their plans are in correspondence. Plas Dinam is architecturally of much the same type as Lea Wood (see page 295, Volume One), but larger and more important, and preceded the latter by about two years. The same mediæval feeling prevails throughout; the external treatment of such features as the entrance gable, the bay windows, and the chimney stacks, are very similar. In this respect it is an interesting study of the working of the Architect's mind, taken into conjunction with the later houses just mentioned, and the results as affected by the nature of the requirements, the sites, and the materials of which they are built. In fact Plas Dinam seems to have given the letter of its plan to Loughton Hall, and the spirit of its elevations to Lea Wood. With regard to materials, a noticeable incident is the employment of grey green slates for



PLAS DINAM, LLANDINAM: GARDEN ELEVATION.

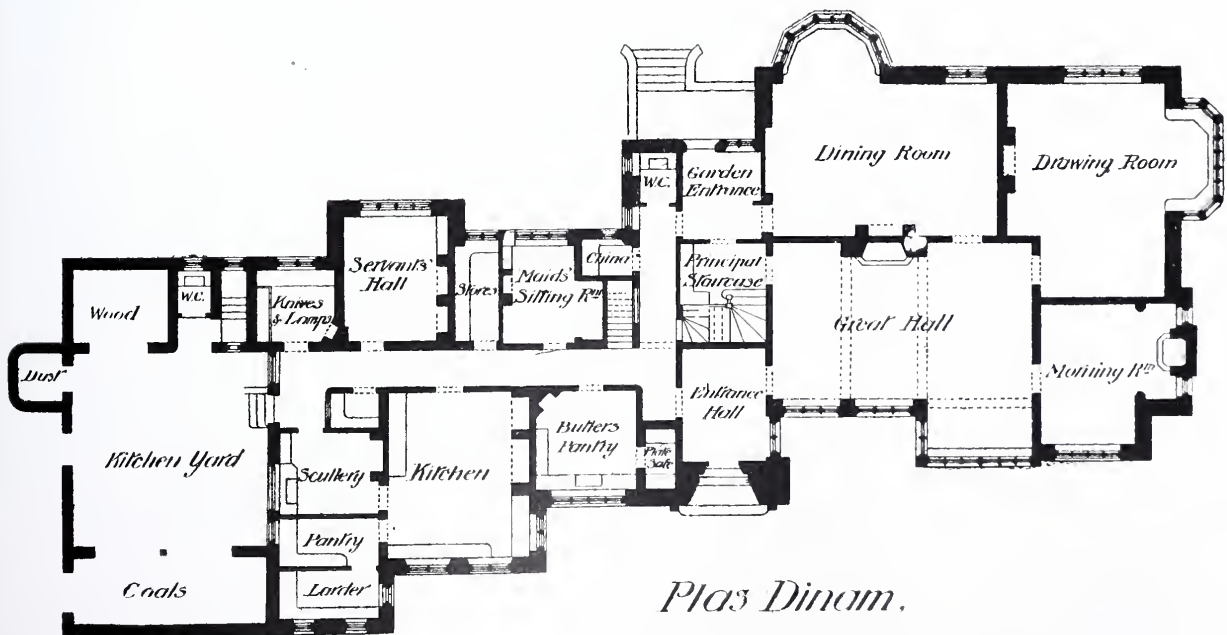
W. EDEN NESFIELD, ARCHITECT.

the roofs and the upper portions of the walls, instead of the usual red weather tiling. The warm colour of the stone, the greenish grey of the slates, and the red of the chimney stacks, give quite a different scheme of colour from most of Mr. Nesfield's houses.

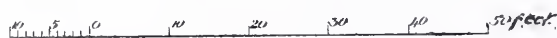
Internally the chimney-pieces and wall panelling follow the manor house type, such as we find in Cloverly Hall and other works. The principal staircase, which looks so modest on the ground plan, develops into a fine feature by the time it reaches the first floor, occupying all the space over the garden vestibule and the adjoining passages, and lighted by two three-light windows overlooking

the garden. Mr. Nesfield's staircases have a knack of growing in this manner as they ascend, with easy flights of steps and broad landings, and here at Plas Dinam is one of the most picturesque; indeed the whole house is only one more illustration of the infinite variety to be found in its Architect's designs.

Several other examples have been kindly offered for publication, but we found it was impossible to give all. Those selected may be taken as typical works of one of the foremost Architects, these being not only typical of the Gothic Revival, but of the movement which ultimately led to the eclecticism of the present day.

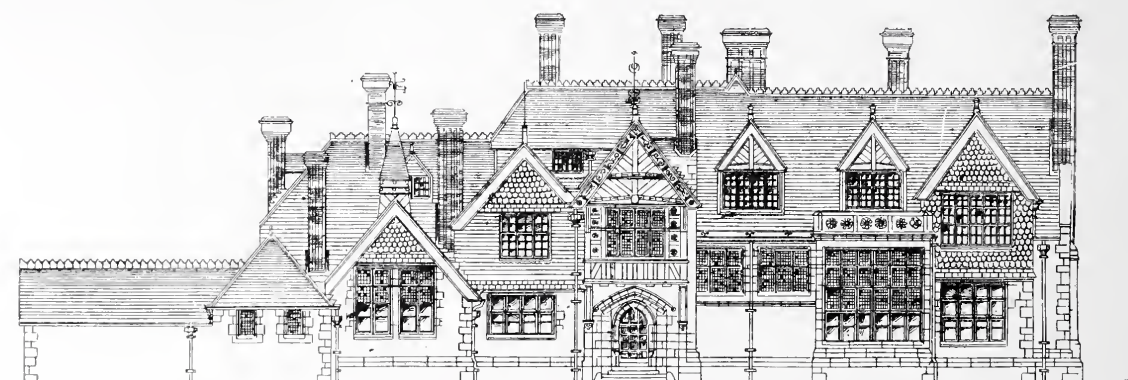


Plas Dinam.
Plan of Ground Floor:





GARDEN ELEVATION



FRONT ELEVATION

Scale of 12 5 0 10 20 30 40 50 60 feet

PLAS DINAM, LLANDINAM.

W. EDEN NESFIELD, ARCHITECT.

THE PORTRAIT OF WILLIAM EDEN NESFIELD.

THE portrait of William Eden Nesfield, which we are here enabled to reproduce, is taken from a chalk drawing made in Rome in the winter of 1858, when Mr. Nesfield was in his 24th year. It is the property of Mr. John Hebb, to whom it was presented by Mr. Nesfield's widow, and is the portrait referred to in the Dictionary of National Biography as being in possession of his widow.

The portrait, which is enclosed in a massive, black reeded frame, designed by Mr. Nesfield, and has an inscription on the back of the frame in his handwriting, although an admirable work of art, fails to give an accurate impression of the sitter as his friends remember him at the time the portrait was made. Mr. Nesfield, as is well-known, had a strong individuality, and the artist, in spite of all his diligence, appears to have failed to find the man.

The artist, M. Jacob Emile Edouard Brandon, born at Paris, July 3rd, 1831, is a painter of religious subjects, and a pupil of Picot and Mount-

fort. He decorated the oratory of St. Brigette at Rome with mural paintings, cartoons of portions of which were exhibited at the Paris Salon in 1861-5, and was engaged on this work at the time he executed the study of Mr. Nesfield's head. His other exhibited works are: "The Kiss of Moses' Mother;" "The Sabbath;" "Saint in Ecstasy" (1866); "Sermon of Daïan Cardoza at the Amsterdam Synagogue" (July, 1866); "Prayer and Meditation," designs for stained glass, &c. (1867). "A Parisian Studio;" "Portrait of the Son of Octave Feuillet" (1867); "Taking out the Sacred Books on the Sabbath;" "Reading the Talmud" (1869); "The Sabbath and the Catechism" (1870). After having refrained from exhibiting at the annual exhibition of the Salon for some years, M. Brandon exhibited at the Salon des Dissidents at the Champs de Mars, in 1890, a series of seventeen pictures, mostly of a religious character, representing more particularly solemnities of the Hebrew ritual. He received medals of honour in 1865 and 1867.

THE EDITORS, *The Architectural Review*.



By permission of Mr. John Hebb.

PORTRAIT OF WILLIAM EDEN
NESFIELD: FROM A CHALK
DRAWING BY JACOB EMILE
EDOUARD BRANDON.

THE LIFE AND WORK OF WELBY PUGIN: BY PAUL WATERHOUSE, M.A.: ILLUSTRATED FROM ORIGINAL DRAWINGS BY WELBY PUGIN, OLIVER HALL, FRANCIS D. BEDFORD, AND OTHERS.

OUTWARDLY there is nothing gorgeous about Ramsgate church. It is not on a large scale, nor lavish in its ornament, but it is an honest, quiet, and charac-

bit of ironwork or other design by Pugin, and at first glance condemns it as common and cheap, forgetting, perhaps, that the particular specimen before one's eyes was actually first in the field, and that the too profuse imitations which have diluted its worth are in reality witnesses to its excellence.

The corrosive effect exercised by mere imitation (even when fairly good) upon the thing imitated is often overlooked by the critic in estimating the



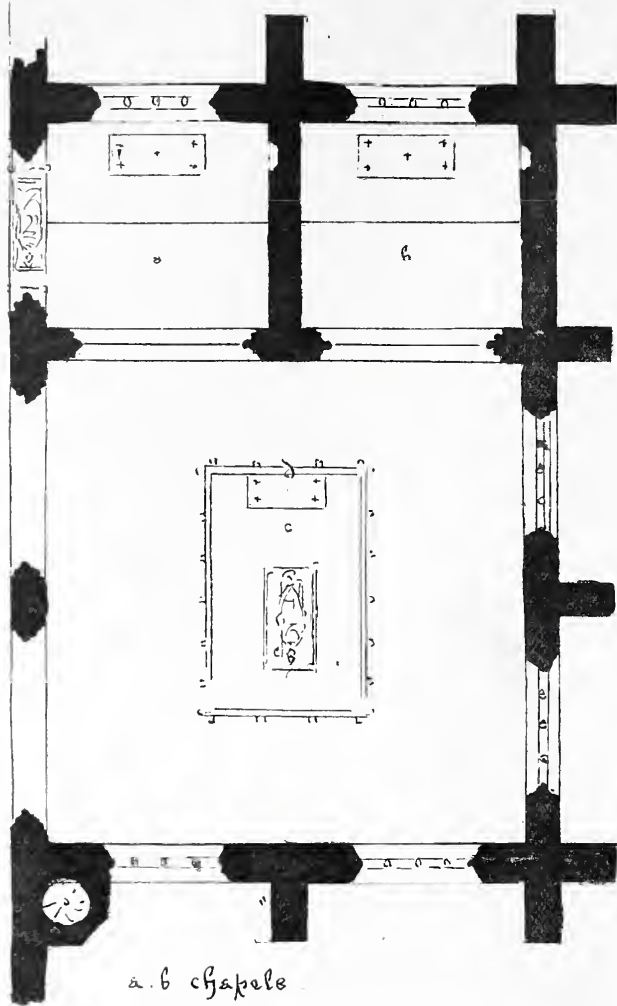
PROPOSED "MILNER" CHAUNTRY AT ST. MARY'S COLLEGE, OSCOTT: VIEW FROM CHURCH.

FROM ORIGINAL DRAWING
BY WELBY PUGIN, 1839.

teristic piece of work, better, indeed, than the adjoining house, which, though perhaps "original" at the time as an adaptation of Gothic art to the requirements of a small residence, suffers in the eyes of modern critics from association with the too numerous imitations which it and other similar works have evoked. This imitation has done more harm to Pugin than to almost any British architect of the century. One sometimes comes across a

work of a pioneer. Pugin was undoubtedly a pioneer, and, if what he designed is to be found on every page of every church furnisher's catalogue, we must be careful to let the blame fall fairly, and not censure the original producer for the very excellence which has led to such profuse re-duplication.

Let us turn for a time to Pugin's work as a sketcher.



- a. b chapels
 c Bishop Milners chantry
 d altar. in the chauntry.
 G The Collegiate church.

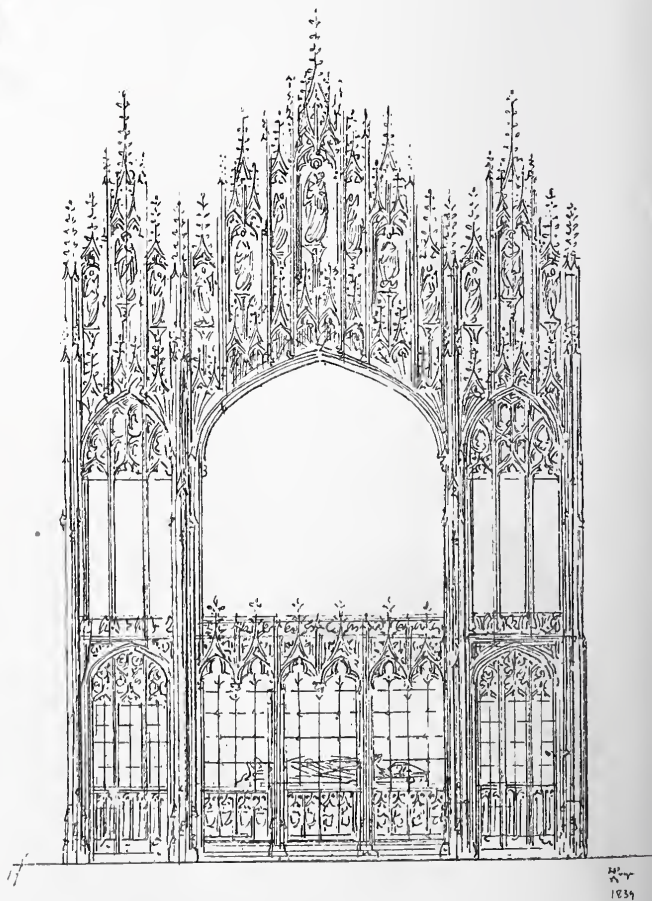
PLAN FROM ORIGINAL DRAWING OF
 PROPOSED "MILNER" CHAUNTRY,
 AT OSCOTT.

It is, fortunately, possible to reproduce here some of Pugin's original drawings for his "Treatise on Chancel Screens." In many cases Pugin actually etched the plates which serve as illustrations to his works, but in this instance the published illustrations were clearly worked up by some intervening hand, and, though they have a more finished appearance than the original sketches, they have undoubtedly suffered artistically in the process of transformation. It is, therefore, of special interest to be thus able to lay before the reader facsimiles of some of the drawings as they actually left Pugin's hand. It will be noted that the work is very fine pen drawing, sometimes almost microscopically fine; yet, none the less, it is bold and dashing, suggesting often by the merest scratch a richness of ornament which the transcriber has had much ado to render in the finished illustration by a much greater profusion of line.

The minuteness of the execution is partly explained by the fact that in all such work Pugin used a lens like a watchmaker's glass, held in the eye.

Clearly, most of the sketches were first of all "set out" with guiding lines of pencil, and this first process must have been followed up by ruling in the principal vertical and horizontal lines, and by turning in with a "pen bow" the more important curves. The final process was the freehand addition of the ornament. No appreciative draughtsman can fail to admire the latitude and power with which delicate tracery, fine carvings, mouldings, and figures are indicated by the master hand that has travelled laboriously, but with exceeding rapidity, over the drawings before us.

Familiarity with the derisive drawings with which Pugin attacked, in his "Contrasts" and other publications, all false Art, or misappreciated Art, that did not agree with his own canons of taste would, perhaps, dispose one to think that when his heart was not in sympathy his pen and pencil were not always sincere; but there are one or two among these very drawings, and several in the published sketches, which serve to show that Pugin could



elevation of chauntry

"MILNER" CHAUNTRY,
 AT OSCOTT.

FROM THE ORIGINAL DESIGN
 BY WELBY PUGIN.

draw a bit of Classic or Renaissance work as tenderly and appreciatively as his hand travelled round the crocketed edges of a Gothic canopy. Look at the drawing of a Rood Screen in Antwerp Cathedral, taken from a painting — there is no want of sympathy in the handling here, nor in the rather uninteresting altar which appears on the same sheet in the published plate, though not reproduced here. On the margin of these sketches, for the guidance of the reproducer, are many adroit pencil enlargements of parts of the detail over which Pugin's rushing pen had hurried too impatiently for the certainty of safe interpretation by another hand, as can be seen in the photo-engraved reproduction from the original design, on page 71. Not that anything was too *small* for that pen to show clearly—in fact, as one looks over these drawings carefully (and in spectacles) it remains a marvel that any instrument so pin-pointed as this pen must have been should be capable of keeping up an effect of decorative *ensemble* among work every particle of which is so intricately minuscule. It is touch that does it—touch is the secret of the result. However small the work becomes, freedom remains. Some of us feel that we can only do ourselves justice on a sheet of double-elephant with a bit of charcoal, but Pugin keeps up his form however small the scale and however exiguous the



CARTOON FOR
HERALDIC GLASS:

DRAWN BY JOHN POWELL, IN
COLLABORATION WITH PUGIN.

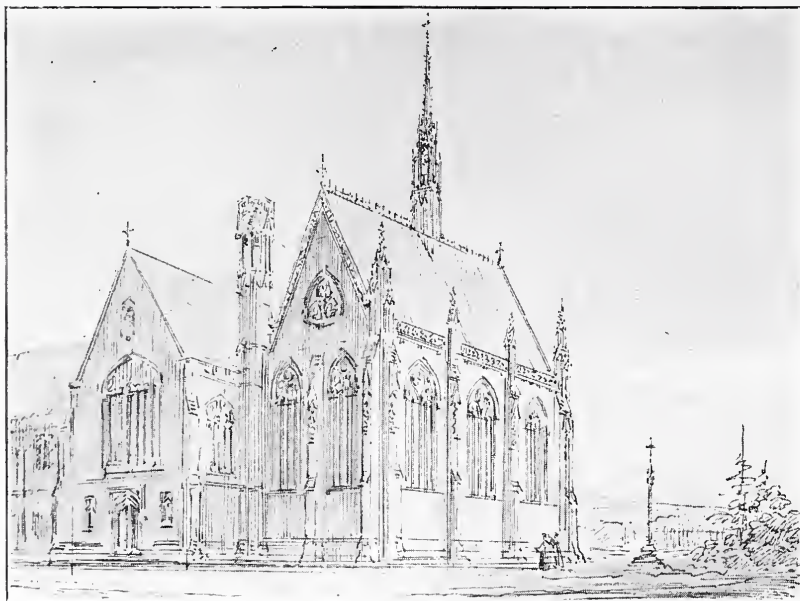
medium. In fact, he can express himself equally well with a mapping pen or a crayon. I suspect he could draw with anything—and this, after all, is the test of draughtsmanship.

The very fine sheet containing a "cathedral screen" and a "parochial screen" is, of course, not a sketch from actual work, but a design.

It will be suitable here to speak of the two volumes of photographs of Continental sketches which were published by Stephen Ayling in 1865, and subsequently re-issued from the same negatives by Bedford Lemère.

The methods of photographic printing employed thirty years ago were not what they are now, and age, unfortunately, is having its effect even on the best preserved copies of this not very common collection; to this disadvantage add the fact that most of the sketches are rather heavily reduced.

By far the greater number of the original drawings from which these photographs are taken were done with pen and ink, though some of them are water colours. That they are rich in the delicate and accurate interpretation of detail goes without saying; but many of them exhibit an appreciation on the part of the artist of general pictorial effect, of the disposition of mass, of grouping, and of light and shade unsuspected by those who would brand Pugin as a master rather of component parts than of composition. There is a little scrap repre-



"MILNER" CHAUNTRY, OSCOTT:
SOUTH-WEST VIEW.

DRAWN BY WELBY PUGIN.

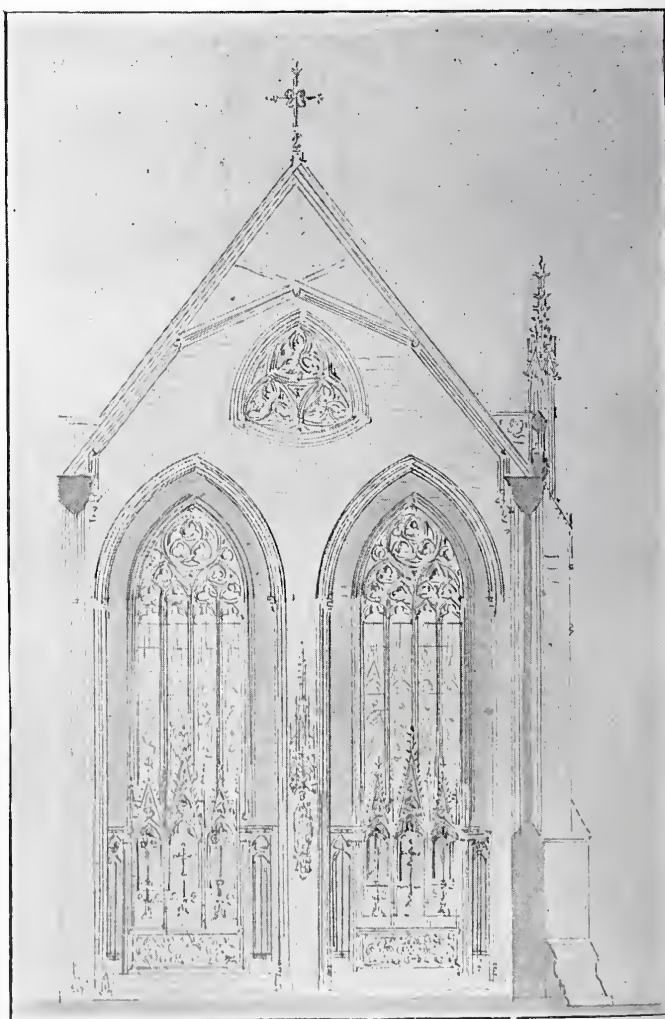
senting Amiens from the south-east (183) which has in its few square inches the grace and chiaroscuro of a Cotman, and the next one before it, a sketch of Fort Rouge at Calais, has equal pictorial qualities without equivalent architectural value. Many of the interiors which show brush work, such as Ulm (161), Gisons (184 and 185), Nuremberg (29), Rouen (403), St. Sauveur, Bruges (436), and another of Rouen (397), are little triumphs of architectural impressionism. Figures, especially figures that conform to mediæval anatomy, fall easily from Pugin's pen, and there are many instances of his capacity to handle trees and landscape as readily, if not quite as ably, as tracery and wrought-iron work. No. 119 is a sensational drawing of the suspension bridge at Fribourg. Enthusiast as Pugin was for the purity of Gothic Architecture, there is a brilliant and generous catholicity about the subjects chosen and treated in these sketches. The "Skipper's House" at Ghent is a somewhat wanton building, far dearer to our modern heart than to the purist Goth of half a century ago; yet in Pugin's sketch (470) of the front of this house there is a candid appreciation that grudges none of the merits of the building, but sets it forth in all the picturesqueness of its hybrid bravery. Note how on drawing 464 a cutter and a lugger have sailed in among some Rotterdam ironmongery!

Mr. Sebastian Pugin Powell has been good enough to lend me for reproduction an extremely interesting and valuable set of sketch designs for a proposed chantry at St. Mary's College, Oscott, which, if it

had been executed, was to have borne the name of the well-known Bishop Milner. These drawings, especially the perspective views, are very characteristic specimens of Pugin's design and draughtsmanship, particularly, perhaps, of the latter. For this reason, and from the fact that the work was never carried out, the drawings are better mentioned here than among the category of actual architectural achievements.

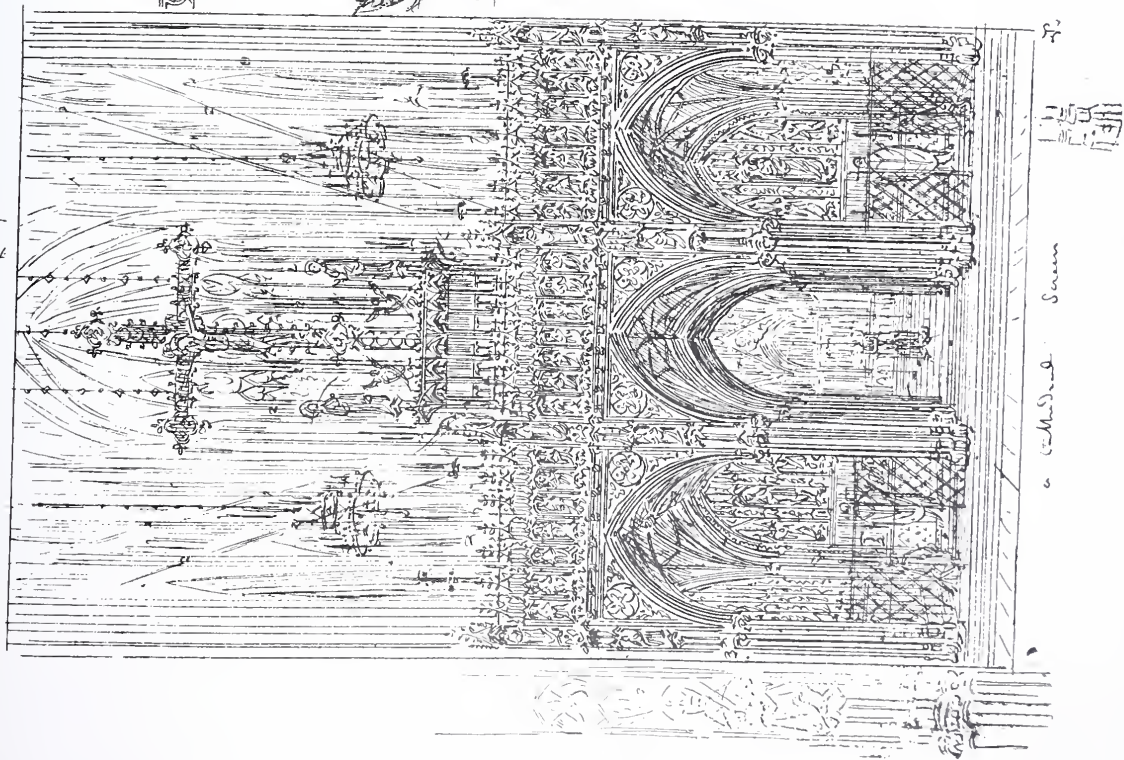
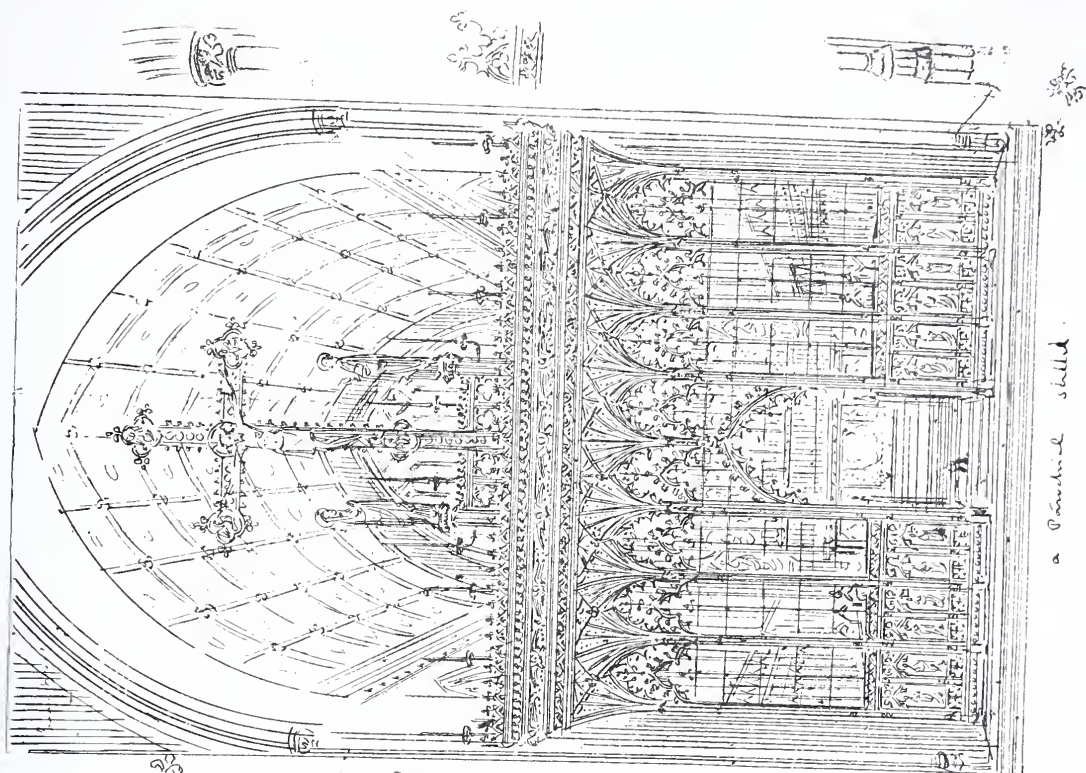
As a writer, Pugin was prolific to an extent which renders still more inexplicable his voluminous output in other directions. His most popular work as a writer is the celebrated "Contrasts," but his greatest is that entitled "The True Principles of Pointed or Christian Architecture." This book is to a

strange degree an index of Pugin's character and purpose. It is better than an index; it is, more

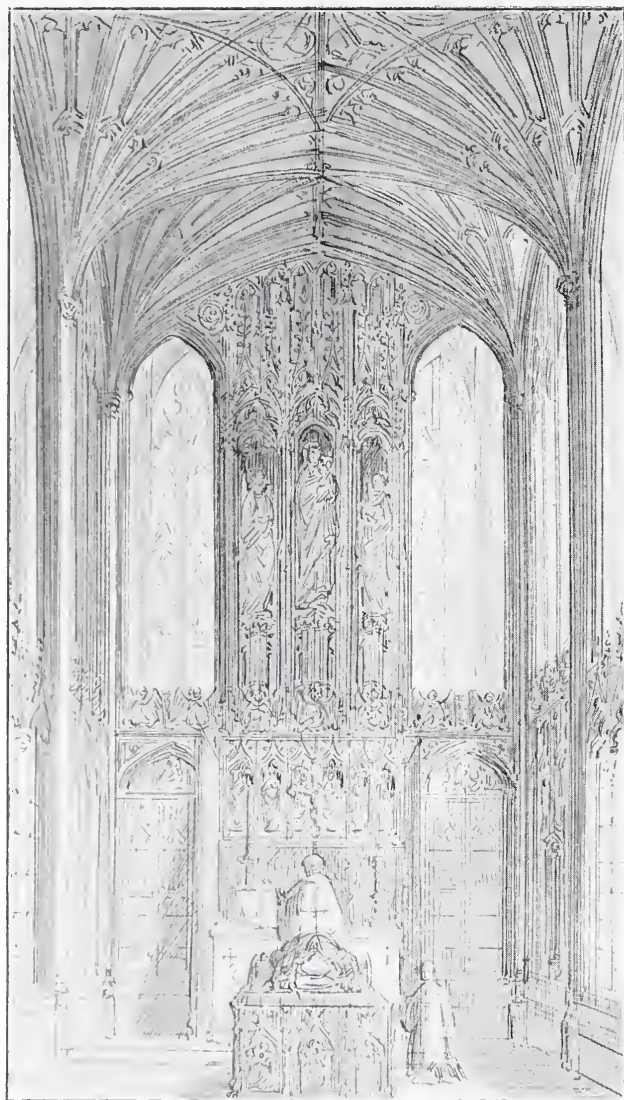


"MILNER" CHAUNTRY: TRANSVERSE
SECTION, SHOWING THE TWO ALTARS.

DRAWN BY
WELBY PUGIN.



DRAWN BY WELBY PUGIN, FOR HIS
"TREATISE ON CHANCEL SCREENS."



INTERIOR OF PROPOSED
"MILNER" CHAUNTRY AT ST.
MARY'S COLLEGE, OSCOTT.

FROM THE ORIGINAL
DRAWING BY WELBY
PUGIN.

than Pugin himself intended, a reflex of his nature. The mixture which it contains of knowledge and of levity, of inspiration and abuse, of frivolity and philosophy is, I suppose, nothing more than the immediate outcome of the *naïveté* and simplicity which made the charm and in a measure supplied the impetus of Pugin's character.

From this work might be collected a set of aphorisms expressing almost perfectly the previously unexpressed doctrine of Gothic Art; but the book as it stands presents such a motley and colloquial jumble of art, truth, sarcasm, and revelation that were it not for the occasional italics which mark the deeper dogma the reader would be inclined to forget the gravity of the author's purpose, and at times to lose the thread of argument in laughter. The book, to do it justice, is in the form of two lectures delivered by the author at "St. Marie's, Oscott," in his capacity of

"Professor of Ecclesiastical Antiquities in that College." What suits a lecture-room does not necessarily preserve its weight in print; moreover, humorous illustrations are apt to distract a reader from serious acceptance of decorous argument. It is therefore not improbable that many a man has opened and skimmed through the volume without realising that it contains a world of analytical truth and insight—in fact, a system or anatomy of Gothic architecture in its deeper principles such as no other man of the age except Ruskin could have both thought out and expressed.

It will not be either proper or desirable in this place to attempt a detailed description of all the writings of Pugin. It will suffice to name or slightly characterise the principal of his written works, recommending to those who would study them further either the works themselves or the appreciative article upon them which forms an appendix to Ferry's volume of Recollections.

Similar to the "True Principles" is the slim quarto entitled "An Apology for the Revival of Christian Architecture." Written in the same spirit, though with a more distinctly Roman tendency, this volume is marked by the same humorous vein of sarcastic antithesis which found a fuller, though earlier, exposition in the well-known "Contrasts"—a work which is probably the best known of Pugin's writings. To the "Apology" is appended as a frontispiece an extremely beautiful plate, containing perspective sketches of twenty-five of the author's most important designs. This plate is of extreme delicacy, and it is only in the best and earliest impressions that its full beauty is realisable. A group of dissociated buildings, especially if it be a crowd of churches, is an unnatural and uncomfortable thing—in fact, in most men's hands a waste of good drawing. But Pugin, with extraordinary ability, has made of his compendium of works not a mere illustrated catalogue, nor a semi-commercial diagram, but a really interesting landscape, upon which a rising sun casts a poetic and hazy light pregnant with pictorial as well as emblematic lustre.

The "Contrasts," an early publication, was issued from Pugin's own house, St. Marie's Grange, at, or rather just outside, Salisbury. In criticism of it, it is but fair to Pugin's victims to acknowledge that the buildings which he selects for obloquy are not sketched with quite such loving appreciation of their possible beauties as is accorded to their rivals in the Gothic camp. Travesty in such a case is understandable if not pardonable.

The three volumes containing designs for furniture, and for work in the precious and baser metals, followed one another in rapid succession during the years 1835-6, and, being purely of graphic character, do not properly come under the head of

literary works. His book on "Ancient Timber Houses" appeared also in 1836, the same year in which he issued the "Contrasts." As the commissioners appointed to decide on the designs sent in for the Houses of Parliament published their report in this very year, it is not surprising to find that, after this first burst of literary activity, Pugin rested for a time from his labours as a producer of books. The "True Principles" and the "Apology" of which I have been speaking came out respectively in 1841 and 1843, shortly followed by the already-mentioned articles in the *Dublin Review* and by the "Glossary of Ecclesiastical Ornament and Costume." In 1849, Pugin published an illustrated work in colours called "Floriated Ornament." It is an elaborate and, as far as I know, the earliest attempt to systematise what is known as the conventionalising (awful word!) of foliage and flower form. Taking his natural specimens one by one, Pugin shows what decorative use can be made of each of the natural growths he has selected. An interesting anecdote given in the prefatory remarks explains how Pugin's attention was drawn to the sometimes almost invisible barrier between the natural and the conventional by his mistaking a cast from an actual vegetable for a reproduction of mediæval architectural foliage.

The "Remarks on Articles in the Rambler," which were published in 1850, are of special interest as containing some snatches of autobiography; while the "Treatise on Chancel Screens," already noticed in its artistic aspect, claims attention also as a piece of doctrinal polemic. It appeared in 1851, and was, I believe, his last published work. Shortly before this he had issued an "Earnest Appeal for the Revival of Ancient Plain Song."

The establishment of the Roman Catholic Hierarchy in England had, it will be remembered, taken place during Pugin's lifetime. He was among the foremost swimmers on the top of the Roman wave, which seemed to be, if not carrying all before it, at least within reach of a significant high tide. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at that a man of Pugin's ardent temperament and warm conviction should have striven by pen as well as by pencil, by argument no less than by bricks and mortar, to advance alike the welfare and the influence of the ancient Church into which he had been admitted.

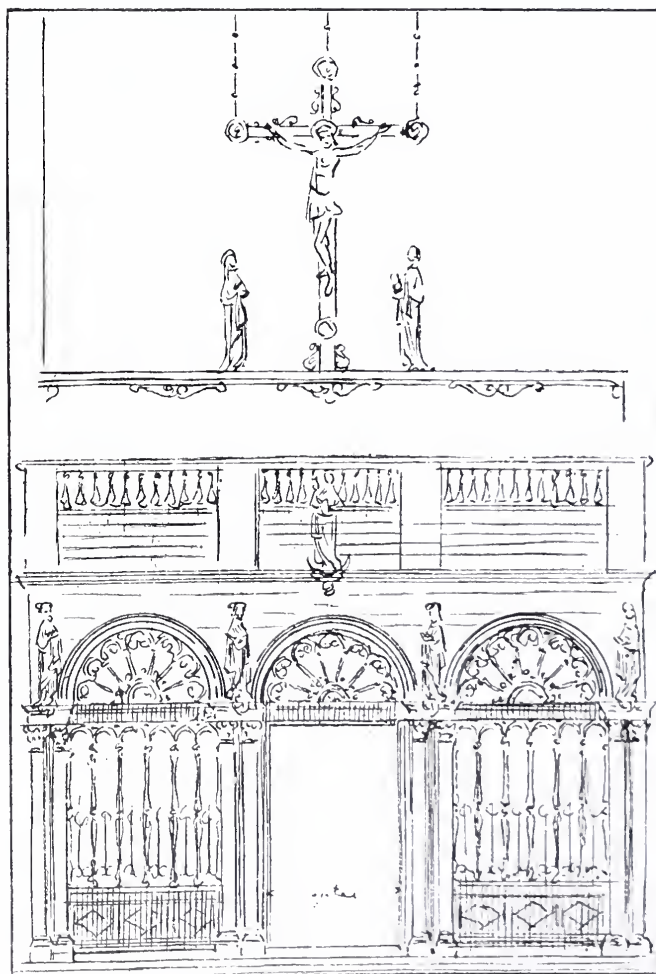
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

NOTE.—We are happy to state that we have been enabled to secure special facilities for sketching the interior of the Houses of Parliament, and future numbers will contain fine illustrations of Pugin's masterful work in these grand buildings by such eminent artists as F. L. Griggs, Joseph Pennell, H. Wilson, and Patten Wilson.—THE EDITORS.

BEVERLEY MINSTER.

To the Editor of THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—The thanks of all your readers are due to Mr. John Bilson for his very able and well illustrated paper on Beverley Minster, a building, the great merits of which, as compared with many of our cathedrals, are so little known. It does indeed seem a pity that so fine an interior should, in a great measure, be ruined by the modern arrangement of the organ, musically one of the finest in the kingdom, and architecturally one of the ugliest, for which the restorer of the Minster, the late Sir Geo. Gilbert Scott, was in no way responsible; he designed the remarkably fine new choir screens and also a case for the organ in harmony with it; the latter was never carried out. The result is that the bulk of the organ is stowed away in the south aisle of choir, which it utterly ruins, and the instrument is rendered much less effective acoustically than had the original intention of Sir Gilbert Scott been carried out. I



the Read screen Antient, Beverley Minster 17 centy
FROM THE ORIGINAL DRAWING BY WELBY PUGIN,
FOR THE TREATISE ON CHANCEL SCREENS.

presume no protest would lead to an alteration in a matter so vital to the internal beauty of this very fine church?

Yours faithfully,

A CONSTANT READER.

AN APPRECIATION OF J. D. SEDDING: BY HEYWOOD SUMNER.

IT has been said that Sedding had the qualities of his defects, and the defects of his qualities. There is one quality which he possessed, to which I should like to call special attention, namely, wildness. As I understood him, Sedding remained a wild thing in his innermost springs of productive being, notwithstanding his years of study and great knowledge. I see you grave architects smile. Wildness! You think this, as a quality, is not an equipment wherewith to assure clients.

That is not my meaning. Wild, like the song of a thrush; wild, like the flowers of the field; possessing elemental beauty, lavish, simple, strenuous.

The words Romantic and Gothic have both been used with reference to Sedding. Well, as I understand it, the real essential distinction between what we call Romantic or Gothic, and what we call Classic or Renaissance, in the distinction—not the opposition—between the wild growth and cultivated growth, and wildness remains, in spite of cultivation, as the tap root of sturdy being.

But Sedding was a most complicated personality, for, in addition to his Gothic or Romantic impulse, he had a burly strain of eclecticism. It was part of his faith that all things were good; that the creative works of man, like creation in Nature, “meant intensely, and meant good,” and he was in revolt against Ruskin’s taboo of things Classical or Renaissance. Accordingly he mixed up his own production with a full-blooded eclecticism, and the result was sometimes rather bewildering.

Let me take another simile from Nature in explanation. You know that where the austere chalk soils and the rich clays of the world meet. There you find beds of that fertile soil called greensand, on which grow the most beautiful and rare wild flowers, and on which the contradictory qualities of the two soils mingle, and are renewed in surprising richness. Well, Sedding had a good streak of greensand in him, and, though he hated the word “austere,” and abused the quality in his laughing, vehement way, yet I think he really did combine richness and austerity in his creative power.

Personally, his charm was great and peculiar. Mr. Whall gave last month some delightful personal reminiscences. To me also he was always a most stimulating companion, sympathetic, keen, vivid in his perceptions, with odd, whimsical ways—one

way was a certain suspiciousness if you hadn’t met him for some time. He would then seem to begin by thinking that you had heard something said against his work, and he was quite sensitive—as Tennyson was—to ill-considered criticism. Anybody’s cackle could wound him, anybody’s butter could please him. Another way was his laughing contention. He was always trailing his coat, and it was very droll the way he would gleefully speak of some work on which he was engaged. “Such a task, my dear fellow. I’ve done this, and I’ve done that. Won’t it make old So-and-so sit up?”

His work was always going on. He would take designs out of his pocket in a railway carriage, and draw violently with a B.B. pencil in a defiant manner, and then say: “What d’you think of that?” really wanting your criticism. Sedding’s creative genius seemed to be the most spontaneous, haphazard thing imaginable, though years of hard work went to make that seeming.

Of his intense and affectionate nature others have written. It was impossible to work with Sedding without loving him, and to many of us his memory will always be sacred and inspiring. *Requiescat in pace.* I shall close these few words on J. D. Sedding with that prayer which we all say in our inmost heart when a dear friend passes from us—may he rest in peace.

PARIS NOTES: THE ELCHÉ BUST: BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

THE Elché bust I spoke of in my last Notes has excited the keenest curiosity and admiration. Archæologists may be divided as to its origin, but they are unanimous in recognising its importance: as to its loveliness and singularity there can be but one opinion. It is certainly one of the most precious acquisitions the Louvre has made for many years, both artistically and historically. It discovers an unsuspected world of beauty and half-barbaric civilisation. In fairness, a complete article ought to be consecrated to it. I will, at least, attempt to omit nothing essential in these rapid notes on its appearance, origin, and historical signification.

The bust was recently placed in the Artaxerxes room of the Louvre, where it more than bears comparison with the priceless Persian work around it. It is a block of soft calcareous stone, fifty-three centimetres high, in perfect preservation, save for a scratch along the nose, due to a stroke of the pickaxe, which again splintered two of the large pearls of the necklace. It represents a woman some five-and-twenty years old. The head is slightly inclined forward. The hair is completely concealed by a red veil, fourfold, tightly stretched

across the forehead, and drawn back in a sharply retreating triangular mitre, perhaps over some large comb, such as is still worn by the Spanish women along the coast where the bust was discovered. A triple row of pearls sewn on a band maintains the veil, which escapes behind in straight pleats. Two enormous whorls of open fretted work (probably gold) fixed to the mitre hide the ears, projecting their broad wheel-like embossed edges charged with precious stones far beyond the temples, forming a recess for the face. Two thin discs of chiselled metal interpose to protect the skin from the rubbing of the heavy wheels; bunches of jewelled tags fall on either side from them on to the massive triple necklace, from which depend small amphoræ curiously chased in the two upper rows, and rounded satchels in the lower row. A close-fitting shirt, a draped tunic, a mantle open on the breast and falling in symmetrical undulating folds on either side form the dress. Traces of colour are manifest. The whole surface of the stone was probably tinted a faint rosy grey. A frank red on the lips, veil, and tunic still remains. The iris of the eye—a rare peculiarity in stone or marble, for such usage was only common in bronze—was incrustated with some coloured paste, now eaten away. The back of the head is hollowed out, probably to receive votive offerings.

Nothing can exceed the barbarous magnificence of head-dress and jewelled ornament, the strangeness, sumptuousness, and massive fantastic splendour of the attire. It thrills one with a sense of something savage and hieratic, the sense of a mysterious and most ancient past. Centuries of patient elaboration must have gone to the perfecting of that complicated severity of richness; its origin must be looked for in the East, in the dim Orient of Syria and Phœnicia; and one's first impression is that one is looking on the portrait of some Salamambo, some priestess of the sun, or divinity of the East.

But the Art that modelled so simply and so firmly that suave, austere face, the beautiful throat, that traced the noble sweep of the eyebrows, the strict contour of the meagre cheeks and massive chin, the fine imperious nose, the full living lips, that Art is neither oriental nor barbaric. It is as pure as archaic Greek. The very type—in spite of its dash of Spanish exotism and ardour, its mysteriousness, the un-Greek realism of the long pleated eyelids and enigmatic eyes—is so nearly Hellenic, that recently, when an exquisite terra-cotta mask from Bœotia was brought to the Louvre, the first exclamation of the curators was "Why, it's the Lady of Elché!" Yet, in spite of the precision, subtlety, and delicacy of the modelling in the face, in spite of the sureness and simplicity of general construction, the work is certainly *not* Greek. One or two details betray a hand and conception utterly



THE ELCHÉ BUST: NOW
IN THE LOUVRE MUSEUM.

un-Hellenic. The narrow shoulders rise almost to the level of the ears, in order to support the tiara and ornaments: no Greek, however primitive, ever showed such indifference to structure, or would have tolerated such a convention. Besides, the execution of the throat and face is distinctly not archaic: its ease, its style, are closer far to the noblest monuments of the classical period. The anatomical carelessness is therefore due to no ignorance, no archaism, but to a local convention. But perhaps the strongest argument against a Greek origin is to be found in the attire. It is impossible to admit for one moment that even the most luxurious Ionian would have suffered that barbaric splendour of tiara and necklace. There is absolutely *no* example in Greek Art of anything approaching such gorgeousness. The arguments from the realism of the eyes, the mysterious, imperceptibly mocking smile, the extreme rarity of orbits incrustated into any material but bronze, have less weight, but confirm the foreign origin of the bust. It speaks of as many influences fused into a puzzling whole as the relics of Cypriot Art, which it strongly recalls.

Luckily a shrewd guess may be attempted as to those influences. The bust was discovered on August 4th, 1897, at Elché, a few leagues from Alicante, on the eastern coast of Spain. A large number of similar but ruder works of Art had already been found in a small hill, called by the

peasants Cerro de los Santos, "The Hill of the Saints," on account of these figures, which they mistook for Mediæval saints.* A young French archæologist, M. Pierre Paris, saw the bust. Struck by its extraordinary beauty, he at once sent a photograph to M. Heuzey, urging him to secure it for the Louvre before its discovery was noised abroad. Thanks to the generosity of M. Noel Bardac, it was bought, and immediately conveyed by M. Pierre Paris to France. Fragments of the same nature had already, as early as 1869, been collected at Madrid, but had attracted no attention save in notices consecrated by M. Heuzey in the "Revue d'Assyriologie" of 1891, to the "Statues Espagnoles de Style Gréco-Phénicien." It is to him we owe the hypotheses which most satisfactorily explain the character of the works. I have heard them contested, but, until the contestations have appeared in print, little need be said of them.

Elché, the Ilici of the Iberians, the Helicé of the Greeks, later on the Roman Colonia Julia Ilici Augusta, lies half way between the ancient Greek colony of Hemeroskopion to the north, and the Punic Carthagera to the south. The territory between was Iberian. Carthagera was founded in 228 B.C., a date probably posterior to that of the bust. But Phœnician influences had for centuries been strong along the coast, and Greek common from the sixth century downwards. Yet the domination of neither Greek nor Carthaginian could master the belt of purely Iberian race that separated the rival powers. A people that could preserve its integrity against such pressure must have attained a certain degree of national cohesion, and probably possessed a certain civilisation of its own. The Art, which in the third or fourth century B.C., gave us the Lady of Elché was their indigenous Art. From the Phœnicians it probably borrowed that Græco-Phœnician archaism which is the curious return action of early Hellenic Art on the Oriental Art from which it had emerged. From later Greek sculpture it took the technical ability and purity of style manifested in the treatment of the modelling. In its own national taste, it found that love of the fantastic, of richness, that Strabo speaks of contemptuously as peculiarly Iberian, and which, to this day, is the heritage of the Spaniard; the decorative elements that most attracted it were not in the sobriety and severity of Hellenic culture, but in the savage Punic love of splendour.

Such is, briefly, the plausible explanation of

M. Léon Heuzey. It accounts for the fusion of conflicting elements which startles one at first sight, the strange mixture of Greek purity and barbaric extravagance, of the real and the fantastic, the living and the hieratic, which gives such intense originality to the beautiful apparition.

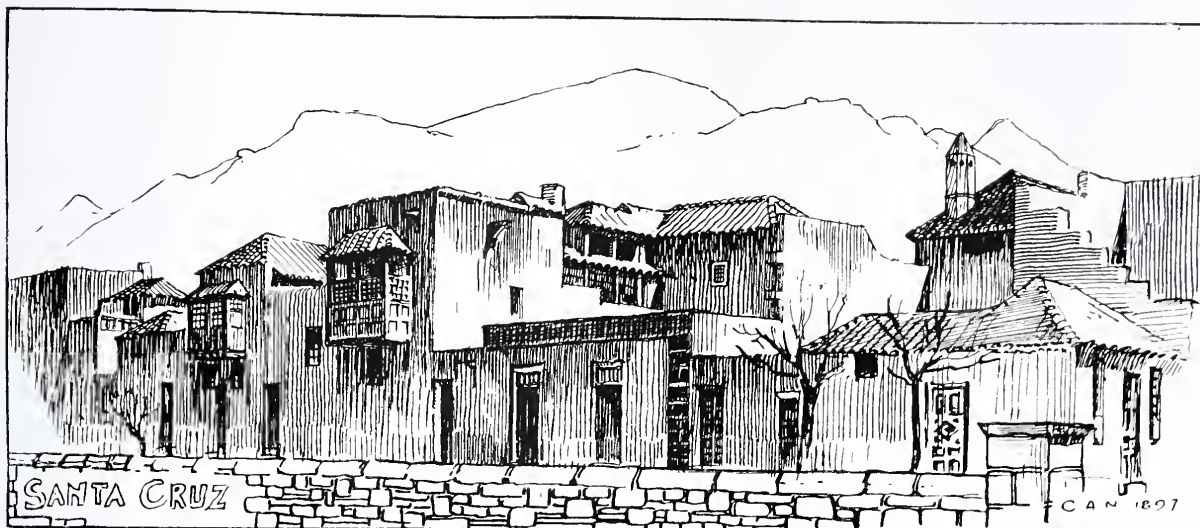
But there is one point on which it is hardly fanciful to insist—the purely *Spanish* sentiment of the bust, which would show that a strong national spirit subdued all foreign influences to its taste. I confess that, personally, my first impression was surprise at the curiously modern appearance of the head, its likeness to Spanish work of the fifteenth, sixteenth, seventeenth centuries. The jewelled virgins, the haughty Infantas of later Spanish Art, have the same indomitable pride, almost animal seriousness, intensity of will, and latent ardour, the same fateful and mysterious reserve under the scintillation of their dress. The racial characteristics of the Iberian seem to have stubbornly persisted to this day. In the dignified hauteur of the sombrely dressed Spaniard we recognise the Iberian whose black attire, pride, and ferocity, so struck Isidore of Seville and Strabo. In the Lady of Elché we may with probability find a sister of Velazquez and Goya's heroines, a product of an ancient national art, whose very existence was almost unsuspected some years ago. In any case her sweet austerity, the startling life of her long, mysterious eyes, the savage beauty of her tiara'd head, set one irresistibly dreaming of the forgotten civilisation of that Mediterranean coast, which fringed away into the barbarity of the hill country behind. Greek, Carthaginian, and Iberian met in those busy cities, worked, thought, and dreamed there, before the Roman came: each brought a parcel of his soul to the fashioning of that gracious image which alone to-day bears testimony to the activity, passion, and beauty of a race long dead, of a civilisation buried for twenty centuries under the silent dust of its ruins. The Lady of Elché perpetuates for us the memory of that abolished past, that vanished world. She stirs our hearts strangely with sympathy for the ardent life of that alien people who worshipped in her, perhaps an image of the Divine, surely a type of grave loveliness before which we bow to-day as they did then. She thrills us, too, with a sense of the indestructible vitality of a race's ideal, the hidden life persisting under centuries of apparent death and vast spaces of sterility. For the ardour of her race flowered again after long years in forms of a beauty whose passion and pride we see for the first time in the curves of her lips, the mysterious fixity of her gaze, the savage voluptuousness of her meagre cheeks, and the glittering splendour of the tiara of Elché decorates to-day a Virgin of another faith, but kindred blood.

EMILE HOVELAQUE.

* The ruins of an old sanctuary had been discovered here in 1830, and several times ransacked since 1860. Hundreds of singular statues and fragments of sculpture had been unearthed. But the skilful forgeries of a watchmaker at Yecla had thrown discredit on these discoveries. It is only recently the authentic remains of Iberian Art have been separated from these imitations. See an able article by M. Arthur Engel, in the "Nouvelles Archives des Missions Scientifiques et Littéraires," tom. iii., 1892, p. 157.



FROM A PENCIL DRAWING
BY C. A. NICHOLSON.



DRAWN BY C. A. NICHOLSON.

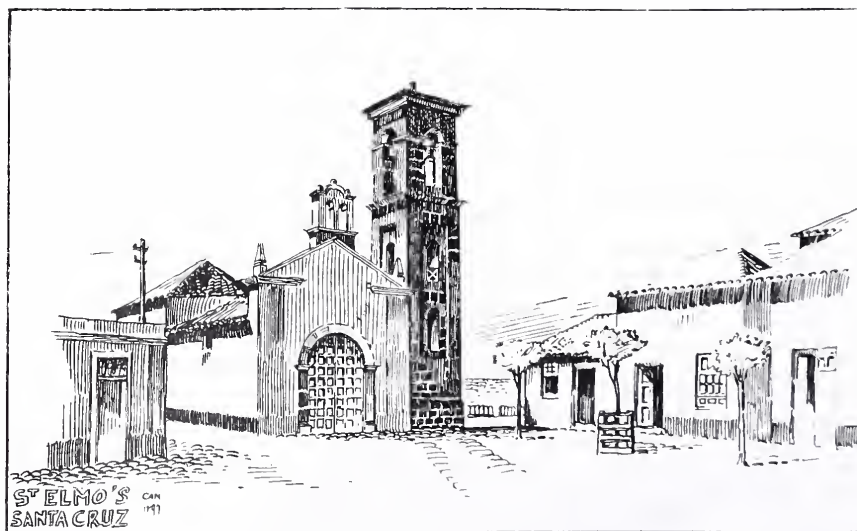
A SPANISH COLONIAL CITY: SANTA CRUZ, TENERIFFE: LETTER-PRESS AND ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. A. NICHOLSON, M.A.

SANTA CRUZ,¹ the capital of the island of Teneriffe, lies at the foot of an amphitheatre of steep conical hills, surrounding a small, deep harbour. In the fifteenth century, when the Canary Islands, the old-time "Garden of the Hesperides," became important, owing to their position in the track of ships bound for the East, the ancient Guauche inhabitants were practically exterminated by the Spanish, and, as these Guauches were not a building people, the city of Santa Cruz is practically a Spanish one. Its buildings date mostly from the eighteenth century; they are simple almost to rudeness, their details are clumsily executed, and often ungracefully designed; but they are, without exception, rationally treated, and well adapted to the climate, and their general effect is pictorial and satisfactory.

A little half-finished stone jetty encloses the inner harbour of Santa Cruz, and from its shore end a low flight of steps leads up to a terraced road opening on to the principal square of the city, the "Plaza del Constitucion," sloping gently towards the sea, and surrounded on three sides with commonplace buildings. At the lower end of the "Plaza" stands the old fort, built with quaint battlements and turrets,

stuccoed all over, and coloured a bright orange, in front of which is a rather handsome white marble column, commemorating the conquest of the island by the Spanish, and bearing the date 1778.

The Cathedral of the Conception stands in a low quarter of the city, some distance from the Plaza del Constitucion. Outside it is a strange jumble of low, whitewashed walls and pantile roofs, but it is redeemed from the commonplace by its fine campanile. This stands on the left side of the nave, its basement forming a porch to one of the principal entrances of the church. The porch is arched on three sides, and massively built of ashlar masonry, a small parvise, open to the aisle, being contrived in the upper part. Above the basement are three simple stages, stuccoed between stone angle piers and window dressings, and divided by small stone string courses. The uppermost of these stages forms the belfry, and is rather richer



ST. ELMO'S, SANTA CRUZ.

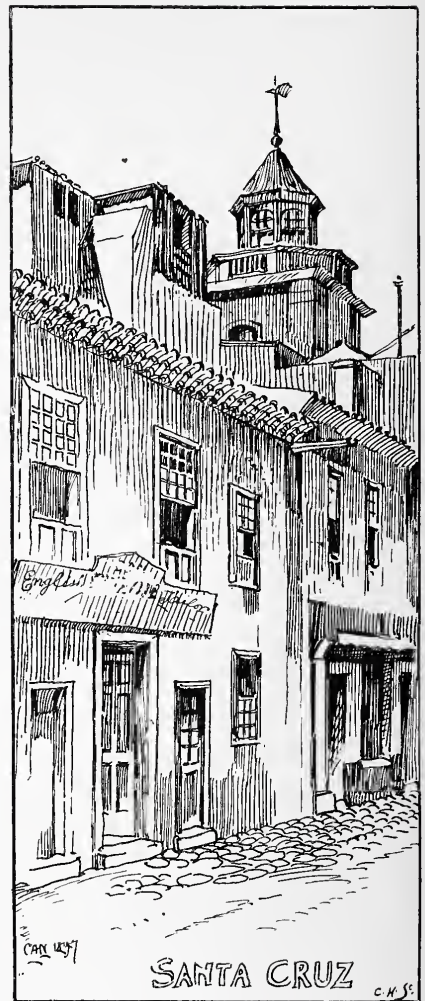
DRAWN BY C. A. NICHOLSON.

than the rest, having coupled windows in which the bells are hung, and a bold stone cornice. The whole is crowned with a light open octagonal lantern, which is roofless. The openings are all unglazed, the masonry is of a dark brown, almost black, volcanic stone, and the stucco is of a brownish colour. There is nothing very novel in the design of this tower, nor is there much grace or refinement in its details, but the general effect is stately, and the colours of its dark masonry and brown stucco work contrast effectively with the red roof and glaring whitewash of the cathedral.

Passing through the porch underneath this tower one finds oneself in a dark, and not unimpressive, church, almost square in general plan, but subdivided into nave with double aisles, transepts, and sanctuary. The lighting is effectively arranged, the nave being kept dark, except for some small clerestory windows in the aisles, while a strong flood of light is admitted from a lantern above the crossing. The architectural features of the interior are unpretending enough, the windows being mere holes in the walls, while the arcades consist merely of thin, slightly moulded, elliptical arches carried on plain Doric pillars. These pillars in the central arcades are single shafts, but in the outer arcades they are clustered, as there they have to receive transverse arches which cross the outer aisles, and divide them into chapels. The pillars and arches are painted a slaty grey, and the rest of the wall surfaces are whitewashed, as is also the greater

part of the roof. The flooring is partly of red brick and partly of marble, and there is a good deal of faded gilding with crimson hangings about the various altars. Altogether the interior is very cool-looking and restful after the glare of the sun out of doors.

At the west end of the cathedral is a gallery fitted up with choir stalls round three of the walls, and an organ in the middle. Underneath



DRAWN BY C. A. NICHOLSON.

this gallery are some simple wooden screens of several rows of turned balusters, divided by horizontal moulded rails, the effect of which is good. In one of the chapels are two British flags which were picked up on the shore after Nelson's unsuccessful attack on the city.

There are some rather Eastern-looking details in the roofs of the cathedral, the nave roof is low-pitched and ceiled to the collars, but has coupled tie-beams, which are ornamented with carved fretwork of a straight-lined interlacing pattern. The roofs of the chapels are each formed into a small octagonal cone with flat triangular soffites at the corners. These soffites have slight decoration, small fillets of wood being nailed on to the boarding in an interlacing pattern, rather less bold than that upon the nave tie-beams. In one chapel the dome is prettily painted in bright colours; but, with this exception, the roofs have all been whitewashed.

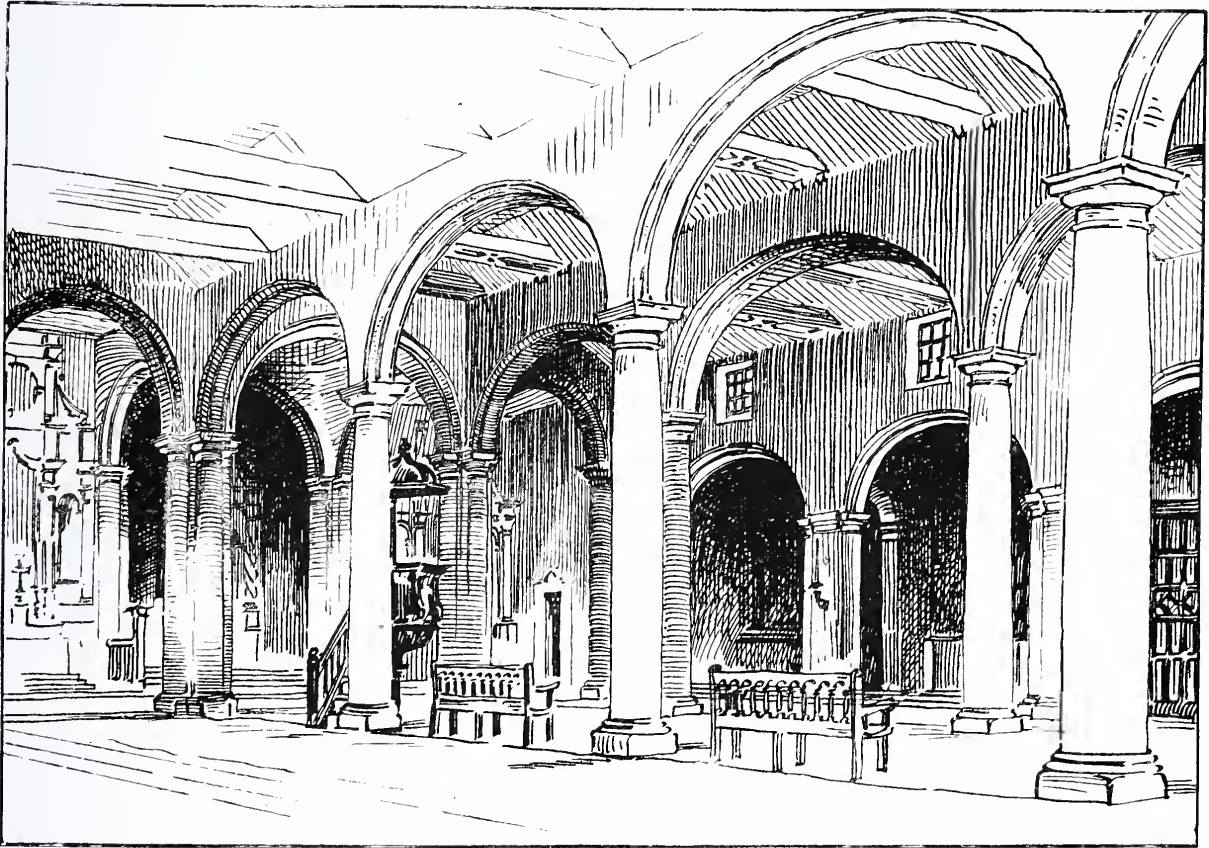
About a quarter of a mile beyond the cathedral is the little church of St. Elmo, close to the sea shore. Its tiny tower is built entirely of large dark brown stones with mortar joints, not less than 3½ in. wide, on the average. There is a good deal of character about St. Elmo's; the body of the



DRAWN BY C. A. NICHOLSON.

church is plastered and whitewashed, and there is a very large west doorway, a characteristic feature of churches in the Canary Islands, above which is a small double bell-cote. The tower has a rude plinth, and is quite plain up to the belfry stage, except for its simple angle piers. The belfry is open and arched on all sides. The whole cannot be more than 40ft. high at the outside, but the effect is quite dignified, far more so than that of many much loftier and more ornate towers. The church stands at one end of a large irregular "Plaza"

the balcony comes the belfry, with coupled windows and a small cornice and parapet, and the tower is finished with an open octagonal lantern and a dome. The dome is covered with glazed wall-tiles—blue and yellow. The whole tower is built of ashlar masonry and has been whitewashed, but the whitewash has mostly peeled off and the tower is now a pleasant grey colour. The church itself has a rather ambitious entrance front with three ogee gables, and with large doorways to nave and aisles, the details of which are singularly rude. The flank of the



SANTA CRUZ CATHEDRAL, TENERIFFE.

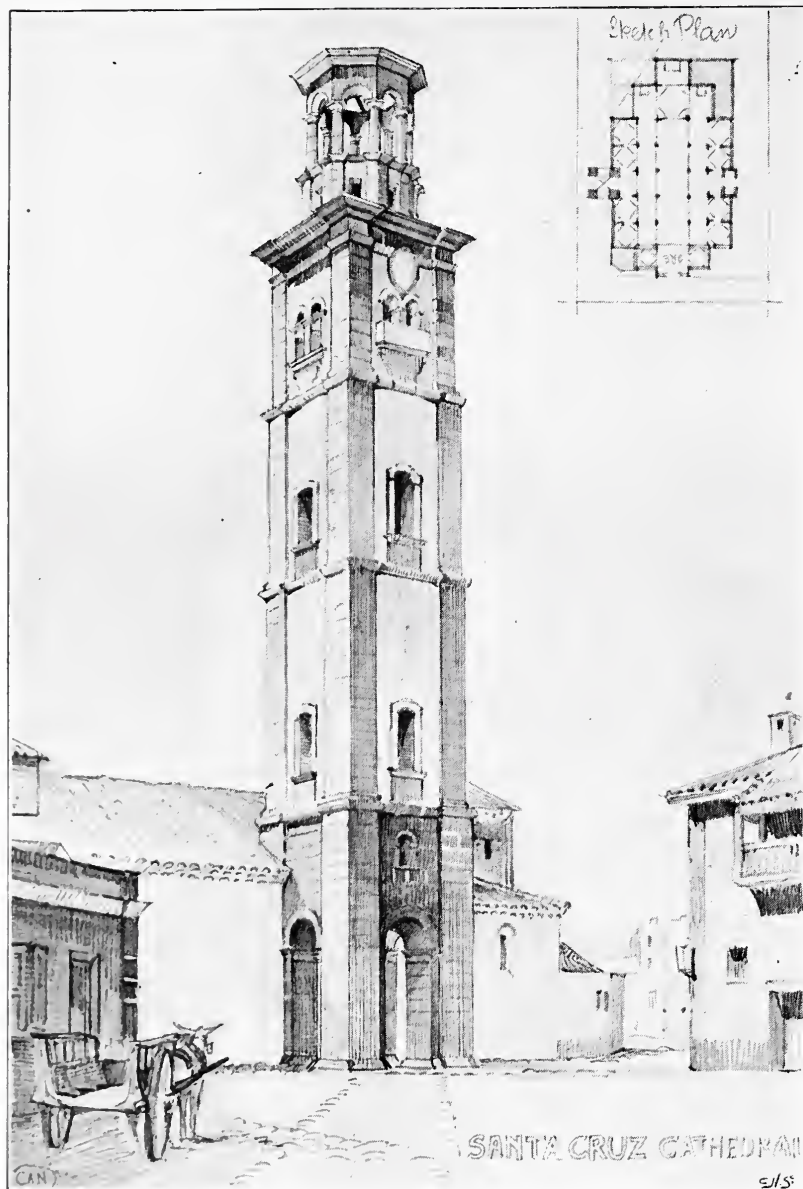
DRAWN BY C. A. NICHOLSON.

which is planted with pepper trees, and the colour effect is again most charming.

After the cathedral, the most important church in Santa Cruz is that of St. Francis, which stands at the opposite end of the city. Its orientation is the reverse of that of the cathedral, and it forms one large block of buildings with some Government offices and a public library, which look as if they had once been a convent attached to the church. The tower, which is the finest feature of the whole group, is less Italian in character than that of the cathedral. Its two lower stages are engaged with the block of public buildings before mentioned, and the lower one has a large archway forming the entrance to the public library. Two simple square stages rise above the roofs of these buildings, and over these is a projecting wooden balcony. Above

church is perfectly plain except for some simply-moulded stone dressings to the windows, and a pretty little double bell-cote of stone on one of the subsidiary buildings at the back.

On the left hand of the choir of the main church is a small chapel, separated from the rest of the building by solid walls. The effect of its very simple interior is most satisfactory, and it is interesting as showing how excellent a result may be produced with the simplest means. The chapel consists merely of an oblong nave divided by a plain arch from a small sanctuary, and there is a small recessed singing gallery on the right side of the nave. The walls are whitewashed, and the roof, ceiled above the collars, is brightly painted all over. There is some dark colouring in the roof of the sanctuary; the lofty reredos is covered with



SANTA CRUZ CATHEDRAL.

DRAWN BY C. A. NICHOLSON.

faded gilding; and the floor is of marble. The boarded ceiling of the roof is painted a bold pattern in red on a white ground, the rafters and their collars being alternately painted blue on white, and yellow on white. The tie beams are white with a blue and yellow pattern and a few stripes of red. The harmonious effect of this roof decoration is due, no doubt, to the bold use of the three primary colours in equally balanced proportion and to the liberal use of white paint in every part, the white serving as a connecting link to bind the three colours together with each other, and with the white-washed walls. Some dark paintings are hung along the lower part of the nave walls, and there is a rather elaborate altar and reredos at the *west* end, besides which there is a good deal of panelling about the doors, &c., so that the interior has a well-furnished look, particularly to those accustomed to the long formal rows of pitch pine seats

which form the principal furniture of too many of our English churches. The singing gallery at St. Francis' deserves notice, it has a very pretty balustrade of dark wood with candle-standards at intervals and contains a charming little organ case, with curved front and shutters fitting the curve. The case is painted dark blue, and the pipes are of bright metal.

Behind St. Francis' Church there is a shady garden, terraced up from the street and laid out with straight walks, a pleasant enough resting place, and upon the quay there is another small garden with a broad avenue down the centre, and a quaint eighteenth century gateway of three arches with ogee gables over, and rude stumpy columns. At the back of some of the Government buildings is rather a Flemish-looking tower, quite square below, but capped with an octagonal lantern in two stages, with a conical roof, the whole of which is painted green.

The domestic Architecture in Santa Cruz should be of interest in these days of whitewash and green paint, for this simple scheme of decoration is to be met with at every turn, and, it must be confessed, looks very cool and refreshing in the climate of the Canary Islands. Most of the houses are perfectly plain blocks of whitewashed stucco, with

oblong holes for windows and doorways. Sometimes the roofs are flat and terraced, but in many cases they are of low pitch and covered with pantiles. The smaller houses generally have these pantile roofs, and cornices composed of two or three rows of pantiles, each projecting somewhat beyond that underneath it. Many of the houses have stone gargoyles two or three feet below their tile cornices, the use of which is not apparent. The more ambitious, however, have generally projecting wooden cornices, with cantilevers at the eaves. One of the best of these is in the Plaza, where the cathedral stands. It has a fairly elaborate cornice, and a very rich projecting wooden loggia in the centre of the first floor over a large stone doorway. There are broad, flat stone piers at either end, and the whole design is very stately and dignified, though the scale is small, the length of the front being only about sixty feet.



A HOUSE OPPOSITE THE CATHE-
DRAL, SANTA CRUZ: DRAWN BY
C. A. NICHOLSON.



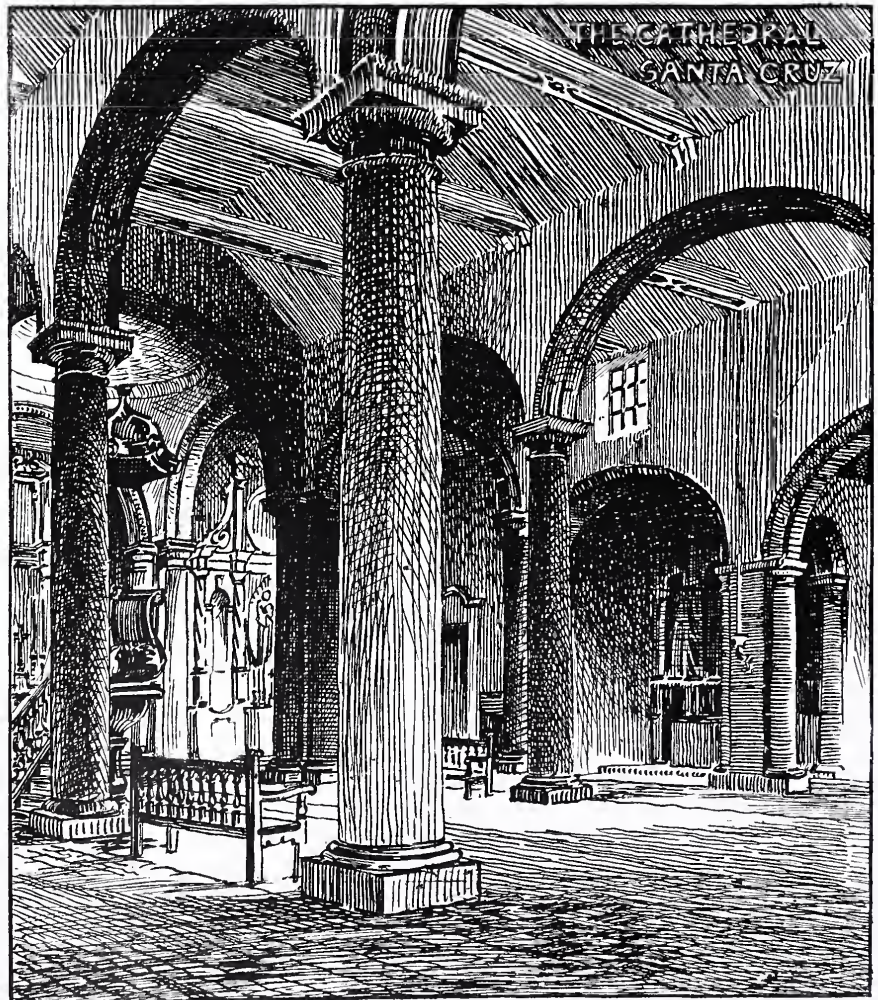
A number of the houses in the city possess small towers, or open verandahs, on the roofs. Such must be pleasant adjuncts to the houses in that climate. Again, nearly every house in Santa Cruz possesses a covered projecting loggia. These loggie are sometimes open at the sides, as in the case of the large house opposite the cathedral; but the greater number are more or less enclosed with lattices of trellis work. They are invariably of wood, and generally painted green. The city, with its many towers, its flat terrace roofs, and its projecting lattices, looks quite Eastern from some points of view, though from the sea it looks more like some town on the Italian lakes, and there is surprisingly little detail of Eastern character about the buildings themselves. Perhaps one of the most characteristic "bits" in the place is a row of houses bordering on a watercourse near the cathedral. They are not large or important buildings, but they group well together with each other and their background of blue hills, and are interesting in their lack of design and haphazard irregularity.

As has been mentioned already, there is no elaboration in the structural features of Santa Cruz street Architecture, but this is to some extent atoned for by the woodwork, which is often elaborate and interesting. The doors are invariably framed up in very small panels, the framing nicely moulded, and the panels raised. In many instances the panels are lozenge shaped, or some other pleasant conceit has been indulged in by the builders. The windows are treated in a peculiar fashion; as a rule only a small part of each is glazed, and this is done with very heavy moulded sash bars in small divisions. The upper and lower parts of the window openings are simply closed with panelled flap shutters, treated like the house doors, the object evidently being to admit as much air as possible and no more sun than is necessary.

Of course, many of the houses are built with courtyards, which form a succession of pleasant pictures as seen from the streets, the

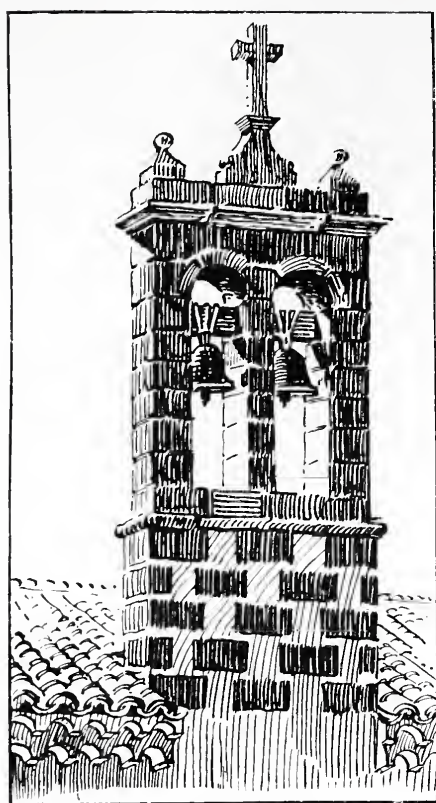
entrance doors being often left standing open. One of the finest of these courtyards is at Hamilton's, the shipping agents. It is a large one, surrounded with balconies on wooden pillars, with balustrades between, and at one corner is an extremely massive stone staircase leading to the upper floors. The detail here is not elaborate, but the colour is pleasant enough, and the courtyard would make a good picture, though it is, perhaps, less attractive than some of the smaller ones, which are less regular and ambitious in design, and which are often planted with flowers or palms in the centre.

The principal merit of Santa Cruz Architecture is undoubtedly its adaptability to a hot climate. Santa Cruz would be an admirable object-lesson to the jerry-builders and the architects, even the best of them, in a country like Australia, where folk bake in wooden shanties under iron roofs, while there is no reason why they should not be revelling in shady courtyards and airy loggie. Would that our jerry-builders, too, might copy the unaffected plainness of such buildings as one finds in Santa Cruz, instead of perpetrating cheap Bath stone "carving," mock half-timber work,



IN THE CATHEDRAL, SANTA CRUZ.

DRAWN BY C. A. NICHOLSON.



DRAWN BY C. A. NICHOLSON.
BELLCOTE AND CORNICE, SANTA CRUZ.

THE PATHOS OF PLACES.

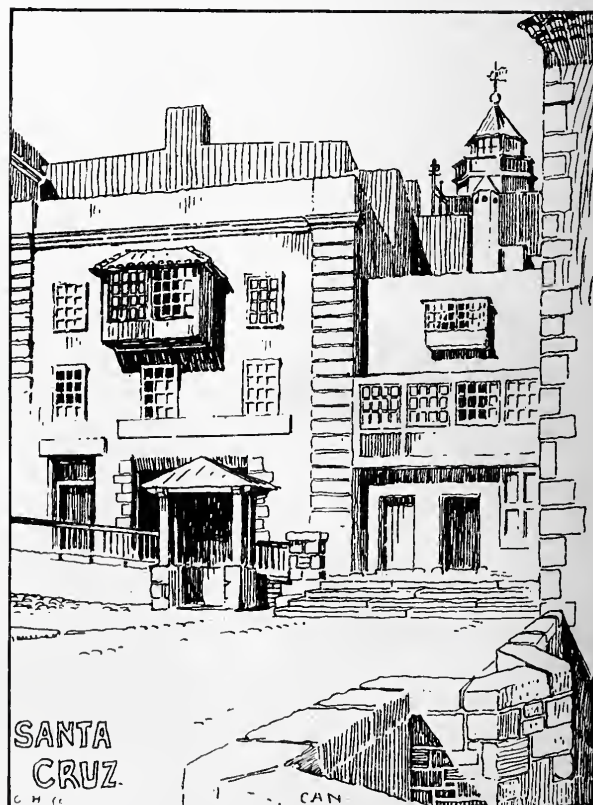
IT needs neither great tenderness of heart, nor yet a perfervid imagination, to catch the pathetic note in stock and stone. Man's own productions compared with the works of Nature stand to him in somewhat the same relation as the domestic animal contrasted with animal Nature at large. In both cases he is conscious of a certain sense of responsibility. Nature, whatever he may feel at moments, is calm and impassive—a very Gallio, where his small interests are in question, but to the house as to the dog he stands somewhat in the place of a god. It was cradled on his drawing board, grew under its creator's fostering hand, was fashioned simply to please him or suit his purposes, and, if it has ceased to find favour in Man's eyes, where is it to look for appreciation? It is a hard case, but a common one. There are acres upon acres, square miles even, of houses neither old enough to be venerable, nor young enough to have any fascination, dull squares and murky courts, long, unlovely streets, miles of stock-bricks clad in the sad uniform of London—the widow's weeds of soot and grime. From the long rows of lack-lustre eyes a soul seems to look out, asking mutely for pity, but a world which flashes past on bicycles has no time for a kindly thought.

Born with our gracious Queen, they have outlived the fashions which once kept them in

“cathedral” glass, ready-made Yankee doors, and a thousand other abominations. And the quiet traditional buildings of many a little-known city like Santa Cruz, may have some message even for us architects, although “those that are whole need no physician.”

countenance; the mahogany chairs and tables emblematic of solid mediocrity, the shiny, horse-hair sofas, ministers to a Spartan repose, survive only here and there, and that deprecatingly and in dark corners. The house, meantime, must stand its ground, and pray that the critical eye may pass lightly over it. Happy those which are allowed to shun publicity, and mask their identity under a domino of soot. They at least can retain a measure of self respect. To others, most miserable of their kind, a cheap jauntiness is imparted by heartless man. Keystones and stucco dressings of strange design adorn their unwitting fronts, as though one should rig out a Quaker in a flash suit from a slop-shop. Poor painted harridans forced to ape the airs of youth—one can almost see them blush through their trick painting!

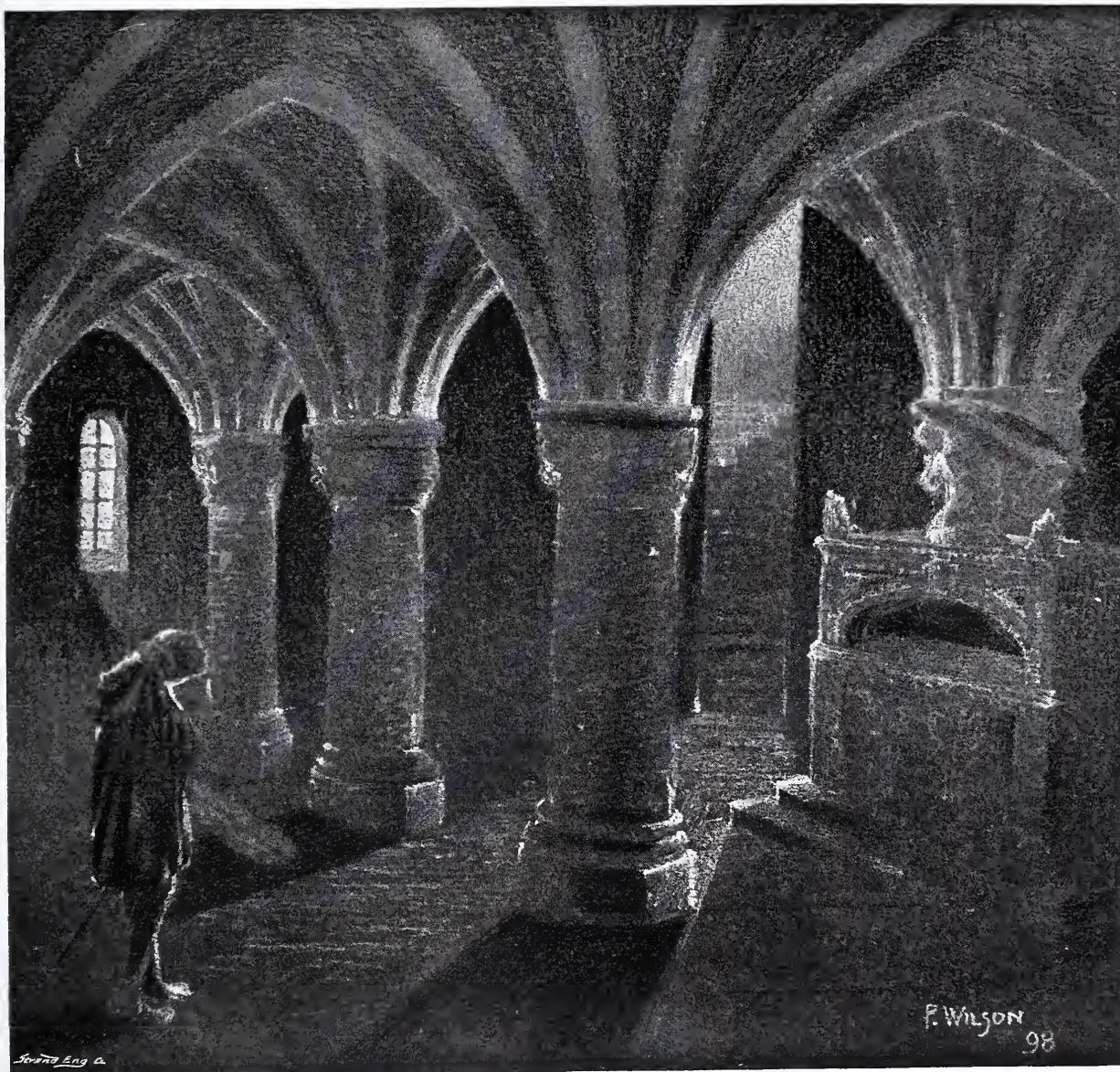
But our sympathy, after all, must centre in the house we call “home”—in the four walls which have held all our joys and sorrows for years past, have shared in them, growing brilliant in the days of our prosperity, and taking on an air of dinginess with our falling fortunes. We speak of “home” with a certain fond insistence, priding ourselves somewhat on having formulated an idea, and fitted it with a word, which others have had to borrow from us, but, in spite of all, we are still careless nomads, dwellers in tents, breaking old ties almost with a light heart. No one, indeed, can now slip his cable and sail out of ken quite without a qualm of conscience. To go into your empty house again after you have deserted it, and to find it in all the



growing squalor of disuse, to hawk in the market the carcase of your faithful servant, is to court a sense of abasement. What perfidy, after all, is worse than that of quitting the roof which has sheltered you for years, turning from your old-time confidant to put another lightly in his place. The child who is less worldly wise, who loves what it has grown up with, and does not stop to appraise it, will weep bitterly over its old home, and think it base to transfer its allegiance, while its elders are

"THE ARCHITECT'S EDEN":
"MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING,"
AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE:
WRITTEN BY "KHEPR": PART
TWO: ILLUSTRATED BY PATTEN WILSON.

AFTER the death of Inigo Jones but little innovation was made in scene-painting till the days of De Louthembourg, who was engaged by Garrick to paint scenes and decorations at Drury Lane Theatre.



ACT V., SCENE III.: THE CRYPT.

DRAWN BY PATTEN WILSON.

complacently totting up the advantages of the change, the price of treason. Meanwhile, the cat will have found its own solution of the matter by returning to its old haunts. The tears do the child honour. So much is clear. One may even feel vaguely that the cat's point of view, though it show scant appreciation of our worthy selves, may have something to be said for it. A. E. S.

He it was who first used set scenes and "raking pieces," he also first represented mists by suspending gauze between the scene and the audience. When Garrick left the stage, De Louthembourg was offered his old office at a reduced salary. He refused and turned his hand to easel pictures, of which he soon tired, and returned to scene-painting, "but, being unwilling to toil for ungrateful

managers, or paint backgrounds merely to supplement and enrich the exertions of the actors," he determined on founding an exhibition for himself. On a stage but little more than 6ft. wide by 8ft. deep he gave representations, of which "Daybreak viewed from Greenwich Park"; a "Storm at Sea"; a scene in Hell, in which Satan was seen marshalling his troops on the banks of the Fiery Lake; and an Italian seaport by moonlight, with moving shipping and drifting clouds, were perhaps the best. "His 'Storm at Sea,' with the loss of the *Halsewell*, East Indiaman," was regarded as the height of artistic mechanism." He invented appliances for the simulation of the thunder, the rushing sound of waves, the whistling and shrieking of the wind, the distant firing of distress signals, and the sharp patter of the hail and rain. At these representations Sir Joshua Reynolds was a frequent visitor. Gainsborough passed evening after evening studying them, and the effects of tempest and fire are said to have led to many of Turner's efforts in the same manner.

With the Gothic Renaissance the architect as scene-painter again appeared, in the person of Welby Pugin, who gave, as Inigo Jones, the classic revivalist, had done, the first-fruits of his genius to stage decoration. He assisted in painting the architectural scenery at Her Majesty's and Covent Garden Theatres. For the architect those days are gone, the enthusiasm which made the movement has died away, passed from us like some extinct form of vegetation which we study in its crystalised forms. That is where stage Architecture now is. The freshness is there no longer, the footlights cannot bring back for us the glamour of that past. The architect's lessons are forgotten, his grammar is no more attended to, mistakes equivalent in his language to the dropping of aspirates and the confounding of the singular with the plural are of almost everyday occurrence, and by the reason of their very universality would seem to escape comment.

The business of inventing and arranging stage scenery has passed into the hands of the men who make of it a profession. That they are insufficient to their task they would themselves seem to admit by accepting, as they not unfrequently do, the superintendence of the painter, who, if not more successful with the architecture, can, at all events, do much in helping them to the massing and adaptation of the scenery to the actors, and thus considerably enhancing the effect.

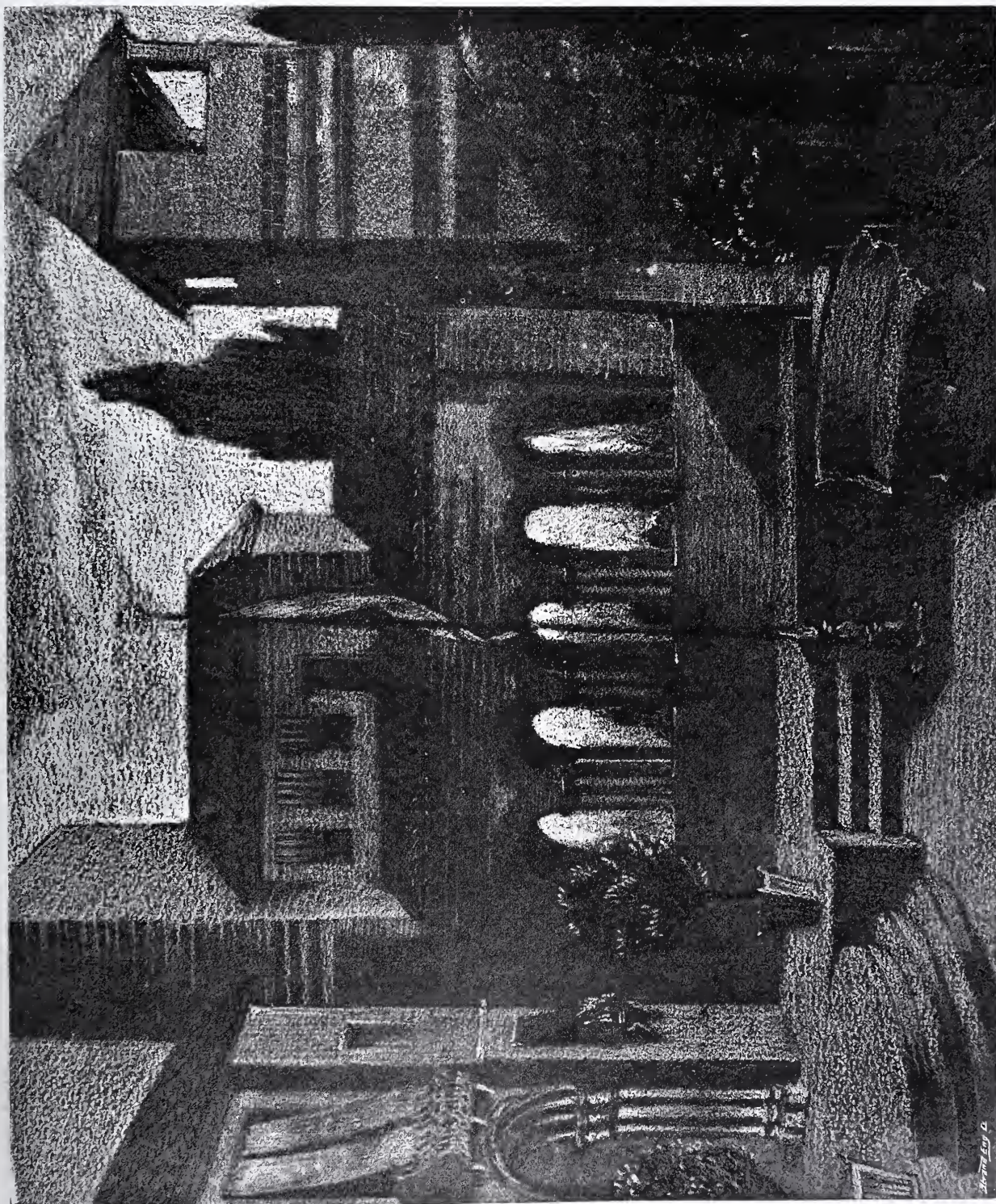
With the Gothic Renaissance dragging out its artificial existence on the stage, all attempts, as far as architecture is concerned, at historical accuracy, which, we are assured, at times is not only aimed at, but procured, is practically impossible. The

scene painter, instead of going to the nearest photographers—one could hardly expect him to find time to visit the old buildings themselves—makes his own designs, based on the reminiscence of the work that has gone before, with a dash of the trade catalogue added, the result being that stage architecture is, more or less, a pot-pourri of all styles. Certainly in flat scenes of cities and towns things are more satisfactory. There, where but little detail and, comparatively speaking, no construction is needed, the effect may be said to be often very good.

The architectural scenery in "Much Ado About Nothing" is a typical example of what has been said. The architecture has but little to do with the sixteenth century, in which the action of the play is supposed to take place, and lapses of architectural grammar are continually apparent. Mr. Patten Wilson has in his drawings used the artist's prerogative of altering detail and speaking a comprehensive language. The chapel scene, of which he has given no illustration, and which might have been made the most striking in the play, has been marred by an attempt at decoration. Had the time spent on painting mosaic, gilding brown chairs, and other unnecessary work of a similar description, been devoted to the more careful study of architectural detail, dignity and colour might have alike been gained. The best scene in the play is that of the dark street with the long flight of shadowy steps leading up to the lighted cathedral square. It is nearly always in such scenes that one gets the richest and finest effects. The improvements in lighting made since the early part of the century, which have made more delicate effects possible than those now aimed at, do not seem as yet to have been realised. Well lighted scenes are thrust aggressively and oppressively forward, owing largely to the detail being over-emphasised for want of understanding.

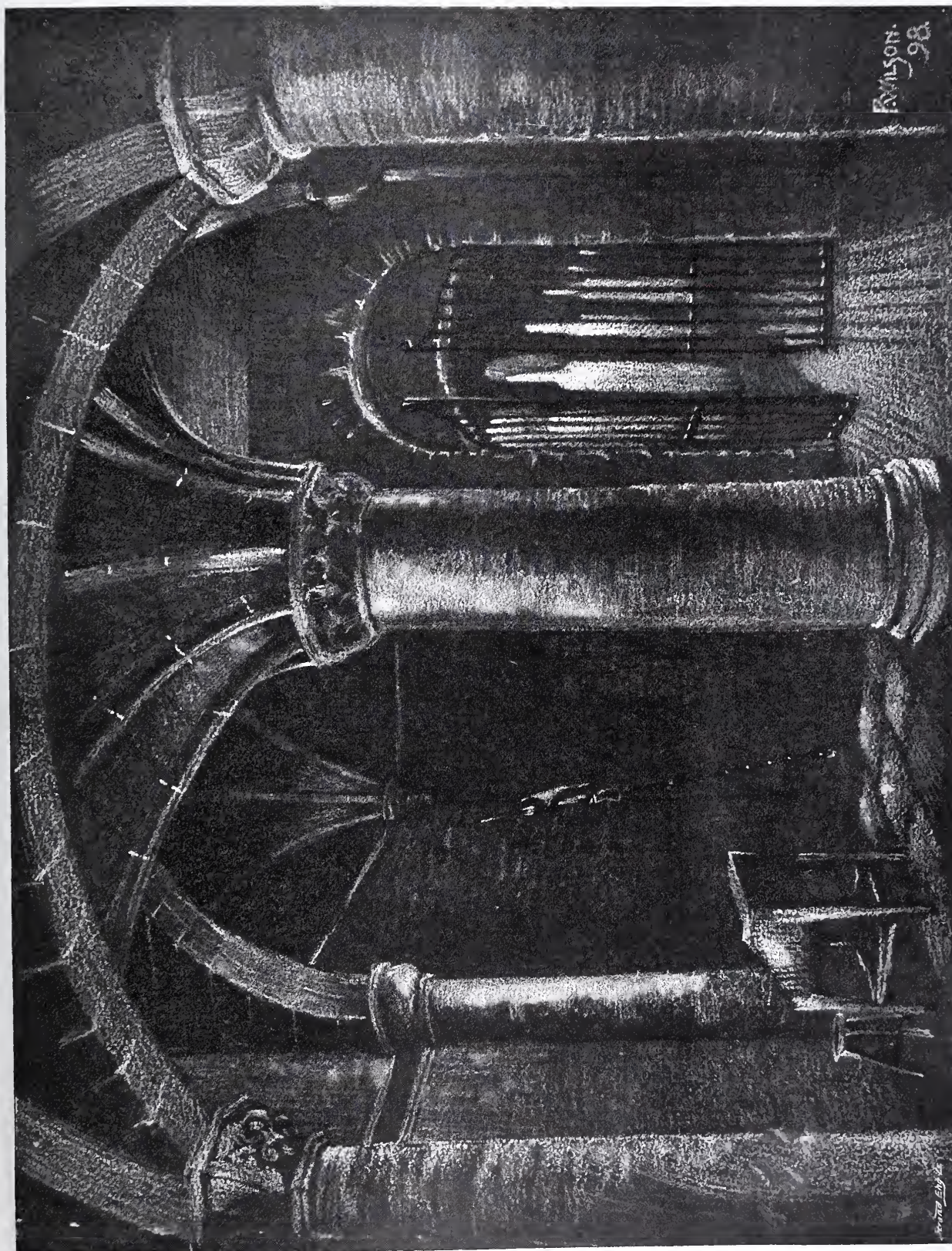
There are times when the personality of the actor fills the stage, and we take no notice of the surroundings; but in the present instance we do notice the smallness and insignificance of Leonato's monument to which Claudio pins his verses. Too little consideration is given to congruency of effects in cases such as this. A noble monument, a jewelled shrine, would have given dignity to the whole act; it would have left the spectator with an impression of the importance and nobility of the Leonato family, whereas the monument depicted would hardly grace the tomb of a country squirarch, and reflects in its littleness on all those who approach it.

Oh, the little more, and how much it is!
And the little less, and what worlds away.



"MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING":
ACT I.: COURTYARD OF LEONATO'S
HOUSE: DRAWN BY PATTEN WILSON.





"MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING":
ACT IV.: THE PRISON SCENE:
DRAWN BY PATTEN WILSON.

ON FOUNTAINS AND WATER TREATMENT: WRITTEN BY A. E. STREET, M.A.: PART TWO: CONCLUDED.

VENICE, of course, if one may say so without paradox, is the standing example, on a colossal scale, of the value of still water, and the Dutchman is

not far behind her, but where she stands unrivalled is in the series of well-heads which adorn almost every little square, and add another element of the picturesque to the courtyards of her houses. These vary from the simplest Gothic examples, and the countless adaptations and modifications of classical capitals to splendid and sumptuous works like the well-known bronzes in the courtyard of the Ducal Palace, and ornate and stately constructions such as that

in the Cortile della Zeccha, in the Cloisters of the Frari, and in the school of St. Mark, where two great columns support an entablature on which is raised a figure or a group of statuary.

No where else has such noble treatment been accorded to this feature, neither in other Italian towns, nor yet in France, where at one time examples were to be found all over the country. These mostly conformed to the type of the example which is now in the Cluny Museum, the gargoyle,

which was a common adjunct, giving the motive for a decorative touch, but the fancy of the craftsman found play rather in the iron support from which the pulley hung than in the stonework, as in that beautiful piece of work which is still in place in the Hotel Dieu at Beaune. In private houses, where a tenderer usage was to be looked for, the well-head itself was often less severely utilitarian, and

the pulley support was also very generally of stone with a lintol supported on two uprights in the simpler examples, and with three or four supports, with various arrangements of the lintol in the more elaborate.

On the country side the well-head was often full of interest. There, too, the drinking fountain flourished, an oasis on the dusty highway, with its thread of cool water spouting from under the sheltering arch, its tutelary saint, its solid settles of stone. The

picture is a simple one enough. The Frenchman in the Middle Ages did not make a gorgeous tabernacle for his water like the Nuremberger, though great sumptuousness of treatment was occasional in Brittany, but he housed it with that comeliness and congruity which is natural among a people with whom good taste has always been the rule rather than the exception. The tradition still lives in modern Paris. Consider, for instance, as representative



"THE BEAUTIFUL FOUNTAIN": NUREMBERG.

of their class, three drinking fountains of about equal pretensions and kindred design, the Fontaine de Mars and the Fontaine de la Paix, both belonging in their present form to the first years of the century, and the Fontaine de l'Échaudé, which dates from 1671. All these to a simplicity, almost a severity, of mass, unite a dignity, an air of grace and thoughtful refinement, which tell the story of artistic impulse and tender handling, so generally characteristic of what we may call the vernacular art of France. Sometimes the drinking fountain may attain to almost disproportionate size and degree of elaboration as in the well-known Fontaine de Grenelle, in which, strictly speaking, only the *avant-corps* serves any merely useful purpose; but the more modest examples at least are full of instruction for us on this side of the channel, where the small pretentiousness of the monumental mason still holds the field. Ten years ago, when the contagion of the memorial fountain ran from town to town, that place would have been

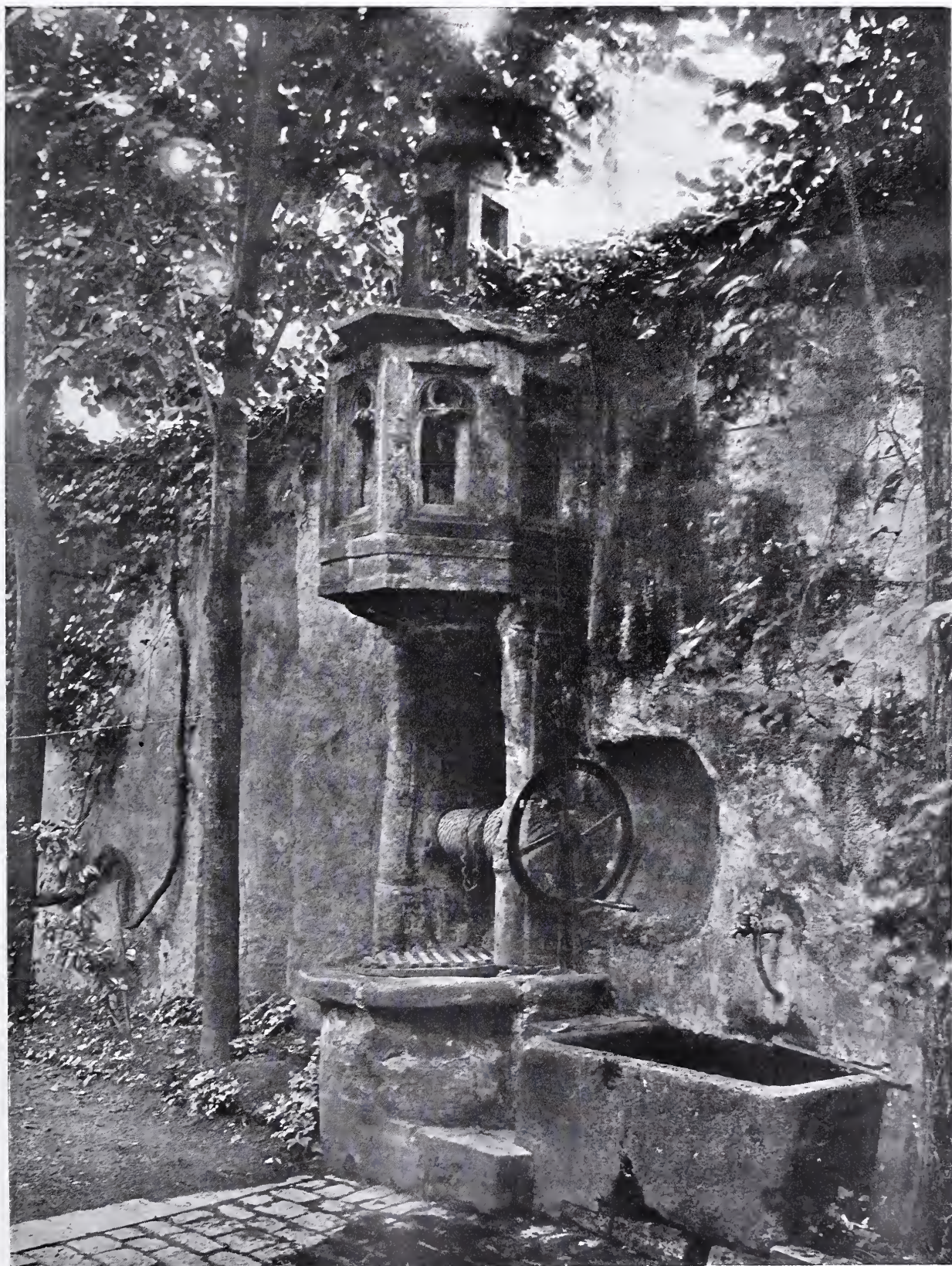
happy indeed whose designer had seen and remembered one of these unassuming but satisfying works.

In fountains proper Paris is, of course, rich, from the delicate grace of the Fontaine des Innocens, with its Jean Goujon reliefs, to the florid ostentation of the Fontaine St. Michel; from the great basin of the 'Rond-point,' to elaborate compositions such as the Fontaine de l'Observatoire of Carpeaux and Frémiet. Every type has its example. There are good, bad, and indifferent, but all, without exception, give the water fair play. Such a mistake as that at Piccadilly Circus, where want of due consideration in the artist and a site ill-chosen for the purpose have combined to make the charming fountain so-called a striking illustration of nomenclature on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle, would be impossible in a city where artists are logical and ædiles enlightened. It is needless to insist on the French aptitude in bringing water, artificially treated, into relation with Architecture. The love of water for its decorative

qualities has long been a second nature to them. They rightly hold the formal garden without water to be only a travesty of its real self, a lover sighing for a lost mistress, a type of all that is at once unsatisfied and unsatisfying. When the "Grand Monarque," with superb indifference to mere detail, reared his splendid palace, and planted his wide avenues in the thirsty tract of country which is now Versailles, he did not practise an economy in water to balance the lavish sumptuousness of terrace and pavilion, but, when he found that it was not at his door, went to Maintenon for it, thirty miles off, to Marly; pressed a whole army of labourers into his service like another Pharaoh, and turned the thumbscrew of taxation a thought tighter to promote the true principles of beauty. This appreciation is far from being confined within the limits of formality. St. Germain's mile and a half of terrace levies a heavy tribute on the Seine beneath, and draws more than half its charm from it. But it is on the Loire that we find natural beauties most lovingly and deftly turned to account. The mere name fills the eye with



OLD WELL HEAD IN THE CLUNY MUSEUM, PARIS.



WELL AT LA CHÂTRE, INDRE.



a shifting panorama of beauties natural and formal in harmonious accord, of stately building drawing a new grace from the water at its foot, of roof and gable, and turret mirrored on the surface of the stream, of Amboise holding ward over the river from its precipitous bluff, of Chenonceaux dominating the stream over which it stands astride.

It may be that in this particular we have not much to learn. Cathedral, abbey, and castle from time immemorial have planted themselves on the steep

when she wears her sternest aspect, it is the light touch of contrast, the hint of formality, the shimmer of a golden chain, which makes Nature's charm most real.

Now and again we rise to the occasion. The bridge at Blenheim which unites the water with the building in a great architectural whole, illustrates the point aptly enough, and is the best answer to those who lose sight of the architect's large conceptions, while they scrutinise all too curiously his



ASTLEY HALL.

above the river, or have nestled down by its bank. How far purely æsthetic considerations went to determine the choice of a site is a point which will not bear labouring, but something must at least be conceded to the influence of the sense of beauty. In a case like Durham, for example, we should not be far wrong in looking upon it as a main factor, nor can the severest stickler for exactitude explain the glorification of the Cam on any purely utilitarian supposition. No people love the neighbourhood of water better than we do. The great house has its mere, its lakelet, its river, at the worst its pond, but the tendency to be merely passive in our attitude to it is, perhaps, carried too far. Except

ponderous detail. We have our formal gardens, our great broad masses of hedge, our green closes with their sundial, their garden house, but the water is commonly elsewhere. If we bring it into service it is either to give it a very subsidiary part, or, as likely as not, to stray away from the sure path of formality to the cumbrous fancifulness of the cataract and the weeping tree. Why is it that in town and country, in private house, in public building, and in city square, where fountains are concerned, the alternative, broadly speaking, lies between the mere taskwork of the marble mason's banker and nothingness? Nevile's delightful creation at Trinity, Cambridge, is a bright par-



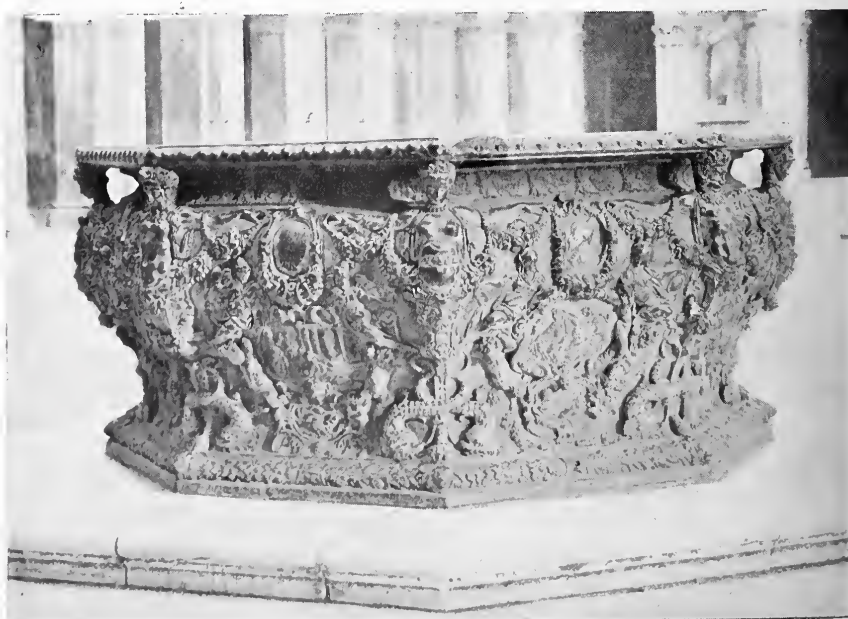
FONTAINE DE L'OBSERVATOIRE, PARIS.

ticular star in a sky of almost unredeemed blackness. When we have named Mr. Gilbert's work, it is impossible to lay finger on any other among the few fountains which London boasts with any real pretensions to artistic merit. That in Hamilton Place was the outcome of a public spirited act in its donor, but it belongs, unfortunately, to a period when Sculpture was at a low ebb among us, and it is painfully characteristic of its day. The drinking fountain in Parliament Square, again, is at once commonplace and aggressive. The Temple, we may congratulate ourselves, is still musical with the gentle plash of water consecrated by Lamb, but even to him the humble jet was chiefly dear because it was an almost solitary survival. He laments the gradual extinction of the "artificial fountain." "Four little winged marble boys," he says, "used to play their virgin fancies, spouting out ever fresh streams from their innocent wanton lips, in the Square of Lincoln's Inn. They are gone, and the spring choked up. The fashion, they tell me, is gone by, and these things are esteemed childish. Why not gratify children by

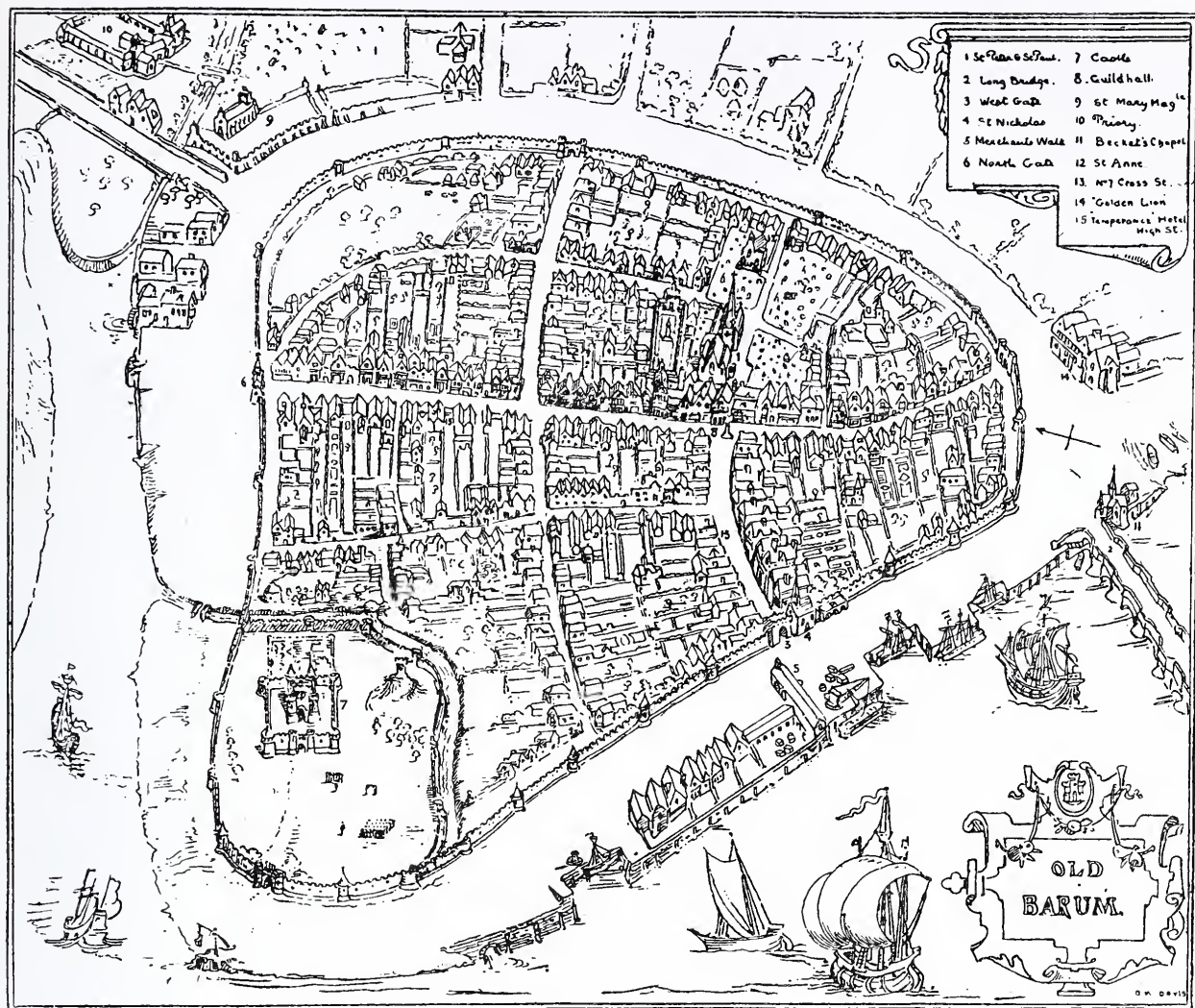
letting them stand?" Fire and sword, the iconoclast and the restorer, the earthquake and volcano, the slow attrition of years, all go busily about their work of destruction. But what are their victims to the multitude that has fallen in the name of fashion? Impotent regret for the perverse vandalism of

our grandfathers will not help us, unless we are moved to deserve better of those who are to follow us.

The drinking fountain put up at the head of the Serpentine two years ago, may not appeal to everyone, but it is the work of an artist; the deliberate outcome of reflection, imaginative impulse. This is a small peg, indeed, on which to hang a whole cargo of hopes for the future. Let us trust, however, that it is the token that a world, too long submerged, is rising slowly out of the flood of water.



BRONZE WELL HEAD: DUCAL PALACE, VENICE.



TOPOGRAPHICAL PLAN OF BARNSTAPLE.

DRAWN BY OWEN W. DAVIS.

BARNSTAPLE IN THE EARLY SEVENTEENTH CENTURY: BY OWEN W. DAVIS. SPECIALLY PHOTOGRAPHED BY W. G. DAVIE: PART ONE.

"BARNSTAPLE, a borough right ancient, a town of mart, once walled in, with four gates, and possessing a castle; hath liberties and privileges as in a city, and pleasantly and sweetly situated withal, amid verdant hills, and whose streets in whatsoever weather are clean, and fairly paved." Thus writes Risdon, 1605-40, of Barnstaple, the metropolis of North Devon. It stands on the banks of the Taw, and is called Barum for short, from "Bar, the river's mouth, and Stapolis, which signifyeth a market, or place of trade and merchandize." A writer on the west of England (Gilpin) has well described the situation of the town, in the following manner: "As we approach Barnstaple the view from some high grounds is very grand, composed on one side of Barnstaple Bay, and on the other of the extensive vale of Tawton, carrying the eye far

and wide into its rich and ample bosom, altogether forming one of those views which is too great a subject for painting. The approach to Barnstaple from the low grounds is as beautiful as from the higher; the river, the bridge, the hills beyond, and the estuary in the distance make splendid landscape." It is 195 miles from London by road, ten from Westward Ho! and eleven from Ilfracombe. To-day it numbers nearly 12,000 inhabitants, in 1551 its population was 3500 souls all told. The town has always been spoken of with commendation by the chroniclers. Quoth Leland: "The Old name of ye Towne was in ye Britiane Tung—Abertawe—by cause it stood by ye mouth of ye Taw ryver. There be Manifest Ruins of a Great Castelle on ye North-West side of ye Towne, with a right Greate Sumptus Bridge of Stone thereto." Again, in Camden's Britain, 1637, speaking of Barnstaple: "Reputed a very Ancient towne, and for Elegant Buildings, and frequencie of People, held chiefe on this coast. It serves Parliament with two Burgesses, and hath every Friday a Great market, and a faire at the Assumption of the blessed Virgin."



THE WEST GATE AND SURROUNDINGS AS THEY APPEARED BEFORE REMOVAL IN 1852.

Most probably it was the ancient Roman town known in the Itineraries under the name Artavia, for it had been in existence many centuries when the Danes, in 827, in the days of Alfred the Great, landed at Appledore, a seaport at the mouth of the Taw, with thirty-three ships, coming from South Wales. "They wasted all their way with fire and sword," but were repulsed, however, with great loss after a stubborn contest, in which, according to tradition, their famous raven banner, the magic Reafan, the handiwork of Hubba's three sisters, was captured, and Hubba, their chieftain, slain, "Bloody Corner," on the road to Westward Ho! being indicated by a tablet as the site of the encounter. Athelstan repaired the walls, fortified the town, and built a castle there, about the year 938, on the junction of the Taw and Yeo rivers; it being a good position for checking the incursions of the Cornish Celts. Risdon speaks of a palace he built at Umberleigh, about three miles out of the town. Later on, in the time of the Conqueror, the barony was bestowed on Judhael, of Totnes, otherwise Johel Fitz Alured, a Norman. He repaired the castle, which is spoken of as a strongly-built fortress; the two rivers washed its walls on three sides, and it was protected by a deep and wide moat on the other.

It was afterwards granted to one and another down to the time of Sir John Chichester, who, by a deed of release, dated August 17th, 1558, conveyed the manor, with all its privileges, excepting only the site of the castle, to the mayor and corporation of the borough. They held it for about 150 years, when they had to yield it up over a law suit. The Castle Mound, thrown up by the Danes (just such another mound as the "Dane John" at Canterbury), is about 65ft. high from the moat level. The castle green in the seventeenth century was pro-

miscuously utilised as a place of sport and punishment. "During the fair a few hundred people would be found playing at bowls, whilst men, women, and children were continually walking up the mound and rolling themselves down to the bottom thereof." A few days after, the scene would be varied by the burning of a witch, or the hanging of a batch of prisoners.

A few masses of stonework built into the present mansion, a relic or two, and the great mound on which the keep stood, is all that remains of

this famous stronghold. The ancient wall of the town, as far as can be ascertained, appears to have passed from the northern entrance, or North Gate, on the west side of Boutport Street, to the East Gate, at the top of Joy Street, from thence to South Gate, at the top of High Street, then along the beach-layers or quay to West Gate, at the bottom of Cross Street, from whence it ran on to the Castle, and therefrom on to the North Gate, describing a circumvallation of about four-fifths of a mile.

Those walls have likewise disappeared, doubtless absorbed in the buildings of later date. "Walls," says Dr. Johnson, "supply materials for building more readily than quarries." It is hoped that the reader will not apply this to the writer's unavoidable quotations. Of the four gates but two remained to this century. The north gate of two arches, over which stood the chapel of All Hallows, situated at the bottom of High Street,



THE NORTH GATE, BARNSTAPLE.

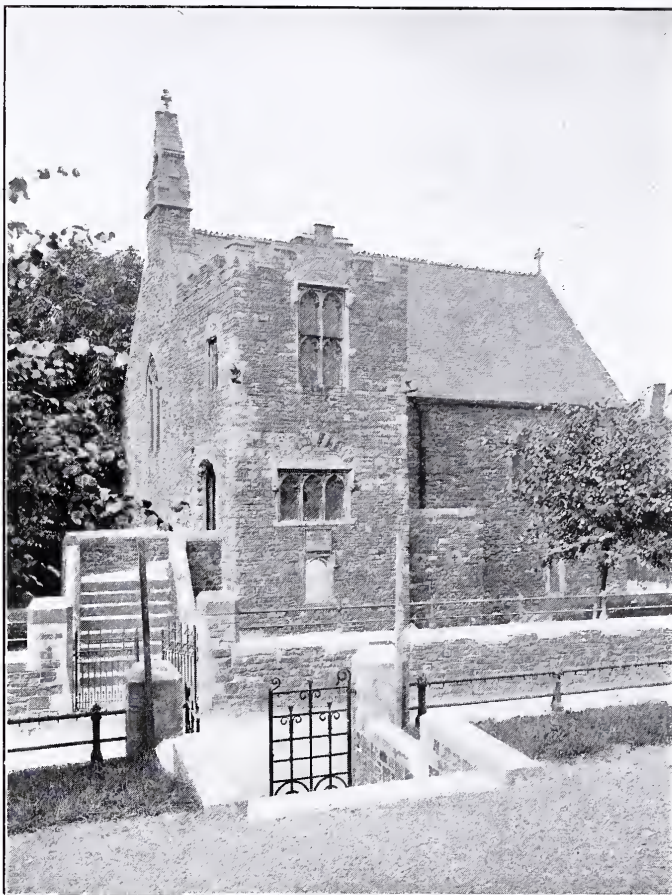
and familiarly known as the "Old Bow," was removed in 1842. The west gate at the end of Cross Street, together with the Chapel of St. Mary and St. Nicholas which was built into it, was taken down in 1852. "It being the opinion of the then Committee of Town Council that the Quay Hall, *i.e.*, St. Nicholas Chapel, with the arch at the bottom of Cross Street, *viz.*, the west gate, is an unsightly and inconvenient building, and they recommend that it be removed, and that the tender of the 'housebreakers,' to pay 40s., and take over the old materials for demolishing the same, be accepted."

The building was of great solidity, as it formed part of the old walls and gateway of the Saxon town. The Cross Street front was formed of two massive Norman arches, filled in with masonry; and there was a fine old timber roof to the nave. The early seventeenth century clock, removed from the broach of the little spire of St. Nicholas's Chapel, is still going elsewhere on the Quay. It had a curious motto on the dial, "About your business"—a delicate hint to loiterers, the place being a busy one; discharging, weighing, and unloading went on incessantly in those times, and the little bill as traditionally recorded, "To makeing and putting up a Gallis for Youre Worships, 31s.," refers only to a beam erected, from which to suspend the public weighing scales. It was a picturesque morsel of olden time, with the cage for evil doers, and a tumble-down, lean-to, fish shamble adjoining. A great stuffed glove, fixed at the end of a staff, protruded from the chapel window at the fair time—a sign of welcome to beggars, tramps, and mummers to sojourn in the borough for three or four days—which custom probably still obtains, or did a few years since. The town records mention, 1604, "Nicholas Gay, Surveyor of Strangers, otherwise King of the beggars, fee vi^s. viii^d. 1615, Paid for a Glove, to put out at Ye Faire, iiii^d." At the proclamation of the Great Fair, the wassail bowl still circulates as it did in the time of Athelstan, and many another old custom prevails in this ancient borough.

For drenching scolds and witches a cucking stool was once fixed on the castle rock, and many can even now remember the old stocks, in active use, outside the church door, the parish beadle presiding. John Gay, in his "Pastorals," expresses himself thus:

I'll speed me to the pond, where high the stool
On the long plank, hangs o'er the muddy pool;
That stool—the dread of every scolding quean.

Item from a parish record: 1654, one plank for cucking stool, i^s. vi^d.; iron for same stool, ii^s. iiii^d.; making the same stool, i^s. viii^d.



ST. ANNE'S CHAPEL (AS RESTORED),
BARNSTAPLE.

SPECIALY PHOTOGRAPHED
BY W. G. DAVIE.

By a confirmatory charter from William himself, Judhael built a large priory here for Cluniac monks, dedicated to St. Mary Magdalene; but, with the suppression of monasteries, it passed into private hands. It is by far the most important establishment in the early ecclesiastical history of the borough. The conventual or priory church stood on the lower part of the meadow now called the Rackfield; this is not only known by records, but by actual remains. The existence of those relics had quite escaped critical notice until within the last few years. A writer on Barnstaple in 1865 says: "There is not one stone left on another to tell of the extensive priory of St. Mary Magdalene, its church, or cemetery;" whereas large masses of the walls are still extant, and the plan is not difficult to trace out. Houses had sprung up round about the ruins, retaining portions of the building, and the remainder was covered with green sward. In 1819, some workmen employed in making a tan yard laid open the foundations, and, amid the great heaps of *débris*, many interesting relics were discovered (see the *Gentleman's Magazine* for that year). The plan of the church was that of a parallelogram or basilica, with flat Norman buttresses, duly oriented, and having its west doorway towards the roadway.



PENROSE ALMS-HOUSES, LITCHDON STREET, BARNSTAPLE.

The earnest student may find traces of it by the river Yeo, at the back of Boutport Street, and in the remains of the old groining of the arches of Pilton Bridge; whilst many a courtledge flagstone, in the vicinity, could whisper a tale of grave import. The parish church of St. Peter and St. Paul was rebuilt in 1318. It has a Jacobean steeple, built of oak, and lead covered, which the sun has drawn very much out of the perpendicular. Two colossal figures of Moses and Aaron, splendidly carved, adorned the east end of the church; they were very fine examples of Jacobean Art. Moses clothed in, what was in those days supposed to represent, the Israelite costume, grasped his rod, and assumed a striking position; whilst Aaron, as High Priest, held a thurible by its chains. He was dressed in "full canonicals," and appeared as if in the act of swinging his censer amid the Holy of Holies. They were placed one at each end over the altar table. In 1851, the churchwardens, who knew not Moses or Aaron, voted them idols, had them hauled down, and trundled out of the sacred edifice. The organ was a grand and powerful instrument, adorned with life-size archangels blowing trumpets, towers, pediments, and the lace-like traceries peculiar to the date, 1764. It was given to the church by Sir George Amyand, Bart., and was built by the well-known West Country organ-builder, Thomas Crang. About 1866, Sir Gilbert Scott caused it to be shorn of its external beauty, and relegated to an organ chamber. The rare old pulpit was destroyed in

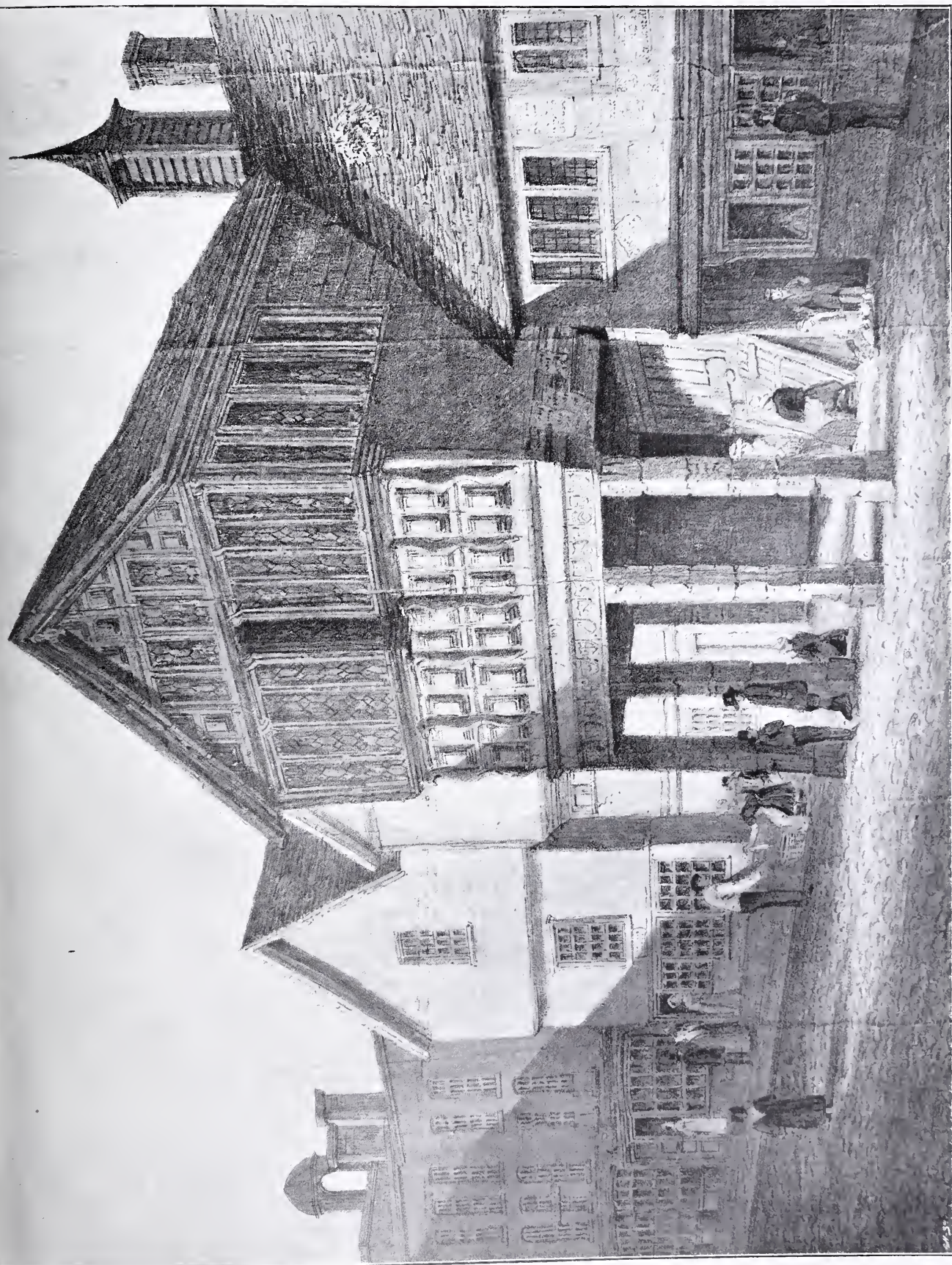
1824, as "occupying too much space." The church contains a number of fine Jacobean mural monuments, notably one to the memory of Martin Blake, vicar in the time of the rebellion, who was then expelled from his church and vicarage. Within the churchyard is the chantry of St. Anne, a quaint old Mediæval building, used at one time as a French Protestant chapel, and afterwards as the Grammar School. Dr. Musgrove and the poet Gay, author of 'The Beggar's Opera,' were born in this town, and educated here. On the right-hand side of the bridge, as you enter the town, was Thomas à Becket's Chapel. Camden avers that "it was built by Syre William de Traceye, one of the Murtherers of Thomas Becket." The name of the chapel would appear to confirm this view, and this method of atonement is in conformity with the then prevailing superstition of the age.

The sea-side village of Morthoe, betwixt Barnstaple and Ilfracombe, belonged to a Tracey family some centuries back. In the interesting parish church is an arcaded tomb of the thirteenth century, which bears the following inscription: "*Syre Gillaume de Trace gist icy Div de son alme eyt mercie*" (Sir William de Tracey, may I find mercie). Writing of Morthoe in 1630, Westcote quaintly remarks: "A place where Syre William de Tracey for a time rested in ease, until some ill-effected persons, seeking for treasure, but disappointed, stole the leaden sheets he lay in, leaving him in danger to take cold."

The long bridge is a noble structure, having sixteen arches, dating from the twelfth century, although no very accurate information can be obtained. It was widened in 1834. There is a record that in the year 1545 subscriptions were sought by the "Maior of Barnstaple towards the repara'con, and mayn'tence of ye Longbridge, and Causeys;" describing the river as a "greate, hugy, mighty, perylous, and dredful water named Taw, ranynge between the Town and ye Pshe of Tawstock."

Barnstaple was incorporated by Henry I.; Edward I., Mary, and James I., granted it further charters and privileges. James II. issued an order in council for the removal of the entire corporation, "for theire perverse temper in disputing his Majesty's mandate;" in 1689, the corporation took the oath of allegiance to William and Mary.

The borough sent five ships to aid Drake, in the struggle with the Spanish Armada, taking a prominent part in the events of the period. Many a privateer was sent herefrom, to prey on the treasure-laden galleons, sailing from the New World to the Spanish main. The seamen of Old Barum were especially active in those fillibustering expeditions. Mariners of the type so ably portrayed by Charles Kingsley, in his charming book, "Westward Ho!"



THE OLD GUILDHALL, BARNSTAPLE:
REPRODUCED FROM AN ORIGINAL
DRAWING BY C. F. POWELL.

Sir Richard Grenville, knight, vice-admiral, who was "the Spaniards' terror," hailed from Bideford, hard by. His glorious fight on the *Revenge*, and death, on board the Spanish flagship, 1591, has been immortalised by Tennyson. In addition to the North Devon celebrities already mentioned, is General Monk, whilst Turner, the painter, and Lee, R.A., were both born here. Charles Kingsley, Edward Capern, Postman Poet, and R. D. Blackwell, of "Lorna Doone" fame, not omitting Parson Jack Russel, were also of the neighbourhood.

After the fatal battle of Naseby, 1645, Barnstaple was considered a safe place, being a garrison town, in which the Prince of Wales, afterwards Charles II., might find refuge. No. 112, High Street, still existing, is pointed out as the place of his residence.

An episode, somewhat characteristic of this merry young gentleman ("an irreconcilable enemy to the Protestant religion, a parliament, and a virtuous woman") has been handed down by family tradition—viz., although his visit was but two short months, he left a regal pledge behind him, whose descendants are still living, numerous, and respectable, both in Barnstaple and its neighbourhood. The royal waif was a girl. One year after this royal progress and Barnstaple was occupied by Cromwell's forces; it cost the town £30,000, towards which "Old Noll" would not grant a penny piece.

A number of Huguenots landed here, from Rochelle, in 1685, fleeing from the persecution following the revocation of the edict of Nantes. The inhabitants treated them with generous sympathy, and St. Anne's Chapel, was granted them as a place of worship. The town was in no way a loser by this, for many remained, introducing their arts, particularly that of a superior mode of dying woollen cloth. This improved business at that time considerably, and eventually led to the erection of a new covered exchange on the site of the Old Merchants' Walk, opposite the west gate. It is a fine Renaissance colonnade, sculptured after the manner of Grinling Gibbons, with a deep heraldic parapet, pilastered, and panelled, adorned with graceful terminal vases on top, and trophies at the angles; the centre of the façade having a double pedestal, surmounted by a statue of Queen Anne in regal attire.

The ancient Guildhall, which stood in the High Street, opposite the top of Cross Street, was taken down in 1827; externally, it was constructed after the style of the Old Town Hall at Exeter, but much simpler in design.

The Litchdon Alms-houses, founded by John Penrose, 1624, are exceedingly interesting 17th century buildings, consisting of twenty dwelling houses with a large garden in the rear. The entrance front, with the somewhat archaic looking dwarf pillars to the ambulatory on either side, is here illustrated. The right wing is the chapel, a portion of the ceiling of which is represented in the photograph of a foliated pendant. The graceful curve of the drop gives subtlety to the radiating sprays of foliage, which cannot be observed in a full front view. The details of the ornament are exquisitely modelled. The Paige and Horwood Alms-houses in Church Lane are well worthy of notice, in respect to their wooden door-posts, doors, and benches; there are many good old doorways elsewhere within the town.

Pilton Church, dedicated to St. Margaret, was anciently the church of the Benedictine Priory there; therein are a number of superb monuments of Elizabethan date belonging to the Chichester and Wrey families. Pilton has some of the most interesting old buildings in the town.

Tawstock Church, dedicated to St. Peter, erected in the eleventh century, is a very perfect example of a mediæval cruciform church, and is rich in splendid monuments in marble, alabaster, etc., of the seventeenth century, to the memory of the Fitzwarren, Bath, and Wrey families.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



FOLIATED PENDANT ON THE CEILING IN CHAPEL,
PENROSE ALMS-HOUSES, BARNSTAPLE.

SPECIALLY PHOTOGRAPHED
BY W. G. DAVIE.

CHURCH BUILDING AS IT IS AND AS IT MIGHT BE: AN ADDRESS DELIVERED IN THE JERUSALEM CHAMBER, WESTMINSTER: BY E. S. PRIOR.

ARCHITECTURE is an Art, but the present-day practice of it is in the hands of a Profession. The antithesis suggests the conclusion, that what the profession of architects practises is not the Art of Architecture. This conclusion, no doubt, depends on definition. Still, define as we will, any serious attempt to map out an enduring province for Art, either objectively in history, or subjectively in the emotions of humanity, cannot but exclude the business of the professional architect! Just as a compliment of traditional respect, as we dub a man a Knight, so we may call the architect an Artist: or, as we have Freemasons, who never put chisel to freestone, so we have architects, in speaking of whom we make use of that long-ago connection, which history shows to have existed between all the craftsmen of beauty; who were housewrights and church-wrights, as they were painters or imagers, armourers or goldsmiths, each making beauty by the work of his hands.

But this is a mere traditional association; apart from it we have another very definite modern conception of the Artist, as he who—to put it quite baldly—pleases himself in his work; who, dwelling apart from the common aspirations of his time, lives under compulsion of his own individuality to exercise a faculty which is not that of his fellow-men; who exercising himself in the expression of his personality, is gauged by his power to differentiate his ideas. In a word, our Art is always the expression of strong individuality: so that each artist is a school of himself—with a rise, a flourish, perhaps a decadence—and then complete extinction: he can hand on no torch to his successor.

The artists of old were the men who by the craft of their hands gave substance to the ideals of the ages in which they lived. They were artists, because by them the whole community exhibited its sense of beautiful creation. How or why, separated by centuries, such times have come we know not, but we recognise their expression of beauty as being the world's eternal art. But that which we call Art now is something different from this secular voice. Our artist is not he that expresses his age, but is rather one who is constrained to the special function of disagreeing with the world in which he lives. The licence to exhibit himself in this position is, however, not

granted to everybody. Only capriciously does the world allow its Artist to be master of his craft. In the imitative arts the painter may be such, and the sculptor to some extent; for this age has retained its sense of the possibility of beautiful painting, and a little interest in the beauty of marble shaping. But no such allowance is made to the building faculty, for this age is so insensitive to the beauty of it that it might well be nicknamed among the centuries as that of ugly building. By the extension of such, every shore of England has been rendered monstrous during the sixty years of Her Majesty's reign, and through three-quarters of our country our villages have had their beauty taken from them. There is no need to pick out the new manufacturing town as the sample of our taste, for the mushroom squalor of our style is as manifest in our ancient cities and our University towns; "city improvement" and the building estate have brought them all to a level. It has been sufficient for an ancient building to retain the graces of ancient art for this distinction to be its death warrant. Beauty of site has only invited means for its ruin. Why have we societies for the protection of ancient buildings, and for the preservation of beautiful places, if the community at large cared one wit for the beauty of environment, which the grace of building creates and preserves? Our nineteenth century is alike insensitive to the hideousness of its own creations, and intolerant of the beauty of the old architecture which has come down to it.

And the professional architect is part of his age. The world says to him, as it has always said to its builders, "utility is wanted," but in our time it has added "utility cannot be beautiful." Common building might, indeed it sometimes does, get a certain dignity from the mere expression of this negation. It might, without knowing it or intending it, have drifted into an art: but continually restraining it from natural development has come the influence of the professional architect, with his business purveyance of design, and the false prestige of Art, that has attached to him. There have developed action and reaction between the false ideas of the world and the false pretension of the architect. The first says "utility-building is of necessity ugly, but I want sometimes the show of ornament." "That," says the latter, "I can supply as Artist." The world says "to my convenience and my needs, tack a lace and frippery of style, as proof that I am not entirely material, but can spend money on Art." The architect replies "I am your Artist and servant, obedient to your bidding; I can reach competence,

a wide connection, and honours—yes, become a Knight, perhaps, and a Royal Academician !” Such are the voices that dictate our “Architecture;” so come our mansions, public buildings, and our churches, too: all very well in their way, but such as cannot be Art, as we give the name, either to the Ancient Architecture or to the great creations of our artists in Painting and Sculpture.

So our Architecture is neither the expression of an age of beautiful building, nor can it be the product of a separated life, bent on the expression of its individuality. If it were either of these would it not concern itself in the craft of building? But as the “servant of the public,” the architect accepts his part as being everything but the building craftsman. What is he, then? Chiefly as a salesman is his legal status accounted. He is the agent who provides that a building shall be erected in accordance with the instructions of the employer, with such and such utilities, with such and such ornaments. On the one hand he is the agent of Building, directing the employment of the machinery for the purpose; on the other, he is the agent of Design, directing in similar fashion the machinery for its supply. The world asks only that he shall be a capable and honest agent, such as can be got in the professional architect, which our architectural institutes and societies are proud to produce. It is amusing, sometimes, to hear painters and sculptors, in the warmth of an after-dinner address, pretending to include the members of these societies in the brotherhood of Art, forgetting that they would flout the picture dealer or colour agent, who set up to be called an Artist.

Yet Architecture can be the art now, that it has been. Between the prongs of the fork, with which you pitch it out, nature slips back. The power and the passion for beautiful creation in building are being set continually in the hearts of men, who must needs be artists just as surely as the painter and the sculptor are born to be such. You can crush out these feelings, but you cannot prevent their birth. And with such in his heart, year after year does the architectural student go to the professional architect to learn the craft of his desire.

The idea that the master, from whom he has come to learn, can teach such a pupil does not perhaps survive the term of his “articles.” What does he find in his teacher? A business man, who knows how to get business, and who can impart that knowledge; who can show how, the more work he gets, the more people he can employ to do it; who can show, how the right of living as an architect is to be had by putting the greatest separation between the personal function of design and the finished product of the building.

The student comes eager to learn to build: how

many removes, does he learn, are able to be put between the eminent architect with his fifty pounds a week, and the workmen who really build at a wage of twenty-five shillings? The art of building requires no other agents but the building craftsman and his foreman, or leading man. If these be the artists, as they were of old, then the work is beautiful. But if they are mere machines, as they are now, the beauty must come from some outside direction, and this is how it comes. The hand and the mind of the actual building are, under our system, mere recording machines, evidently quite indifferent as to what they do. Set immediately over them comes the general foreman of a building work, who has a responsibility. But that responsibility is exercised solely in the prevention of waste of money by the idleness or mistakes of the machines under him. And above him is a still more powerful hand, the shop foreman, who is bent on making a profit for his master, the builder; and then above him are the pricing clerks, who have had their say as to what and how the materials shall be bought and used; and, finally, in this part of the mechanism is the builder, so-called, but more properly contractor, who is the seller and controller of all the machinery which we have sketched as included under the title of a building contract.

This five-wheeled coupling can be credited with no purpose connected with Design or Art, but is careless of either. So it is the other half of the mechanism that has charge of these. Accordingly, we have, sixthly, the clerk of works. And, if he were the designer, too, his constant presence on the works might enable him to impart his personal quality. But no! He is only an interpreter of documents, a policeman to see that they are not neglected. Nor do these documents reach him, directly from the architect: there are two different bureaux which have had the first shaping of them. First, the quantity surveyor's office has to be reckoned with. His is an influence very straightening to the wide ideas of design: you may pour masses of molten metal into his mill, and it will emerge always as beautifully rolled mechanical bars; only what can be easiest described and counted is the architecture of his inclination.

Well, behind the surveyor, at any rate, have we not the nervous force, the personal living hand of the architect. Are you so sure of that? Remember the professional architect is an eminent man: his works in hand are many, and life is short, too short in fact to allow him to do more than interviewing his clients. The designing, the actual drawing, the preparing of detail—why an office must be had for all these. So the work has to be geared up afresh to a new series of wheels; the tracing clerk, the designing clerk, Gothic or Classic, or a dexterous mingler, the

superintending clerk, and then, last of all, tenth in order of back succession from the work that is called his—is the architect that “does his own designing” in the scraps of time that the letters and interviews of his clients leave him.

This is the system to which the architectural student, with the fire of Art in his heart, is introduced in his pupilage. The fire may survive the three specified years of such pupilage, but it often, I fear, dies out under the pressure of actual practice, as the hard fact forces itself on the would-be artist—that the world gets what it wants, and that this is purveyed and surveyed Architecture, not personal expression. It is not surprising that the fire burns low, and that the easy way of the making of daily bread is readily undertaken. But if by some the endowment of genuine architectural power cannot be renounced—if the talent cannot be hid in a napkin—then comes the long strife of grudging surrender, the constant perception that the gift of architectural conception is granted at peril of the withdrawal of the power to exercise it; that personal expression of Art in building spells few clients or none. Friction and loss of reputation follow any disturbance of the well-oiled machine that professional practice has devised. If the architect is to live he must be a professional too, content, perhaps, as some architects do, to avoid, if possible, the shock of seeing the actual buildings of which they are supposed to be the authors, satisfied with the imagination and drawings of Architecture only, not caring what happens after.

For consider what of the personal expression of the artist can survive these ten removes; these ten sharings of responsibility with somebody else! Say the architect has his full thousand of artistic endowment; what is one thousand halved ten times? It is hardly a unit. This fraction of the artist's expression is all that has a chance of survival. Yet in that expression of personality lies the sole power of the modern artist, and that is the amount of it, less than one thousandth part, which is likely to reach the building.

The arithmetical method of calculation may, of course, be absurd; but what really happens is that along such a length of resistance only the most mechanical expressions of design have any chance of transmission. What can be copied because it is lifeless; what can be described because it is routine; these are the parts of the original designing of the architect, which are actually built. So the mechanical look of our architecture is readily explained. The world, by employing the professional architect, does not admit of Architecture being an art. Only as contraband, that has slipped through the custom house without attracting attention, does any personal expression of the artist appear in our building.

I do not think that historically it can be maintained that there exists an essential separation between religious and secular architecture. In times of a great Art the love of beautiful creation and the truth of its manifestations have found the same expression in house and church, in bridge and in cottage: there have been the same Art, the same ideas, the same details of style in all. Only when one department or another has become specialised, and has left the natural manifestation of its love and its truth, then has the separation declared itself, as has happened more than once in the history of Architecture, but most notably in our day. As it is now, the expressions of house, engineering, and church architecture have distinctly gone apart, when the love and truth of the art of Architecture have been denied by the world, and by the Church.

Two propositions may be maintained in defence of the Church. First, that this is a matter in which it has had no option. It was not able, and so ought not to have tried, to separate from the fashion of the world. The other is the pleading of “Not Guilty.” It may be asserted that the Church has done what it ought; it has separated its architecture from that of the community, by recognising the love and truth of the artist, by accepting and encouraging Architecture as an art. I propose to traverse both these defences.

I might say that here are men of note and standing in the Church of England, who hope to promote a clearer understanding between the Church and Art: who, moreover, recognise that Architecture is an art, and are prepared to go with me in rejecting the worldly atmosphere which says there is no soul or life in the beauty of building—in that which Stevenson has called “the best preacher in the world, that preaches day and night; not only telling you of man's Art and aspirations, but convicting your soul.” With you in this chamber my first contention is safe.

“God saw that it was good.” Man made in the likeness of God, cast out of Paradise, holds still the yearning to raise his mimicry of Eden, his masonry of a New Jerusalem. Is not the Church to recognise the emotion that prompts the effort? Is not the Church catholic, or is it to be the Church only of business, of the duty of making daily bread, and not at all of those who, at peril of the flaming swords, must needs creep back to catch a glimpse of the lost Paradise? Is the Church to say that Art is mere sentiment; that its aspiration, its devotion, its separation from the world, are nothing to us: the love and truth of Art are not our love and truth? At any rate the Church is catholic, and says not to the artist, “you are excluded from our sympathy because you are not an eminent professional gentleman.”

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE CHURCH OF ST. MARY THE VIRGIN, OXFORD: BY T. G. JACKSON, R.A.: REVIEWED BY H. WILSON. PART THREE.

THE second chapter of this review ended with a reference to the deposition of the figures in their tomb in the Congregation House, where, after being in succession "fine examples of English sculpture," "spurious antiquities," "their more important pasts only forty years old," they are now, happily, regarded (p. 156) as "admirable pieces of native English sculpture, full of life and expression, though submitting to that restraint which befits decorative design and attaches them to the architecture they adorn. We know not by whose chisel they were wrought; sculptor and architect are alike buried in oblivion.

. . . . Illacrumabiles
Urgentur ignotique longa
Nocte, carent quia vate sacro.

One would fain believe that they were not two, but one and the same person, and that the stately steeple and the noblest ornaments that enriched it were the work of the same artist." The same hand penned this really beautiful passage, and was constrained to banish the objects of his admiration to "this storehouse of University lumber," (Mr. Jackson's words, p. 100), where they now share its utter "abandonment to the spiders and the bats," out of sight of "visitors to whom these historic chambers are at present inaccessible" (p. 101). Thus one of the lordliest towers in England has been stripped of its most salient characteristics, and its individuality utterly destroyed. Having, in obedience to the demand for newness, wiped out every detail which might be used as a clue to the authorship of this miracle of art, Mr. Jackson, so strangely are we constituted, straightway longs to know the author (p. 84): "Unknown, it is to be feared, he must for ever remain"—(the piteous irony of it!)"—"We have, alas! no clue to his identity, and yet, in considering so remarkable a design, we cannot help longing to know its author. There are many ancient buildings

which awaken no such longing: buildings in which the influence of a style is more noticeable than that of an individual mind; buildings where the artist is sunk in his art. But every now and then we find a design so original, so full of individual character, that the personality of the artist to whom it owes that which gives it distinction is forced upon our attention. And nowhere is this personality more strongly presented to us than in the steeple of St. Mary's at Oxford, which stands alone; and, as it had no predecessor, so has it had no successor." Apart from its beauty,



STATUE OF BISHOP IN ANGLE OF SPIRE: BEFORE REMOVAL.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY W. H. WHEELER.



STATUE OF A BISHOP,
BEFORE REMOVAL.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
W. H. WHEELER.

there is a strain of quiet melancholy about the whole of this passage which sets one thinking. The sentiment disengaged from it, the profound affection to which it witnesses, are so hopelessly at variance with its author's performance, that it is almost impossible to believe that both can be products of the same mind. One cannot think a willing agent could express himself in this way. Again, when describing the work of other "restorers," Mr. Jackson says, with admirable force and clearness, on p. 178: "It was, perhaps, too much to expect that the handsome classic work of 1676 should have been spared by the Neo-Goths of 1827; but, when we compare the admirable fragments of the old with the mechanical

Gothic ornament of the new, we may well be indignant at the destruction of the rest." Could anything more pointed be said if we took this to apply to the latest "restoration" of the tower?

Further, on p. 142, we find: "But that intense reverence for ancient example which was the redeeming quality of the early Neo-Gothic school should surely have saved St. Mary's from the structural mutilation which it suffered at this time. In order to support the new undergraduates' gallery, the restorers of 1827 deliberately cut away the hindermost shafts of the clustered columns in the nave, and inserted in their place iron columns, which they painted deceptively to imitate the stone members which they superseded. Reverence for old work should also surely have saved the thirteenth century archway leading from the north aisle into the passage to the Congregation House, through what was once St. Catharine's Chapel, and have forbidden the brick wall by which the ancient arch is obliterated for the convenience of the new gallery stairs." Unhappily, this clear consciousness of the sins of others was not sufficient to withstand the force which drove our author into greater errors, nor has it served to save more than the merest scrap of the work of which he writes in such admiring terms. Well may Mr. Jackson say (p. 149): "The record of buildings at Oxford since the end of the seventeenth century has been one of continuous disaster." Would that it had been spared the last.

It has long been evident to those who have considered the question sympathetically that the modern architect is not responsible for his actions. He is in the main made powerless by circumstance, and by the indifference or ignorance of the public, his employers.

No greater proof of this enforced impotence could be given than the contrast afforded by this book and St. Mary's spire, for it should now be quite clear from the above extracts what are Mr. Jackson's innermost feelings and desires about old work, and how pitiless are the workings of an organisation which compels a man of feeling to destroy the object of his affections. And it is this discovery of what we must believe is the real mind of our author that makes one the more bold in denunciation of our present methods of dealing with old buildings; our deep-rooted habit of treating them as subjects of experiment; our inveterate disregard of their value: there is the root of the evil. For, consider what it has all led to. Here is Mr. Jackson, an ardent lover of ancient

work, gifted with rare powers of expression of that love, full of a generous indignation at works of destruction by any other hand, scathing in his judgments on any other destroyer of the buildings he admires—yet, by a most unhappy fate, outdoing in destruction even those he denounces. Not only so; but when compelled to justify his action to the public, as seems to be the case in this book, his public and his private selves are brought into continual conflict. Yet we must remember that there is, after all, such a thing as moral impetus. A kind of social gravitation does exist: and it is therefore difficult, if not impossible, for any man to serve a system and save himself from the evils it entails.

Mr. Jackson, as one of the wheels in the architectural system, has been brought in his turn to the tower of St. Mary. The motive power—in this case the University of Oxford, itself swayed by the ground-swell of uneducated opinion, decreed its renovation, and the unfortunate artist has been driven all over the tower, grinding away its beauties, and, though admiring them passionately, remained powerless to resist the opinion that ordained their removal. I cannot conceive any greater torture for a sensitive man than to be put in such a position as this. For it is not that the preservation of St. Mary's or of any old building has been impossible in itself; it has only been rendered so by the uneducated desire of the public for a new building in place of the old. I would even go so far as to say that there is no destructive agency in Nature so wholly irresistible as great ability driven by uninformed opinion. This it is which is responsible for almost every act of vandalism in the past; this it is which lies behind the disaster of St. Mary's; this it is which makes the task of the antiquary and the lover of old buildings almost insurmountable. It might be possible to educate architects, but to influence that vague, indeterminate, fluctuating force, public opinion, is the work of years.

As if to further complicate matters, the methods of work into which architects as a class have of necessity fallen is another obstacle to right dealing with old buildings. The business of Architecture is no longer personal; it is a matter of organisation; it has become mechanical. As a means of getting certain necessary things done, of providing roof room and shelter for a rapidly increasing population, it is effective enough, and no doubt fulfils its functions in the social economy. People do not ask for works of art, do not get them, and everybody is satisfied. When, how-



ST. MARY THE VIRGIN:
BEFORE REMOVAL.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
W. H. WHEELER.



ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST:
BEFORE REMOVAL.

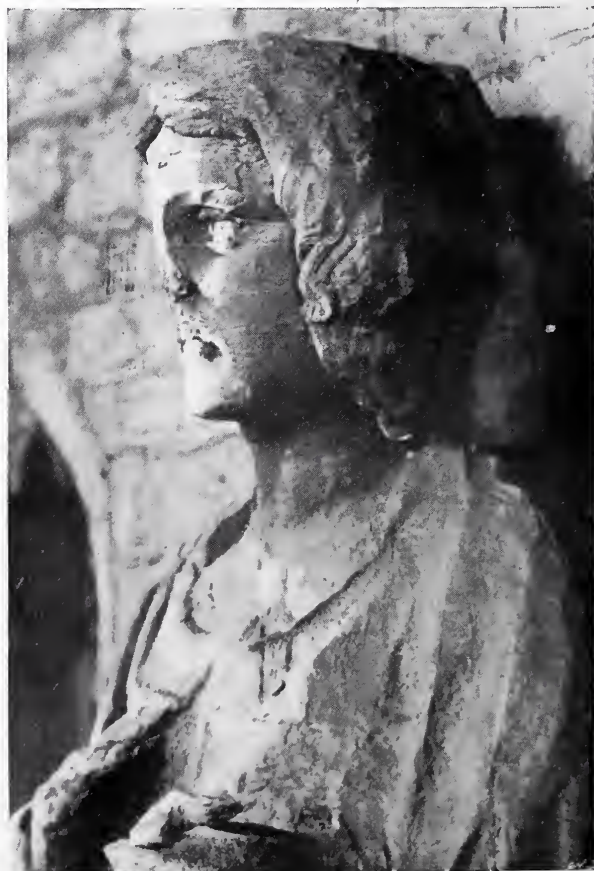
PHOTOGRAPHED BY
W. H. WHEELER.

ever, we attempt to apply this system to the repair of an old building, disasters begin. Either the system must go or the building, and the latter, being the weaker, generally goes.

Yet it is obvious to anyone who has tried to repair old work that there is only one way, and that is to live with the building until the mending is done. If we leave the builder or his foreman wholly to himself he works by instinct all manner of unseemly horrors; he files the mouldings and the carving, scrubs off the moss and lichen, scrapes and drags the stonework quite beautifully white and new, and goes to rest, knowing he has done his duty to the architect and his employer by removing every trace of age. To avoid this the architect, or his nominee, must be on the building the whole time; ever on the watch for weak places, ready to strengthen from behind any weak wall, tottering parapet, or insecure pinnacle. He must be swift in decision, ingenious, apt in mechanical contrivance, and of unwearying patience. But

this, as I urged before, cannot be done by the busy professional. The repair of buildings should be entrusted only to those who have made that work their special study, and original artists left to do original work. There are such repairers, and more will be found when the great unknowing public wakes up to a sense of its responsibilities, if, indeed, that awakening be not delayed until no old buildings remain. It is unfair to lay the blame for this wholly on the architects; they are but the means by which the prevailing thought finds expression; they are bound hand and foot by professional custom and public opinion.

Had Mr. Jackson been allowed to repair instead of renewing St. Mary's, and free to live on, instead of visiting the work at intervals, it is impossible to doubt that, spurred on by his affection for the tower, affection which finds eloquent expression in this book, he would have found the means of preserving the whole building as it was before 1892: for I have no hesitation whatever in saying that every one of the statues now resting in the Congregation House could, with a little ingenuity, have been retained on the spire without any danger of the calamities conjured up by Mr. Jackson in the retirement of his office. There must be no mistake about this. The very construction of the figures, the hollow back, which he so condemns as a source of weakness,



STATUE OF ST. JOHN
THE EVANGELIST.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
H. W. TAUNT.

is, I make bold to say, one of the chief reasons of their preservation to the present time, in that, given a free circulation of air behind the statue, the stone being thin, moisture quickly evaporated, and the figures were less subject to its disintegrating effects than they would have been if left solid. There are no defects in any of them which could not have been remedied by a careful mason, and that securely. With the exercise of one tithe of the skill that is daily used by the most ordinary "mender" at the British Museum these figures could have been kept in their places on the tower. The rich carvings, the gargoyles, and the pinnacles now strewn over the ground or piled in heaps in the Congregation House and elsewhere, might have been retained. All that was needed was time and care and patience. It is true that this care and time and patience are not part of the stock-in-trade of the ordinary builder, but in dealing with work of such national importance as St. Mary's, Oxford, we have a right to demand that they should be secured and exercised. That the statues should have been condemned, as we are left to infer, simply because of the failure of a piece of modern patching, or because they did not stand the rough handling necessary to remove them from their places, and broke at the waist when being hoisted, is almost incredible: that no attempt should have been made to repair them is wholly incomprehensible.

Let me here add a description of an analogous yet far more difficult operation than the repair of these statues would have been—the repair of the mosaics in the Duomo of Trieste.

"Before leaving the subject of these mosaics, I must touch upon the admirable and conservative method by which they have been saved from impending ruin, and secured once more to the vault behind them without any loss to genuine antiquity. Finding that the mosaics, together with their cement bed, had become detached from the masonry of the semi-dome, the municipal authorities, after considering the tenders of the Venetian mosaicists, who proposed to renew the whole in



ST. JOHN THE DIVINE :
BEFORE REMOVAL.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
W. H. WHEELER.

imitation of the original work, wisely rejected them, and proceeded to work in a more sensible and, as it proved, a more economical method. The mosaics were first lined with sixteen layers of paper glued consecutively to their under side; a strong centring of wood was then framed below them, and run with plaster of Paris on the back, to give a solid support to this cardboard skin. The whole mosaic being thus compacted together and united to the centring or core of the semi-dome,

the masonry behind was removed, and the cement bed in which the mosaic had been originally set was chipped away until the reverse side of the whole design became 'distinctly and brilliantly apparent.' This was then grouted with a Portland cement backing, which was kept damp with wet cloths, and on this, as a centring, the new vault was bedded with cement mortar, so as to unite with it firmly. The whole was allowed two months to set, and then the centring was struck, after which the plaster of Paris was easily chipped off, the paper, which was found quite soft owing to the dampness

of the grouting, came away without any trouble, and the mosaic reappeared uninjured and without having suffered the disturbance of a single tessera. The defective parts were then made good with painted plaster, as has been above described. The whole operation cost the modest sum of £113."

"Had this sensible plan been followed at Venice, the modern mosaicists might have been baulked of a display of their perverse ingenuity, and have lost

a piece of profitable employment, but we should not have had to mourn the needless destruction of so much that contributed to make St. Mark's sacred in the eyes of artists."

Put Oxford for Venice, St. Mary's for St. Mark's, and you have, with other slight changes, the most cutting comment on our English methods which could be conceived. For these are not the words of an "irresponsible sentimentalist," they are not the words of an "anti-restoration fanatic," they come

from Mr. Jackson's own admirable book on "Dalmatia," p. 364. I appeal, therefore, to the architect abroad from the architect at home; I appeal to him to help us to bring not only the public, but other architects to a sense of their responsibility; to bring the example of all architects to a level with his precept; I appeal to him to join forces with those whose affection for old buildings is certainly not less than his; those whose aims and deeds accord with his utterances: so shall he be spared the pain of destroying the things he admires the most, and then the destruction of historic buildings may cease; and

here I must be content to leave the matter for the present time.

COMING-DOWN LONDON.

THE Supplementary Photogravure illustration given this month is the first of an interesting series. Mr. Frank L. Emanuel has admirably represented this quaint old beer-house: "The Horse and Groom," which is situated in a little blind alley at the back of 130, Holborn-above-Bars, E.C.



STATUE OF A
BISHOP.

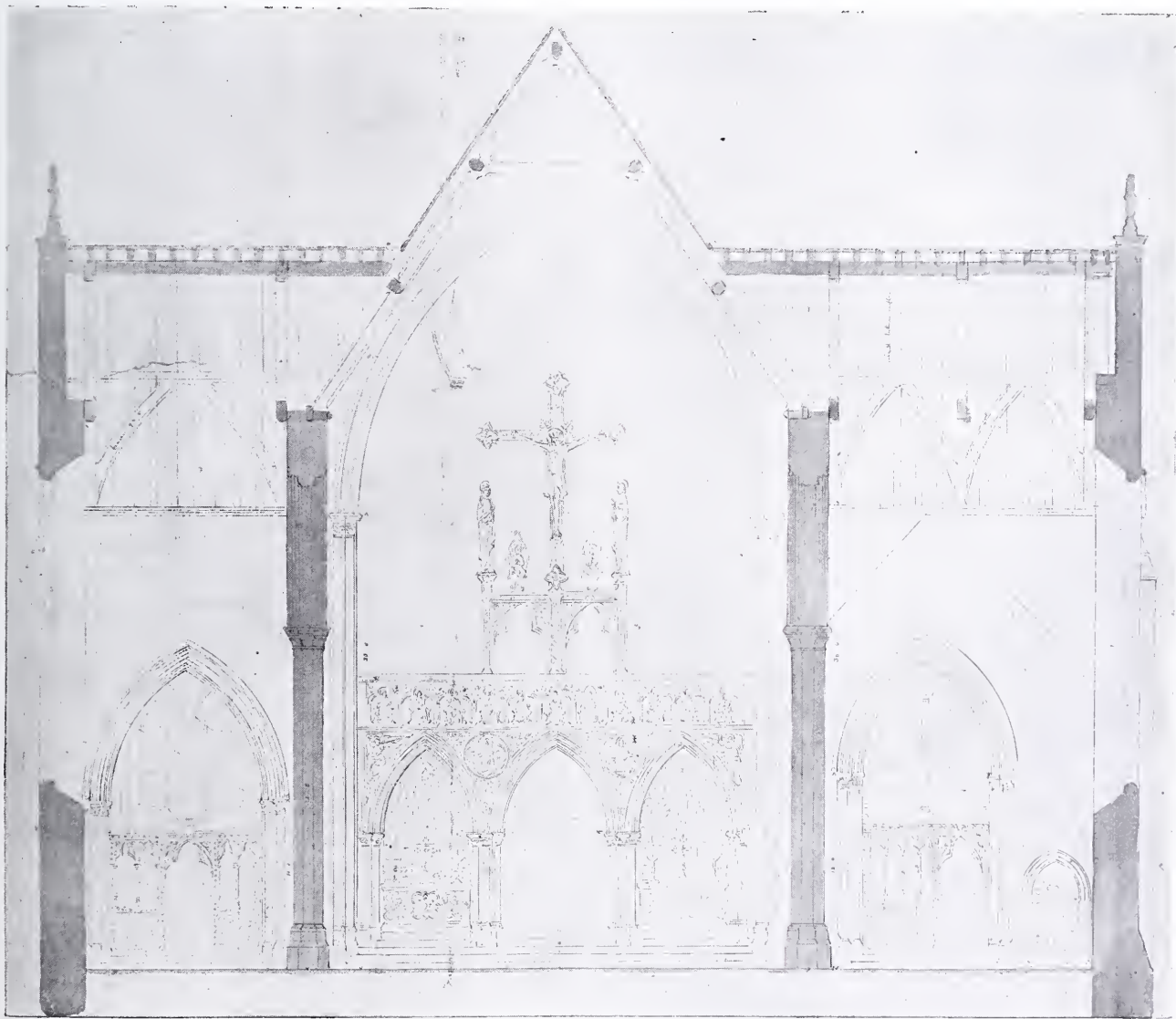
PHOTOGRAPHED BY
H. W. TAUNT.

THE LIFE AND WORK OF WELBY PUGIN: BY PAUL WATERHOUSE, M.A.: ILLUSTRATED FROM ORIGINAL DRAWINGS BY WELBY PUGIN, OLIVER HALL, AND OTHERS: PART SIX.

I AM glad to find myself obliged, before bringing these notes to a close, to augment the information

firm and correct several points as to which I was in doubt, and to lend me the photograph of Scarisbrick Hall which appeared in the June issue.

Mr. Sebastian Pugin Powell has also given me valuable aid, and has lent me, besides the sketch designs for the Milner chauntry at Oscott, a number of original drawings, many of which, though deeply interesting as characteristic pieces of work, and as being what Sir Thomas Browne



SECTION THROUGH ANTE-CHAPEL, USHAW COLLEGE (UNEXECUTED DESIGN).

A. WELBY PUGIN,
ARCHITECT.

that I had already brought together by a few corrections and further facts. The appearance of these articles in print has been a signal to various possessors of special documents and special knowledge to offer assistance in the completion of my imperfect essay.

I must first acknowledge the help of Mr. Peter Paul Pugin, who has been good enough to con-

calls "authentic draughts," were unsuitable, owing to faded pencil and crumpled paper, for printer's reproduction. The two sections of the intended chapel at St. Cuthbert's College, Ushaw, deserve special notice. The section through the narthex corresponds so exactly with the actual facts of the remarkable chapel of St. Edmund, near Ware, that I am tempted to believe in Pugin's having used for

the later building the ideas which remained unrealised in the former. The lancet treatment of the east window of St. Cuthbert's is rather unexpected, as not only is it at variance with Pugin's known

The church near Ware mentioned above, and alluded to in an earlier article, is remarkable, among other attributes, for its great size. Ware is not a place that one has the easy opportunity of



SECTION THROUGH THE CHOIR OF
THE CHAPEL OF USHAW COLLEGE
(UNEXECUTED DESIGN).

SIGNED BY A. WELBY
PUGIN, 1840.

preference for the later periods of Gothic work, and at variance, too, with his usual readiness to design a fully traceried window, but it also has the look of being earlier in treatment than the rest of the church.

visiting any day. One has to wait until, like John Gilpin, one is carried there inadvertently. My opportunity only arrived this summer, and I reached it by way of Gilpin's very road (but on



CHOIR OF THE COLLEGIATE
CHURCH OF ST. EDMUND, NEAR
WARE: FROM THE ORIGINAL
SKETCH BY WELBY PUGIN.

an easier and more modern steed), only to find that St. Edmund's College was five miles off upon the way to Cambridge. The college proper is a mansion of rectangular type, so uncompromising in its formality, and at one time so conspicuous from the road, that a former President was once asked by a travelling companion whether yonder building was a factory. "Yes, sir," was the reply; "a priest-factory, and I am the manufacturer." The house which Pugin built for the President of his day nestles rather insignificant among a thick grove, and is almost unperceived as approaches up a steep drive the stiff Italian façade that must have curdled Pugin's Gothic blood.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE LATE SIR EDWARD C. BURNE-JONES, BART.

COMING at a time "when the funeral pyre is out, and the last valediction over," when all have taken "a lasting adieu of their interred friend," this poor memorial to a new born memory seems already out of date.

At such times one says almost instinctively that words are poor to say what we mean, inexpressive symbols of forgotten things. Yet surely this is only so when imagination falters, or is lacking, when we accept expression as a thing in itself, not as the last term in the sum of emotion, the cry of contending crowds of thoughts. Words are gates opening on many avenues, each leading, however deviously, could we but follow it, down to the very heart of things, and the poorest sentence is a thronged enclosure.

Even Nature regarded as a thing in itself were but a Sodom-apple, yet in her we school ourselves to see, as it were, the thought of God returning on itself through the mind of man, awaking there, where the thought streams meet, the phenomena of perceptible beauty. And the world of words will yield up treasures if we dig below the surface; reveal unsuspected meanings; show the rock of language variously veined and streaked with passion; and here and there disclose the "crystal that doth inclose a teare."

Yet, after all, what can any do but serve to lessen the sense of loss by showing the preciousness of what survives?

Death has this sweetness, that, while it removes a life, it makes a memory; creates a void, and fills it up with precious things. Of all men, the artist, perhaps, need fear oblivion least; for in his work he makes his own monument, and shapes for himself a semblance of immortality. But, even more than this, he writes his memoirs on our minds, and his works are re-imprinted for many generations.

He may be forgotten when those works have perished; his influence is continued by heredity.

This is doubly true of the imaginative artist; though men for a while run after the realist, or admire the patient copyist for what they call his truth; in the end they come back to the man who can feed their imaginations with the fruits of his own. For this reason Burne-Jones gained such power over the minds and affection, not only of other artists, but of the public as well. However we may criticise his methods, all must be stimulated and inspired by his noble aims and by the delicate austerity of his achievement. For there was a fine severity in his rendering even of the most gorgeous scenes; a sensitive restraint marked his treatment of even the most luxurious schemes of colour, and, though rejoicing in colour for its own sake, he was but rarely betrayed into the abuse of it. It has been said that many of Burne-Jones's pictures seem to have been built up as a mosaic, somewhat laboriously, and though this may have happened with a few, it is certainly not the case with those whose images spring first to the mind—"King Cophetua," "The Chant d'Amour," "The Beguiling of Merlin," "Sidonia, the Sorceress, and Clara von Bork," "The Old Mill," and the Perseus series—these are all whole in conception and execution. In the serenity of their aspect, in the richness, the mysterious completeness of realisation, they make one think of still waters tree-shaded under evening light. They belong to no time; they are not of our day; the air they breathe is untroubled; they mark higher things. They suggest visions seen in a magic mirror, of beings moved by other forces, swayed by other passions than those we know. They are as remote from our life as the conceptions of the Primitives, with whom his work has so much in common, and they have the same attractiveness. This raises the ever-fascinating problem of artistic parentage. How comes it that Burne-Jones should regard himself as "a Florentine of the fourteenth century," that we have with us one who might be called the modern Titian, another who makes one think of Velasquez? Is it possible, as some think, that a germ, begotten in far-off days, should have survived in many bodies through many generations, and only in our own day meet with its kindred germ in another body, and be born as the painter of things and thoughts, which had their roots in other centuries? One thinks it might be, and that the mysterious hidden life, subject to all the obscure influences, modified by all the occult agencies, moulded by those world forces which have fashioned kingdoms and dynasties now non-existent, may have suddenly blossomed out into the influential artist we know, giving, by his agency, partial, half unconscious, and, by us,



IN MEMORIAM
SIR EDWARD BURNE-JONES.

EDWARD BURNE JONES,—AH WHAT A TREASURED SOUND
TO SUCH AS LOVE IMAGINATION'S MAZE,
MINDING OF KNIGHTHOOD AND THE TABLE ROUND,
AND ALL THE MAGIC CELTIC LEGENDS BLAZE!
DEAR MATE OF MORRIS, MYSTIC SOCIALIST,
WHO YEARNED TO MAKE A PARADISE ON EARTH,
WEAVING THRO' WORKS THE VISION THAT HE WIST,
THAT TOIL SHOULD FURNISH JOY FOR SLAVISH DEARTH;
TWIN POET BORN WITH PAINTER'S IMPLEMENT,
RICH BRUSH OF GOLD OR POINT OF SILVER ORE,
CREATING DREAMS WITH HUES FROM HEAVEN SENT.
NOW ART THOU GONE TO SHARE THY BROTHER'S LORE.
OUR SENSE IS WILDERED FOR THY PARTED LIFE,
AND SURGING TEARS OERWHELM THE STRUGGLING HEART,
THRO' WHICH HATH PASSED A SACRIFICIAL KNIFE,
YIELDING THEE ALL, IN PLACE OF WISDOM'S PART;
BUT WHEN THESE TEARS OUR ANGVISH SHALL RELIEVE,
AND KIND OLD TIME THE VEIL SHALL GENTLY LIFT,
OUR SOVLS SOME BALM OF COMFORT WILL RECEIVE
FROM LOVE THAT GLEAMS THRO' THINE IMMORTAL GIFT.

1898:



H. RATHBONE.

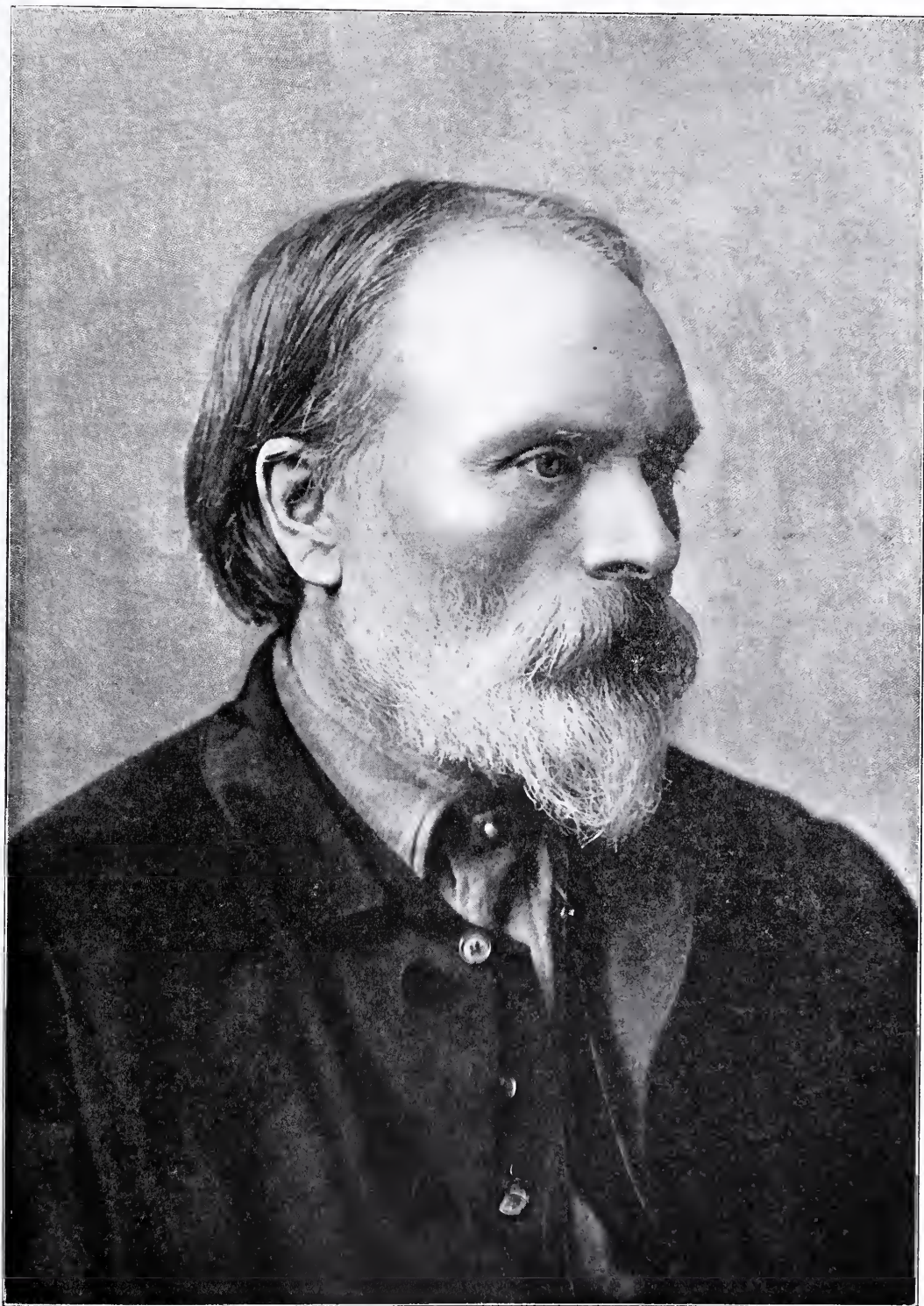
wholly unrealised expression to its mysterious history. Such a supposition, wild as it may seem, is not too wild for possibility. It would help to account for all the dim suggestions of pre-existence, the unexpected sympathies with other lives in other countries and other centuries, the strange sense of familiarity with things and places before unseen. It might explain how it is we see Assyrian, Greek, and even Neolithic types walking in our streets to-day.

If we carried the idea further, we might begin to understand the feeling of mysterious kinship with the lower creation which comes to all of us at times. But, though this would be beside our subject, there is something in Burne-Jones's painting, in the rendering of his subjects, which always rouses eerie speculations, suggests yet untravelled lines of thought. And this, the stimulus to our imaginations, after his great bequest of beauty, the wealth of new types he has left us, is his greatest gift to us. He could not give us to see with his eyes, but by revealing the existence of another world, to which we may at will repair, has added to our term of life, and to its none too frequent pleasures.

His was an ever active life; the fount of inspiration seemed perennial, and his industry unceasing. Many have regretted, and the regrets should strike shame into the minds of many architects, that Burne-Jones never had any great building to decorate. He would often long to be turned loose in some great barn of a church, and allowed to cover it from floor to roof with rich mosaic; and he would do it all himself—not the cartoons merely, but the actual setting of the tesseræ in the wall, for that is where the artistry is shown. He would have loved, too, to fill the windows with stained glass, done under his own eye; fired in his own kiln; leaded under his own guidance. To hear him talk of these things, his eyes kindling, his face glowing, was to get a new idea of the man, and an added poignancy to one's regret that those dreams were never realised. With the exception of Morris himself there has never been a man so variously gifted in all the arts that go to the adorning, indeed the creating, of a noble building, and we have let him go to the undiscovered country without having made an effort to give full scope to his powers. One fears it may always be so. While the man lives all seems possible, any day will do for a beginning; only when Death stoops from her sky and swings him from our sight do we realise too late our opportunities. How much of all Burne-Jones's industry came of the desire to smother by activity unrealised ambitions? One thinks, not a little. Had but one good building been given to him, we might have lost a few cartoons, we might be the poorer for a few paintings, but Burne-Jones would have gained what one thinks at times is

lacking—more virility—and the nation would have been given a priceless treasure house of design. And in design even his detractors admit his pre-eminence; chiefly, one fears, because the power of design is, by many, regarded as a lesser faculty than painting. Considered as the power of covering spaces with ornament, it is the poorest human gift, requiring little else but childish ingenuity; but regarded, as, indeed, it should be, it is the basis of all art. Its presence is felt in the sonata as well as in the sonnet; in the construction of the linked and ordered cadences of words, as in the disposition of a moulding. Underneath all art lies design, the shaping, constructive faculty. This faculty, with that of balance, Burne-Jones possessed in a very high degree. I do not mean to say he always consciously employed it, simply that his vision was constructive, clear, orderly, not misty, not in any way vague or indefinite. His mental atmosphere seemed to have been like that "clearness after rain"; even the darks of it had a liquid depth, a transparency. It is impossible to see certain of the hills of North Wales, with their mountain tarns, or look on the grey rocks in moonlight, without the thought that here at least were some of the influences that helped to make that mental air, that mystical environment. The rounded hillsides, pierced here and there by masses of rock, thrusting themselves up to the light; the armies of oaks entrenched among the boulders, each tree looking like a living creature as it stretches out its arms to its fellows, and makes with them in summer or winter a weird shadow, within which myth and legend seem familiar things. No wizardry is needed to make one think of them. The maid Nimue, and Vivien, and the Great Enchanter himself, one thinks, are ready to appear; any turn in the wood may reveal the castle of King Fisherman, and at every open space one looks for the Knight of the Red Laundes. The influence of Burne-Jones is not confined to his own sphere of art. We find it in contemporary literature both here and abroad. In Maeterlinck, in the later work of D'Annunzio, to name no others, we find the same spirit at work, the same gentle, dreamlike beauty, the same atmosphere, the same remoteness from the present day. It seems as if the master were still working in them. As when the sun sets, and his brightness is reflected from the sky, so it is when a great light sinks below our contracted horizon. It shines still in the faces of the lesser luminaries yet visible in the spiritual sky, and the suddenness of our loss is lessened, and the force of the blow mercifully adjusted to our endurance. Our friend departed seems yet to be with us, in that his accents and deeds are echoed, though the voice be silent and the hand be still.

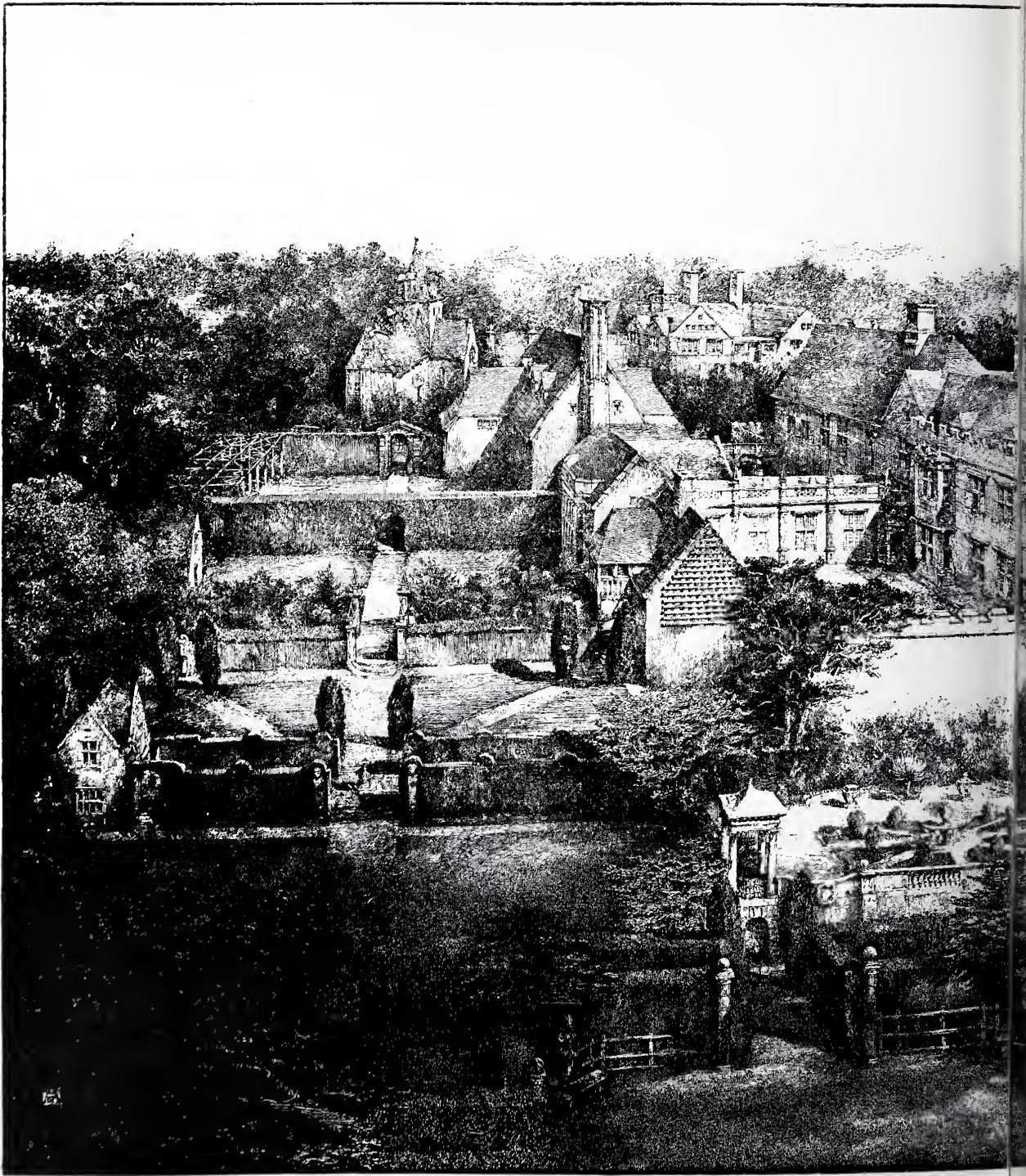
H. WILSON.



(Photographed by ELLIOTT & FRY.)

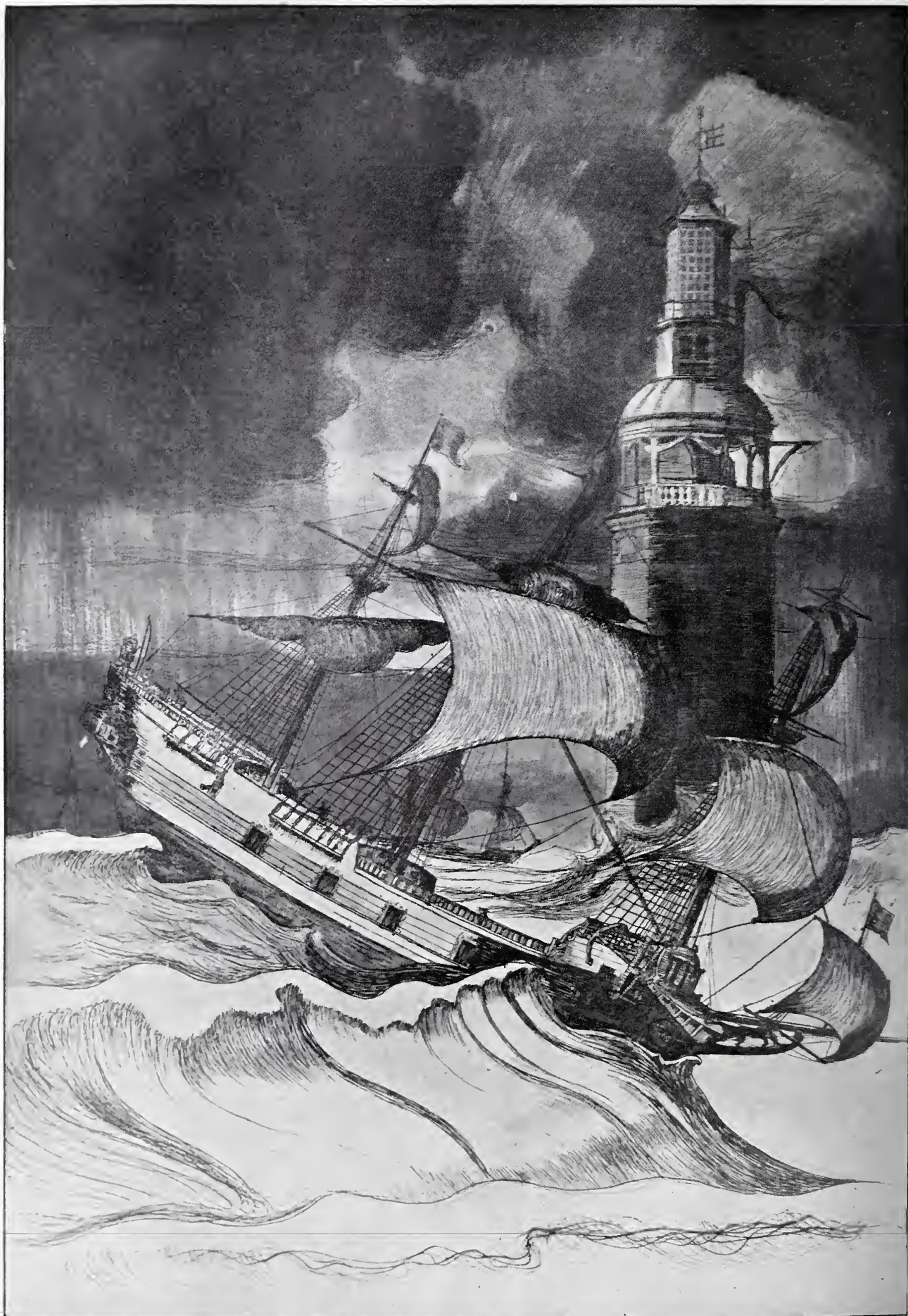
THE LATE SIR EDWARD C. BURNE-JONES, BART.





STOWELL PARK: FOR THE RIGHT
HON. THE EARL OF ELTON: FROM
A DRAWING BY A. BERESFORD PITE:
JOHN BELCHER, ARCHITECT.





THE FIRST EDDYSTONE LIGHTHOUSE :
FROM AN ETCHING, HEIGHTENED BY
WASH : BY EDGAR WILSON.



ST. MARY'S CHURCHYARD, BATTERSEA.

FROM AN ETCHING BY EDGAR WILSON.

THE WORK OF EDGAR WILSON: WRITTEN BY ESTHER WOOD.

IT is often said of this or that writer that he is essentially "a poets' poet;" little known and less appreciated by the public at large, but loved, admired, and studied by the literary few. Such a criticism, though it count for praise among the elect, may have in the world's ears the sound of an apology; implying as it does a breach of the theory that all true Art should be easily "understood of the people." But whatever fate may be in store for that theory in the course of social evolution, we cannot fairly apply it as a test of Art to-day. A vast ignorance of materials and processes—whether of language, line, or colour—separates the amateur critic from the producer of beautiful things. The methods of design, draughtsmanship, and reproduction, are still further removed from common knowledge than spoken or written speech. And the achievements of the modern artist, more especially in the field of black-and-white, are becoming ever more closely bound up with delicate manual and (indirectly) mechanical processes, each requiring for its appreciation at least an elementary knowledge of "how it is done." The average man cares nothing for processes; he is interested only in pictorial effects, and has no data from which to judge them. Thus it happens that an artist of real distinction may be best known by his least serious and important work, and his popular success be hardly commensurate with the esteem in which he is held by his fellows.

Edgar Wilson may in this sense be called "an artist for connoisseurs;" not strictly speaking a painter of pictures, nor even a popular poster-

designer—though his bold "Geisha" poster was at once secured by collectors in America and France. He has reached the public chiefly through the illustrated press, and the mark he has made there is the more significant because it has not taken the form of social satire and caricature, upon which the fame of our earlier black-and-white men was built up.

No one who has intelligently followed the growth of black-and-white art in England during the past ten years can have failed to trace in it a change of style, which we might roughly describe as tending towards the *decoration*—distinct from the *illustration*—of our newspapers and magazines. The dull, conventional covers and title-pages with their stiff rococo ornaments are discarded; and in their place appear all manner of quaint and ingenious devices in line and colour, fantastic and bizarre sometimes, but at least novel and arresting to the eye. On the front page or cover is bestowed the utmost care, for it has to combine the qualities of a poster for the bookstall and a pleasant object for nearer view. The letterpress also has its appropriate headings and tail pieces, harmonising to some extent with the subject-matter, and not bare mechanical indications of a beginning or an end. And not only are the illustrations more tastefully set—distributed and contrasted with more deliberate skill—but a higher standard has arisen for the pictures themselves, demanding that they shall be decorative as well as pictorial. There is a new feeling for composition and balance of design, an attempt at creating atmosphere and distance of quite another order than what perspective alone could supply; and, above all, a way of massing and disposing detail which might be defined as the art of filling a flat space without covering it. Attached

to many typical instances of this change, the signature of Edgar Wilson may frequently be found.

Of course the modern development of black-and-white is too vast to be summed up in these general terms. But they will clearly indicate the direction from which has come the most vital and revolutionary influence that has touched the art of the present generation—the influence of the Japanese.

To Edgar Wilson, as to many of our younger men, the genius of the Japanese is the most potent

employment on the illustrated press has kept him in touch with modern modes and processes, and he has from the first been closely associated with the newer black-and-white school led by Ravenhill, and popularised by Manuel, Eckhardt, and Sime.

Enough has already been written in England on the subject of Japanese colour prints to prepare the reader for the chief characteristics of work attempted on similar lines. We are beginning at last to appreciate in some degree the methods of



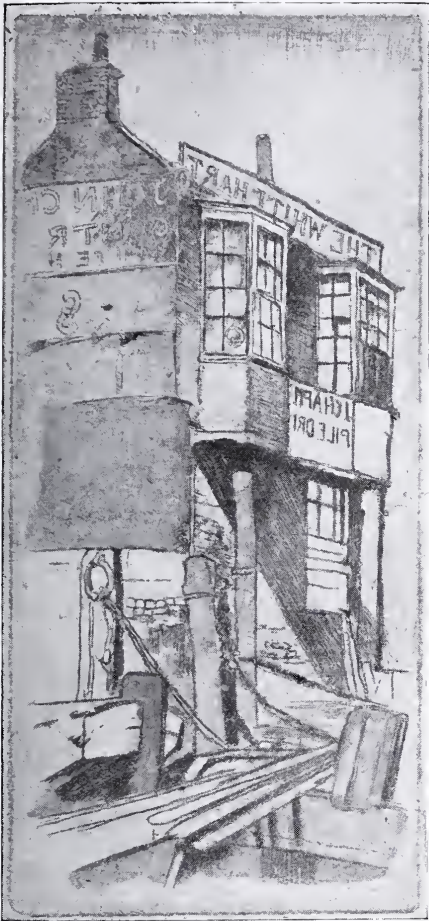
THE OLD SNUFF SHOP, HAYMARKET.

FROM AN ETCHING BY EDGAR WILSON.

inspiration of the hour. After an elementary training at Lambeth Art School, he began to study Japanese art in a fine series of colour-prints, which, in course of time, he gathered together, and which now form one of the three most valuable collections in this country.

Living and working among these treasures, the Artist has the further good fortune to possess an individuality strong enough to use them as "examples" in the true sense of the word, and not as models for copying. At the same time his

the great decorative draughtsmen of Japan; their choice of light and pliable materials—wood surfaces, soft brushes, and fine graving tools; their wide familiarity with natural forms, their revelry in open-air life, their broad symbolism and bold simplifications of detail. We have to recognise the revolutionary import of a tradition wholly underived from those Greek sources whence European art has chiefly sprung. It is of course impossible to naturalise that piquant grace—so utterly different in its artless spontaneity from the piquancy of the



THE WHITE HART, FROM A COLOUR-PRINT
BATTERSEA. BY EDGAR WILSON.

the series of drawings we illustrate. The Artist has endeavoured to see life and landscape with the "single eye," and to transcribe it with a lighter hand: working always towards individual craftsmanship as against impersonal mechanical processes. Besides executing colour-prints in wood after the Japanese method, he has made some interesting experiments in combining these with ordinary etchings. By a careful adjustment of the wood-block to the design on the copper plate, it is of course quite possible to insert simple masses of colour after the line drawing has been bitten and printed from the metal. In other cases a simple water-colour may be inserted by hand, as was done in the picture of the

French—or that eclectic genius in the construction of design. We have yet to break away from symmetrical form and rhythm in drawing as Wagner broke from it in music. Our touch is too heavy, our realism too literal and bare. The Japanese know how to hint and to withhold.

But that new and worthy results may be achieved in our own land is evident in

old house in the Haymarket, where the window-glass was faintly tinted green.

In the landscapes a simplicity of composition and colouring is aimed at. But their chief charm lies deeper than any similarity to the products of Japan; it lies in the distinctive English feeling which the artist has happily kept fresh and sincere. For, after all, the perception of beauty in landscape, the choice and composition of materials for Art, must vary with the attitude of the mind itself towards the beauty of the visible world; whether it be the attitude of a child, finding in it problems, indeed, but of a quite different order from those which perplex maturity; or whether it be the old Greek spirit of mastery over material things, or, yet again, the modern sense of secret enmity between the eternal and the frail—the doubt which makes our treatment of nature tentative, self-conscious, and reserved. It would seem that the national spirit of Japan has not yet been clouded and troubled with these things; or else her people have come nearer than ourselves to the secrets of living, and can worship Nature with a more disinterested love, reflecting her moods without the intrusion of their own. Even in Edgar Wilson's happiest landscapes there is an atmosphere as of a certain meditative pause in the record, which does not occur in a primarily emotional and sensuous art. The thinker has not time to be consistently decorative; or, rather, he keeps that aim in a subordinate place. With the Japanese it is paramount. They choose no subjects but such as can be made beautiful or amusing to the eye; and they know how to turn what we should dismiss as impossible subjects to decorative account.



A BACK-DOOR STUDY.

FROM AN ETCHING BY EDGAR WILSON.

The landscapes of the Japanese are not thus haunted by the "still, sad music of humanity" echoing through them like the voice of an irreconcilable sojourner amid a joy he may not share. That deep antagonism between Nature and the soul of man which the western world has felt so keenly, and which has been at the same time the source of our highest art and poetry, seems not to have disturbed their vision of life, or marred the image of beauty in their eyes. The Japanese know less of problem pictures than they do of problem novels and plays. They have attained age without losing the secrets and illusions of youth.

artist has not shirked the task of making the modern steamship and railway serve a bold purpose in the decorative scheme. In other journals the ornamentation of the inner pages has given him scope for many pleasing little designs more frankly Japanese in character. Some criticism may be made of these, in that, though always facile and original, they seem to result less from happy inspiration than from laborious and conscientious industry—a virtue apt at times to lose itself in a mass of fine detail. Such drawings, however, contrive success by their delicate and unconventional symmetry and the sensitive precision with which they are carried out.



HIGH STREET, MERTON, SURREY.

FROM AN ETCHING BY EDGAR WILSON.

To apply this ideal of freedom in draughtsmanship, this adventurous courage in composition, to the pages of our English magazines, is increasingly the aim of the modern designer. The series of covers for a popular weekly, upon which Edgar Wilson has been at work for more than a year, has included some interesting and ingenious essays in the suggestion of open-air life. In many of these, as, indeed, in the colour prints, there is a well-defined East Anglian flavour—sometimes almost Flemish—which is highly characteristic of the temperament most nearly analogous in the western world to that of the Japanese. The restful plains and undulating uplands, with their breezy ridges so well set with the light tree or homely windmill, afford excellent material for broad effect; and the

Edgar Wilson's line is always that of a decorator, and he recognises in line "the nerve-fibre of Art," (as one of its masters has well called it) "knitting and controlling the whole body." Nothing could better illustrate than these unpretentious yet wonderfully conscientious fragments the difference between the black-and-white art of the sixties and that of to-day. With the Japanese, as with the artists of the Italian Renaissance, subjects we call grotesque are habitually pressed into decorative service; nay, the passion for novelty and variety of treatment has at times driven both to create the grotesque out of the beautiful.

Edgar Wilson's artistic catholicity has seized on many curious and uncanny forms of vegetable and deep-sea life which have seldom been



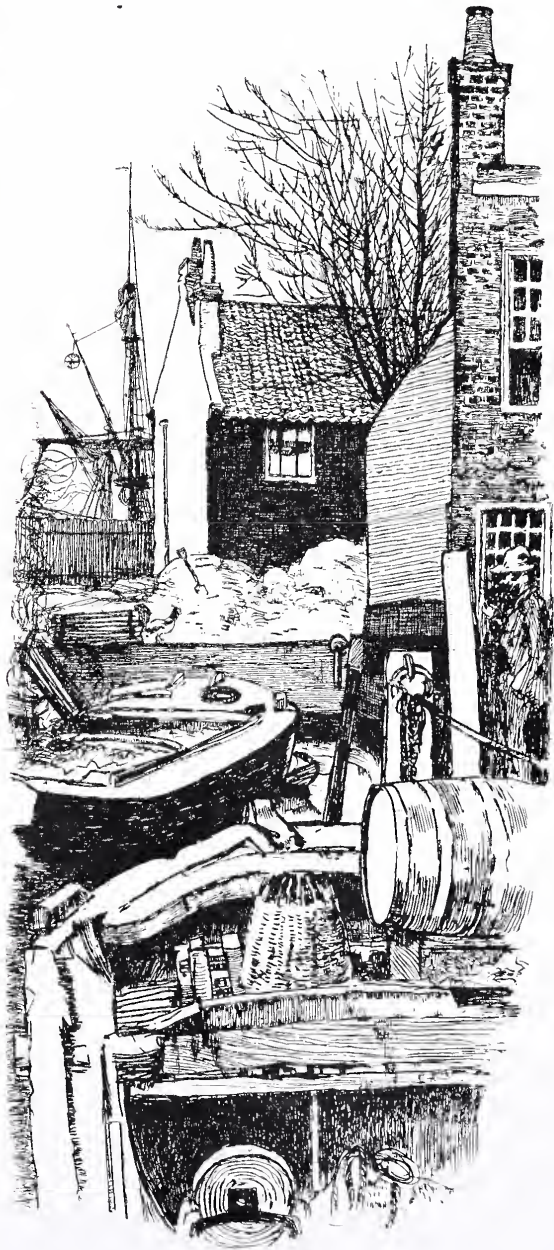
THE OLD HIGH STREET, LAMBETH :
FROM AN ETCHING BY EDGAR WILSON.

decoratively treated in this country. One might argue with considerable force that the selectiveness which may be read as infidelity in the realistic subject picture is the first virtue of decorative art. If the business of a subject painter is to give a fair account of whatever fragment of life he has to deal with, it may be contended that the business of the decorative artist is quite otherwise, namely, to select, compose, and create only beautiful things. Edgar Wilson, on the other hand, does occasionally choose the grotesque and uncanny, and constructs from it a piece of decoration which is rarely unpleasing in its final effect.

The publication of *The Butterfly* in 1892, in which this artist had the collaboration of Raven-Hill, Greiffenhagen, Eckhardt, and others, was a serious attempt in magazine form to bring new ideals of black-and-white art systematically before the public eye. It failed: but Edgar Wilson's cover was almost immediately reproduced in the leading Art magazines of England and America. Praise came too late to save it; but imitation very soon produced a train of successors, from the *Chap-Book* and *Clack-Book* of America to the *Quartier Latin* in Paris.

In his etchings of London and the riverside suburbs we note a similar delicacy of touch and a

mellowness of atmosphere, alike removed from sentimental impressionism on the one hand, and from the hard realism with which the modern pessimist is apt to handle city life. To him who stands between these extreme positions, the poetic fascination of London seems (as a literary critic has said) to grow with the increase of its bricks. Neither the dull mediocrity of the suburbs, nor the sordid fever at its heart, can wholly rob our city of this persistent charm. Probably it is to the river, above all else, that we must look for the secret of its thrall. Behind the magnetic human interest of the streets, the sense of nearness to a great running stream knits us to Nature with a more personal bond than one can feel with the inaccessible earth and smoke-ridden sky. Even the pictorial value of



RIVERSIDE PROSE
AND POETRY.

FROM AN ETCHING BY
EDGAR WILSON.



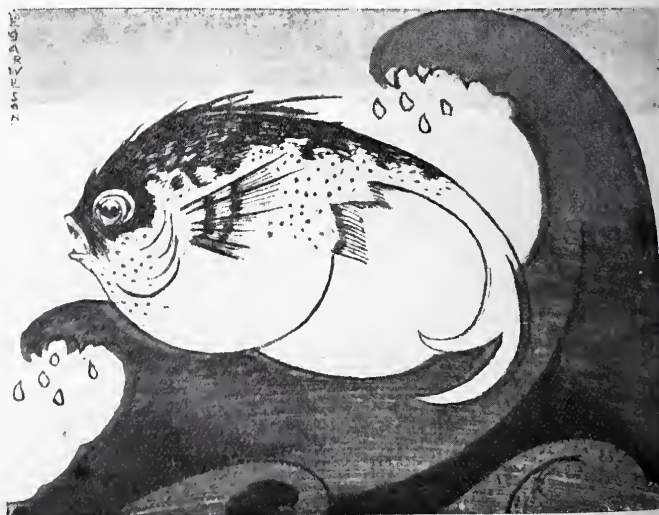
SHIPS OF THE OLDEN TIME. DRAWN BY EDGAR WILSON.

St. Paul's may depend more than we realise upon its being on a slope, and having on one side the spacious atmosphere that betrays the stream below. To London lovers such as Edgar Wilson this has come to wear the aspect of a sentient thing, like a great main artery pulsing healthily on, and showing amid the changefulness of human destiny a power constant and alive. In all his London etchings some such feeling may be read, giving a sort of emphasis to all signs of vegetation and natural colouring, whether it be the weather-worn brick and stone of the old inn by the wharfside at Battersea, or the grimy city roofs and house-backs with their wistful pretence at garden and landscape, their cheery hints at what might be viewed there, as the lyric coster has it, "if it wasn't for the 'ouses in between." One of the latest and most successful examples is the moonlight study of St. Mary's churchyard, Battersea, looking away from the river. The plain, bare forms of the old tombstones, yield a wonderfully cold and pathetic effect. It is, perhaps, because of such sombre and often neutral colouring that London lends itself so admirably to treatment in black-and-white. It would be interesting to see Mr. Wilson follow Hokusai's "Hundred Views of Fuji" with a "Hundred Views of St. Paul's."

NATURAL HISTORY AS AN AID TO ARCHITECTURE.

ALTHOUGH at first sight there may appear to be but little connection between Natural History and Architecture, yet the closer organic life is investigated, the greater are found to be the treasures of Art it reveals, it being impossible to follow carefully any branch of Natural History without gaining inspirations of artistic and constructional value. Let the student take up the study of entomology and glance at the life history of the family of the Neuroptera, or "nerve-wings," so called from the beautiful framework upon which the wing-covering is spread, a framework which might well serve as a study for the filling-in of the windows of our noblest cathedrals. The earlier life of these insects (of which the gnat and stone-fly are familiar examples) is passed below the surface of ponds, where the soft and juicy body of the immature fly forms a most tempting morsel to the hungry trout or perch. It is therefore necessary that some protection should be provided, and in the construction of such protection the little architects give us some of the best examples of the adaptation of local materials to the work required with which the writer is acquainted; such materials appearing in many instances most unsuitable for the work sought to be accomplished. Thus one little fellow, with sticks about one-eighth of an inch in length, artistically constructs a case which the backwoods' settler might have taken as a model for his log hut, with its timbers crossed upon each other at its angles.

Another gains his object by cementing grains of sand together into a concrete tube; or, should his material be too large for concrete, he builds a rubble house, at the contemplation of which the builders of the Irish peels might well hide their diminished heads. A fifth, whose abode is in the warping drains of Thorne, where neither stick nor



A DECORATIVE TAIL-PIECE.

DRAWN BY EDGAR WILSON.

stone is to be found, presses a beautiful little spinal shell into his service, and, without consulting the unfortunate tenant in possession, builds his home of a material which man has used (after its petrification) in the construction of Peterborough Cathedral—a careful examination of whose stones will reveal that they are made up almost entirely of minute shells.

The bee is an almost threadbare illustration, yet few are aware of the mathematical precision with which it constructs the cells of the honey-comb, in order to obtain the maximum of strength with the minimum of material—the primary aim of all good architectural construction. Réaumur having made careful measurements of the angles of these cells, found them to be $109^{\circ} 28'$, and $70^{\circ} 32''$. He then requested M. Kœnig, a skilful mathematician (without informing him for what purpose he required the information), to determine by calculation what ought to be the angle of a six-sided cell, with a concave pyramidal base, formed of three similar and equal rhomboidal plates, so that the least possible matter should enter into its construction. M. Koenig found, by the infinitesimal calculus, that they should be $109^{\circ} 26'$ and $70^{\circ} 34''$, or about one-sixth of a degree more or less than that employed by the bees, and this difference in the measurements was afterwards found to be due to an error in the human calculation.*

No architect would deny the value of a knowledge of geology in determining the site for, or materials of, a building, yet how few of the actual workers in stone know anything of the life history of the rock upon which they are working—a knowledge, the joy of which is so delightfully told in Hugh Millar's autobiography, "My Schools and Schoolmasters." The microscope reveals an inexhaustible fund of designs for "all trades," designs undreamt of by those who have not studied them. With the aid of the spectroscope one may get studies of colour, and, without it, of forms which should be eagerly grasped, not only by the designer in textile fabrics, but by workers in wood, stone, or iron. It also reveals mechanical appliances, from which the greatest engineers could obtain, and in some instances have obtained, invaluable inspiration.

Few of our boasted inventions but have been foreshadowed by Nature; yet most of us are like the conceited artist who would not admire a fine sunset, as "it had been copied from one of Turner's."

One of the most remarkable of our so-called inventions is the spiral wire which is often inserted in india-rubber garden hose, to prevent the tube collapsing. This, as shown by the late J. G. Wood, is simply a copy of an exactly similar contrivance in the air-tubes of the common house-fly,

by which these minute pipes are kept from collapsing upon themselves, and thus hindering the free flow of air through the body of the insect.

The study of human physiology has been well shown by Dr. Alfred J. H. Cristie to be one which might be well and profitably followed by the engineering and architectural student. He asks: "What of the lightness and strength of the human frame, of the protection which the bony framework affords to delicate structures, and of the capacity for repairing injury? . . . 'Fearfully and wonderfully made' is inscribed on every part; and the beautiful thought of Tertullian is now better understood than when first uttered: 'Man is made in the likeness of God; God, in forming the first man, took for pattern the future man, Christ.' . . . The human frame is, moreover, the highest embodiment of the architect and the engineer; its lightness, economy of material, and surpassing strength are unapproached by anything that man has put together."

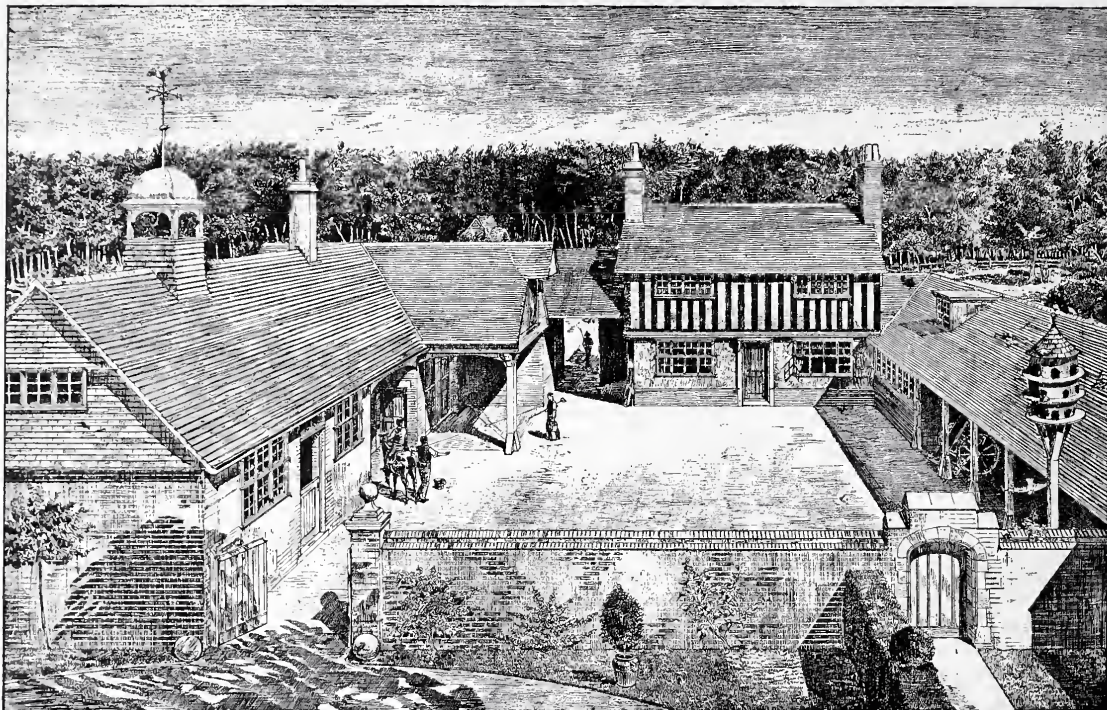
A careful examination of the section of a nautilus will enable the architectural student to appreciate the following extract from Mr. Arthur Stratton's thoughtful paper*: "Wren's staircases within the towers are very cleverly arranged, and almost seem to suggest a study of conchology. They never appear as external excrescences. The line of the front of the steps always runs to the face of the newel and not to its centre, giving the best tread."

No one has made greater use of the "Book who runs may read" than John Ruskin, and, perhaps, no better words could be found in which to close this appeal to my fellow Craftsmen to study the works of God within and around them, than his poetical description of a piece of the Master-Builder's Architecture:—"A fragment of building amongst the Alps simply illustrative of the chief features . . . necessary to the perfection of the wall veil . . . a wall truly of some majesty, at once the most precipitous and the strongest mass in the whole chain of the Alps, the Mount Cervin. . . . It is a vast ridged promontory . . . lifting itself like a rearing horse, with its face to the east. All the way along the flank of it, for half a day's journey on the Zmutt Glacier, the grim black terraces of its foundations range almost without a break, and the clouds, when their day's work is done and they are weary, lay themselves down on those foundation steps and rest till dawn, each with his leagues of grey mantle stretched along the gristly ledge, and the cornice of the mighty wall gleaming in the moonlight, three thousand feet above."

THOS. WINDER.

* Vide "Insect Architecture."

* *Builders' Journal*, Nov. 25th, 1896, page 246.



THE STABLES, HOLCOMBE, CHATHAM :
FOR G. WINCH, ESQ.

JOHN BELCHER,
ARCHITECT.

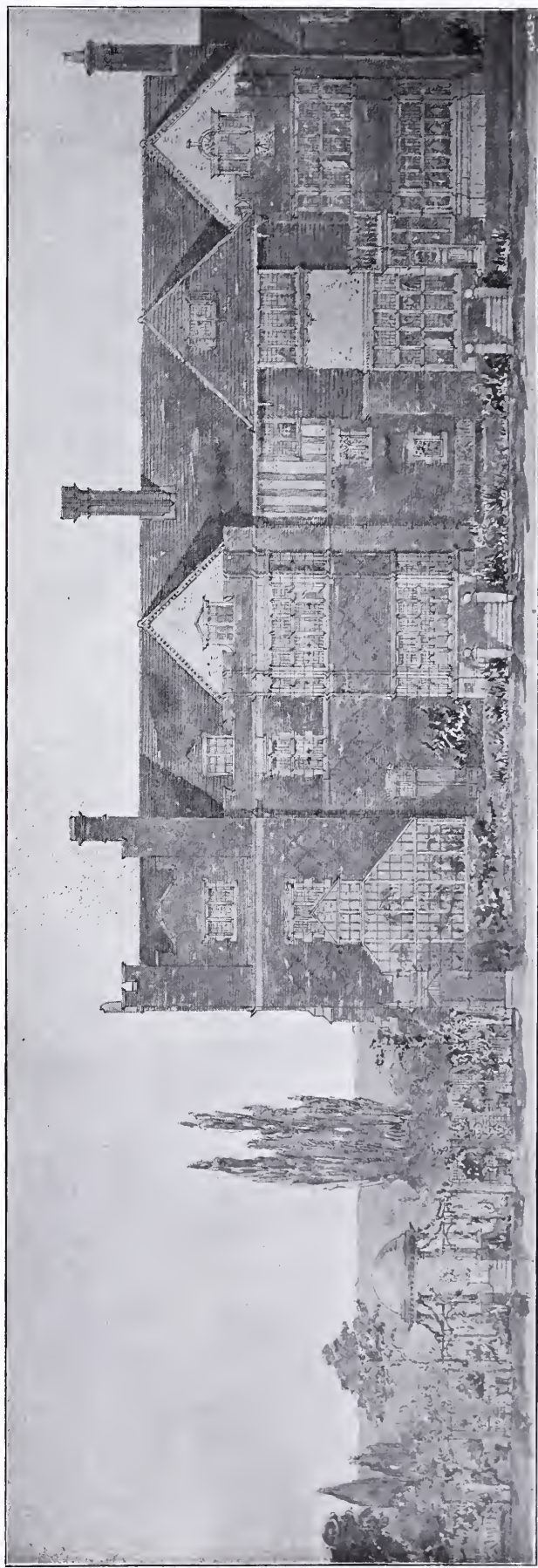
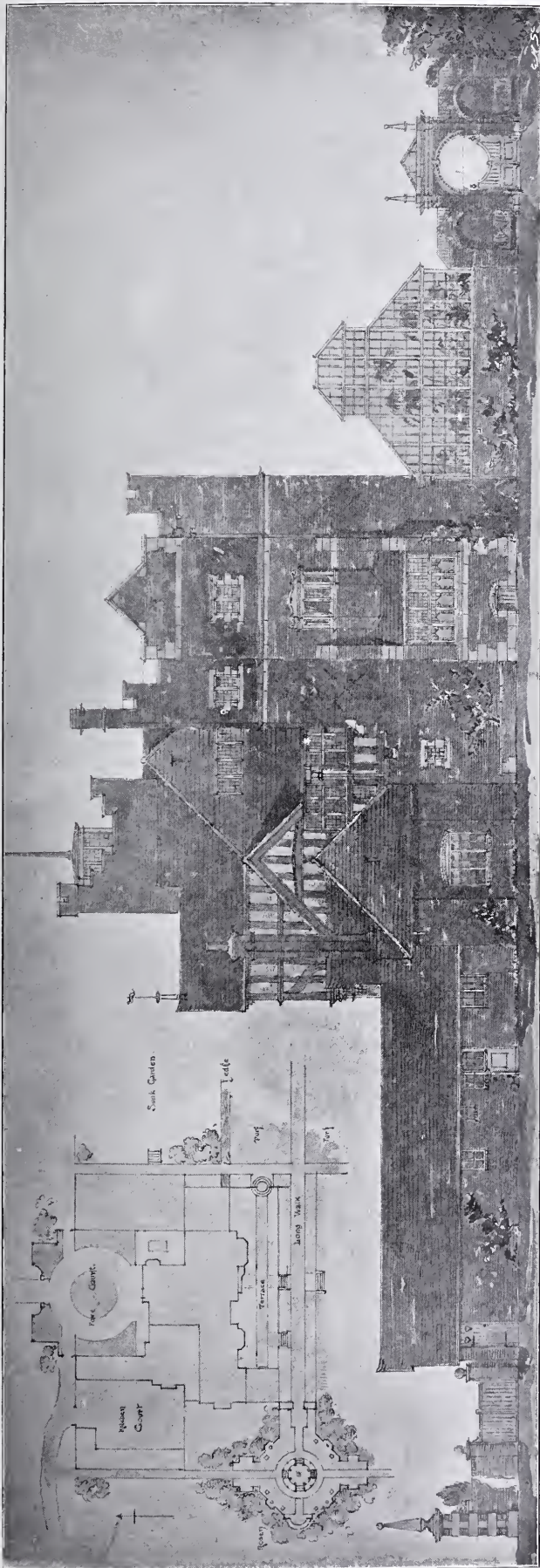
THE WORK OF JOHN BELCHER,
ARCHITECT : A RECORD AND
REVIEW: WRITTEN BY CHARLES
G. HARPER : PART ONE.

NEITHER painting nor sculpture, nor, indeed, any other of the liberal professions, demand so much dry and distasteful labour at their beginning as Architecture, the mother of all the arts, does; nor, it may be added, are disappointments, when they come, so heavy in the other arts as they are in this, for, if the successful architect be, indeed, so successful as to have attained to that front rank of the profession in which commissions for the designing and erection of public buildings are frequent, he knows that the means toward the end must in many cases be calculated with direct reference to that very unstable and inconstant quantity, the unprofessional Board of Assessors. In quite plain and direct English, he has not infrequently to prepare widely different sets of plans to suit the uninstructed prejudices of mixed public bodies; and, to put it quite frankly from the commercial point of view, the end to which all this time and labour are directed is sometimes not worth the trouble. A notable example of how little knowledge of or care for architectural considerations is generally shown may be instanced in the case of the notorious Admiralty competition of some twelve years since, won by Messrs. Leeming and Leeming, whose plans were cut down to some-

thing less than half by the Administration; together with that ancient scheme for the completion of the South Kensington Museum, which, revived at intervals for a generation or so, was offered in a restricted competition a few years back, and, being decided, has ever since then been pigeon-holed in some region or other of red tape. But of this more hereafter.

Articled to his father, Mr. Belcher brought to this beginning of his career the knowledge he had gained as a boy in Paris, where he had been sent to study and sketch, with parental instructions to pay especial attention to the Renaissance, as understood in France. For some years after this he worked in partnership with his father; but, when the latter retired, the subject of this record and review, to quote his own words, "After swallowing Street's Academy lectures, forthwith proceeded on a wild Gothic career." A great deal has happened since then, and he has long since ceased to be influenced by the words or works of such masters as Street or the other bright particular stars of the Gothic revival.

Before, however, he had ranged through the Gothic styles, to come back at last to Classicism and the Later Renaissance, Mr. Belcher found Nuremburg and Rothenburg, and the old cities of Germany full of inspiration. No artist could, indeed, visit those places without being profoundly impressed by them, their spires and towers and overhanging gables, their wealth of quaintly carved



"BEARROC," BERKSHIRE: WEST AND SOUTH ELEVATIONS: JOHN BELCHER, ARCHT. ECT.



HOUSE FOR G. WINCH, ESQ., HOLCOMBE,
CHATHAM: ENTRANCE COURT.

JOHN BELCHER,
ARCHITECT.

wood and fantastical wrought iron; and if he had not at a later date visited Italy and become impressed, as one needs must, with the Renaissance works of Florence and Pisa, he had never, we may safely assume, given us such a work as the building for the Institute of Chartered Accountants. His early studies at Paris would doubtless have rendered him fluent as a *rapin* in designing in the Renaissance manner, but they could not have started that train of thought whose finest outcome has been that building, which has, however, received none too lavish praise, though it may be counted as one of the best modern buildings in the City of London.

The list of Mr. Belcher's works is a long and varied record of the progress of an artist who has worked under the stimulus of widely different enthusiasms. The sense of simplicity has come to him at just that period of his career when it can stand him in best stead. It is, indeed, a far cry in more than one sense from the time when Mr. Belcher worked in partnership with his father, when the Royal Insurance buildings in Lombard Street, the Commercial Union building in Cornhill, and the Croydon Public Hall were erected. It is

not in the designing of such works as banks or insurance offices that the architect, who has constantly before him the fact that Architecture is an art, is to be felicitated. His commission bulks large, but the necessity for planning to serve business requirements hinders the artist in him. Not only is it his to wrestle with the often difficult problems of City sites, which, indeed, would nerve him to perform prodigies, were such the only considerations, but he has often enough to pile storey upon storey of the pseudo-Classical or sham Palladian character, supposed to be the only style for banks and insurance offices. Commercialism, banking, and insurance traditions alike demand it, and that Mr. Norman Shaw's new departure of the early seventies, in the famous New Zealand Chambers, in Leadenhall Street, was not largely followed only proves how strong and how practically invincible those traditions and considerations are. The City has not, so far, witnessed any great revival of the Queen Anne or Victorian Renaissance heresies, and where they have found root there have been those who have disapproved. Messrs. Barings' premises and Mr. Collcutt's

City Bank, on Ludgate Hill, are the only examples that occur to one, and there seems to be no reasonable doubt that many staid City men trembled for their balances when that (to them) strange thing in red brick and terracotta rose from its foundations, and presently disclosed grotesque masks and wrought-iron work of a previously unheard of character east of Temple Bar. Then, when that building was completed and opened, the green-stained panelling, and doors, desks, and counters of the same hue quite completed the dismay of customers, to whom only the time-honoured polished mahogany was legitimate. In fact, it is only well-established banks that can afford to palter thus with Art, and the inexpediency of it seems to be tacitly acknowledged by the mere fact that such experiments have not been continued.

It does not matter so much to private firms in their relations with their customers what the character of their buildings may be, or what manner of furnishing they employ, so long as they be sufficiently lavish in their decoration.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



COURTYARD IN THE STABLES,
NORTHLEACH: JOHN BELCHER,
ARCHITECT.



THE MARRIAGE OF QUEEN ÆTHELDRYTHE.

THE ST. AWDREY OCTAGON SCULPTURES IN ELY CATHEDRAL: WRITTEN BY THE VERY REV. CHARLES W. STUBBS, D.D., DEAN OF ELY: SPECIALLY PHOTOGRAPHED BY THE REV. H. R. CAMPION, M.A., MINOR CANON.

AMONG the Cotton Manuscripts in the British Museum there is an old fourteenth century record, told in the doggerel Latin verse, in which the monks of that time seemed to delight, of the possessions and glories of the Prior and Convent of Ely. It ends with the epitaph of the greatest of the English cathedral builders of the Middle Ages, that Alan de Walsingham, Sacrist and Prior of the Convent, who, after the fall of the central Norman tower of the church in 1321, built the great octagon, the unique constructive feature of the Gothic dome and lantern, which makes the great cathedral of the Fens, in the stateliness and variety of its outline, so utterly unlike any other church in England, or indeed in Christendom.

*Hæc sunt Elyæ, Lanterna, Capella Mariæ,
Atque molendinum, multum dans vinea vinum.*

So begins the catalogue. I may translate it perhaps into English verse, sufficiently true to both Latin sense and doggerel, thus:—

*These things ye may at Ely see,
The Lantern, Chapell of Saint Marie,
A windmill mounted up on high,*

*A vineyard yielding wine yearly:
A simple folk whom bridges guard,
High lands enrich, and rivers ward.
Its name does come, so old men say,
From throng of eels in water way:
Of all the wealth of many lands
This wonder choir before all stands,
Which Brother Alan raised on high;
Let travelled men his fame deny.
A Sacrist good and Prior benign,
A builder he of genius fine:
The Flower of Craftsmen, Alan Prior,
Now lies entombed before the choir:
As Sacrist twice ten years built he,
Then Prior, crowned all in twenty-three:
A sextry hall he built from ground,
And Mepal, Brame, Church manors found:
And when one night the old tower fell
This new one built, yea, mark it well.
So now to end his labours great.
God grant him seat in heaven's high gate!*

These last ten lines, in their Latin equivalent—

*Flos operatorum dum vixit corpore sanus
Hic jacit ante chorum entumulatus Alanus*

—were no doubt inscribed on the great memorial slab, which, age-worn and despoiled of its brass, still lies above his grave, just outside the choir and within the circle of the morning light as it falls into the nave from the lofty lantern windows. This noble dome is Alan's best monument. Of him, quite as truly as of his great successor and imitator in the seventeenth century, we may say—

Si monumentum requiris circumspice.

But that thought, the idea of future fame, was,

we may be sure, far from the mind, impossible almost to the mind, of the devout Benedictine monk of the fourteenth century. For Brother Alan—"Flos operatorum . . . vir venerabilis et artificiosus Frater"—the inspiration was simply, first the praise and glory of God, and then the honour of his great Ely Saint, Etheldreda, virgin Queen and Abbess, founder of the abbey and church in the seventh century, and now, more than half a millennium afterwards, in the fourteenth, under her name of St. Awdrey—as in common folk speech she had come to be called—the most popular, perhaps, of saints in the English calendar.

Indeed, that thought is written large for us on the very walls of Alan's campanile itself. For, midway up each of the eight vaulting shafts which carry the weight of dome and lantern and bell tower, the clustered columns, at the height of the minor arches which flank the aisles, blossom into exquisitely flower-shaped corbels, carrying overhanging canopied niches of strangely original form, and on each calyx, as it were, of these eight flower-shaped corbels Alan has sculptured the eight chief acts of the Foundress Saint.

The sculptures were, doubtless, wrought by the same men who, under Alan's superintendence, were carving the story of the Life and Miracles of the Virgin Mary on the walls of the Lady Chapel, which, contemporaneously with the central octagon, he was building. In these sculptures there is not, of course, the same marvellous delicacy and grace

of line which makes the Lady Chapel work such an ideal of Art and loveliness. In their lofty position such refinement would be, perhaps, somewhat out of place and proportion. But the figures are spirited and vigorous, and the quaint simplicity of composition in each subject seems, perhaps, even more suitable for the old seventh century legends than more elaborate work could have been.

I.—THE MARRIAGE OF QUEEN ÆTHELDRYTHE.

This marriage took place in A.D. 660. It was an important event in the history of the Early English Church, for after the supremacy of Penda's great heathen kingdom of Mercia in Central England was broken, the two Christian kingdoms of Northumbria and East Anglia drew together, and the union was cemented by the marriage of the scions of the two royal houses. Egcfred, the son of King Oswy of Northumbria, married Ætheldrythe, the daughter of Anna, the East Anglian King. The central figure in the sculpture is that of Archbishop Wilfrid of York, who is celebrating the marriage. His crozier and aspergil, or holy water sprinkler, are carried by attendant monks on his left. The King, placing the bride's hand in that of her husband, is apparently Ætheldrythe's uncle, King Ethelbald, her father and mother at this time both being dead. The crowned female figure on her right is probably her elder sister Sexburga, the widowed Queen of Earconbert, King of Kent Abbess of Minster, and



TAKING THE VEIL AT COLDINGHAM.



THE MIRACLE ON ST. ABB'S HEAD.

afterwards her successor as Abbess of Ely. On her right are also three other female figures, and one male figure, with a raised sword or staff of office, which may well be meant for her friend and chief minister, or *major domo*, Owinus (the St. Ovin whose memorial cross may still be seen in the south aisle of the cathedral), who we know from the pages of Beda, accompanied her to the north, and was present at her marriage. On the left of Prince Egcfred, with his hand on the Prince's left elbow, is a male figure in round cap and robe; beyond are four monks.

II.—TAKING THE VEIL IN THE CONVENT OF COLDINGHAM.

The marriage of Egcfred and Ætheldrythe lasted for eleven or twelve years, but it was no true marriage, for in early life Ætheldrythe, probably under the influence of her aunt, the Abbess Hilda of Whitby, had taken a vow of perpetual virginity. In 670, when Egcfred came to the throne, he seems then to have determined that the Queen should give up her vow. He seeks the help of Archbishop Wilfrid. But Wilfrid secretly endeavours to confirm the resolution of the Queen, and finally persuades the king to consent to a separation. "Ætheldrythe"—these are Beda's words—"had greatly entreated the king that she might be permitted to leave the cares of the world, and in a monastery serve Christ alone, the true King, and

when she had with difficulty at last obtained her request, she entered the monastery of the Abbess Æbba, who was the paternal aunt of King Egcfred, which was situated in the place which they call the City of Colud, having received the veil of the saintly habit from the aforesaid prelate Wilfrid." This place is now called Coldingham, and is not far from Berwick, close to the promontory, still named, in memory of the Abbess, St. Abb's Head. In the sculpture of this scene, the Queen is represented kneeling, with devoutly folded hands, before an altar upon which she has placed her crown. Behind it on the left stands the Abbess Æbba. In her hand she holds one end of the veil, which is placed over the Queen's head and falls down on her right shoulder. Behind the Abbess are four nuns, the foremost of which holds her pastoral staff, the crook turned outward. Behind the Queen stands the Archbishop Wilfrid, his left hand grasping the crozier, his right laid in benediction on the veiled head of the kneeling postulant.

III.—THE MIRACLE ON ST. ABB'S HEAD, BY WHICH ÆTHELDRYTHE IS PRESERVED FROM THE KING.

In Book I., Chapter II., of the "Liber Eliensis"—the celebrated twelfth century MSS. still treasured in the cathedral Muniment room—the original authority for all the story of Hereward's defence of the Isle of Ely against William the

Conqueror—the monk Thomas tells us that Queen Ætheldrythe remained in the monastery at Coldingham for about a year, when the king, having repented of his former complaisance, determines to carry her off from the monastery, and to force her to take her part again at the Northumbrian Court. The Abbess Æbba hears of the king's design, and advises her niece to fly southwards to her island sanctuary at Ely. This the saint determines to do. This and the following sculpture represent incidents of her flight. These are the words of Monk Thomas :—" And the Queen going forth secretly with two handmaidens of God, Sewenna and Seware, came to a lofty hill, which was not far from the monastery (St. Abb's Head), which she ascended. But God, who commands the winds and the waves and they obey him, does not forsake those that put their trust in Him, and so by His command, as we believe, the sea, leaving its natural channel and pouring out its waters abundantly, surrounded the hill on which the holy virgins had taken refuge, and as we are told by the inhabitants of the place, for seven whole days, while they continued in prayer and without food or drink, the tide protected them, and what is most wonderful, forgetting its accustomed ebb, it tarried there as long as the King remained. . . . And so the handmaiden of Christ, secure in her rocky eminence, escaped the wrath of the King, and suffered no hurt from him at all. . . . And at length Egcfred returned to York, and thereafter no

longer, as in old days, bore goodwill or confided in Wilfrid, the saintly confessor, but in silence daily nursed his anger against him, and waited for the opportunity when he should depose him from his bishopric. And since it was impossible after every loyal effort to persuade the holy Queen to return to him as his wife, he by-and-bye contracted a marriage with Ermenburga."

IV.—THE PILGRIM'S STAFF OF ST. AWDREY TAKING ROOT AS SHE SLEEPS BY THE WAY, AND BEARING LEAVES AND FRUIT.

After the departure of the disappointed king Ætheldrythe with her two companions proceed on their journey. She crosses the Humber at Wintingham, and builds a church at the village of Altham, near Doncaster. The parish church there still keeps its Dedication festival on St. Awdrey's Day. Thence the pilgrims continue their flight on foot, not by the direct road, for fear of pursuers, but by bye-ways and lanes.

And one day, "tired with the long journey and overcome with the heat, by the grace of God having found a quiet resting-place, sprinkled with flowers of many colours, and fresh with sweet scented grasses, the Queen lies down by the wayside to rest. And she sleeps, watched by her two faithful handmaidens. And lo, when she awoke from her sleep, she found that her pilgrim's staff, which she had fixed in the ground by her



THE QUEEN'S PILGRIM'S STAFF BUDDING.



ENTHRONEMENT AS ABBESS OF ELY.

side, dead and dry, for she had had it a long time, had put forth branches clothed with green bark, and bearing leaves; and when she perceived this thing she stood in wonder, and then with her companions praised God for so wonderful a deed from her inmost heart." And the staff thus miraculously planted "became," says Thomas, "an ash tree, and is the greatest of all trees in that province, and the place where it grew is to this day called *Ædeldrethestowe*, or in Latin, '*Repausatio Etheldredæ*,' and there is now built a church, in honour of the Blessed Virgin, to the praise of our Lord Jesus Christ, who is venerated in his saints."

And where that place may be I cannot say. But the sculptured story at Ely at least carries its own lesson. It is a prophetic parable of the life history of the church of the nation, of its everchanging fortune, of its ever-expanding mission, of its vicissitudes and dangers and trials, many and various, and yet of its essential character, unchanged and unchanging, "the leaves of the tree for the healing of the nation," because of its living root firmly planted "in the word of our God which standeth for ever."

But that parabolic fancy must have been a very dimly realised vision indeed to the Pilgrim Queen of Northumbria, as she fled southwards to seek refuge in her island home, amid the rushy fens, from the distractions of the world. There, in the year 673, she founded her abbey, and became herself its first abbess.

V.—ARCHBISHOP WILFRID INSTALLING ST. AWDREY AS ABBESS OF ELY.

As a piece of artistic grouping this sculpture is probably the most remarkable of all the eight corbels. The figure of the Abbess, seated on her throne, veiled and crowned, with the staff of her office in her right hand, is specially dignified and graceful. The Bishop is supported on his right by four monks; the Queen, on the left, by four nuns. It is, perhaps, noticeable that Wilfrid in this and the following piece of sculpture is represented not as in Numbers I. and II., with the archiepiscopal crozier, but with a simple Bishop's crook. This may be significant of the historical accuracy of the designer of the groups. In the former two scenes Wilfrid was exercising authority in his own Northumbrian diocese. Here at Ely, consecrating his old friend, he is a banished bishop on his way to Rome to appeal against the decision of Theodore of Canterbury, who, without the knowledge of Wilfrid, and with the encouragement of Wilfrid's enemy, had at this time proceeded to the sub-division of the great Northern Diocese.

VI.—THE DEATH AND "CHESTING" OF ST. AWDREY.

In the right-hand division of this sculpture, the dying Queen is represented lying on her bed, her abbatial staff in her hand. At her side stands her priest Huna, elevating the consecrated Host.

Behind him, holding with clasped hands a cross and rosary, stands the tall striking figure of a nun, who may well be St. Awdrey's sister Sexburga, the widowed Queen of Kent, who had early joined her sister's convent, and beyond her again two other nuns. In the second division the dead Queen is being placed in her coffin, which Bishop Wilfrid is blessing. Beyond the Bishop, on his left, stands a monk holding a book, from which the Bishop reads; on his right, the priest Huna with a censer, and kneeling at the coffin end the Queen's physician Kenefrid, from whom Bede learned several particulars of her death. Two weeping nuns are again in the background.

VII.—THE FIRST TRANSLATION OF ST. ÆTHELDRYTHE.

Beda in his History (Hist. Eccles. iv. 19), gives a full account of this translation, and the monk Thomas repeats it with some amplification. These are Beda's words:

"When she had been buried sixteen years, the same Abbess (her sister Sexburga) thought fit that her bones should be taken up, and having been put in a new coffin, should be transferred to the church; and she ordered certain of the brethren to seek for a stone of which they might make a coffin for this purpose; and they having gone on board a ship (for the same region of Elge is on every side encompassed by waters and swamps, and has no large stones) came to a certain desolate little city,

situate not far from thence, which is called in the tongue of the Angles, Grantacæstir [Cambridge], and presently they found close to the walls of the city a coffin beautifully wrought, of white marble, and covered also most exactly with a lid of the same kind of stone. Whence understanding that their journey had been blessed by the Lord, they gave thanks and returned to the monastery.

"And when the sepulchre had been opened, and the body of the sacred Virgin and Spouse of Christ had been brought from the open sepulchre to light, it was found as uncorrupted as if she had died or been laid in the ground on that same day: according as the aforesaid prelate Wilfrid, and many others who knew it, testify. . . . They washed, therefore, the body of the Virgin, and, having put on it new garments, took it into the church and placed it in that sarcophagus which had been brought, where even to this day it is held in reverence."

Thus Beda wrote at the close of the seventh century. But for many a long century yet, the white marble sarcophagus, with the bones of the saint inside, was to remain an object of reverence and centre of pilgrimage. Three times it was moved. The first translation was in 695, from the graveyard to the convent church. Again in Norman times it was moved a few feet further eastward into the apse of the Norman choir. Again, in the thirteenth century to the centre of the splendid presbytery which Bishop Northwold had built in St. Awdrey's honour,



DEATH AND CHESTING OF ST. AWDREY.



FIRST TRANSLATION OF ST. AWDREY.

and there for two centuries longer it remained, the object of a reverence doubtless exaggerated beyond reasonable bounds, until in 1541, by edict of the then Bishop of the See, it was totally demolished, and the sacred relics of the saint, so marvellously cherished through more than a thousand years, were dispersed.

VIII.—THE MIRACLE OF THE DELIVERY OF BRYHTSTAN FROM PRISON BY ST. BENEDICT AND ST. AWDREY.

This legend belongs to a later age. It is told at some length in the "*Liber Eliensis*," and is shortly to this effect. It is interesting as telling us of the origin of those "St. Awdrey's chains," which gave in the event the new adjective, "tawdry," to the English language.

"There was a certain man, in the days of Henry I., who lived at the village of Chatterris, by name Brihtstan, who got his living by usury. Having fallen sick and being in much pain and weakness, he vowed that if by the Divine grace he was restored to health, he would don the habit of a monk in the convent of St. Etheldreda. Upon his recovery he accordingly prepares to keep his vow. But a certain man, Robert Malarte by name, a servant of the King, but especially a servant of the devil, hearing of the matter, falsely accuses Brytstan of wishing to become a monk only that he may conceal his robberies from the king. The innocent man is haled before the judge at Hunt-

ingdon, and by false witnesses condemned. He is carried away to London in chains and cast into a dungeon. There he remains for many months in much torture and agony, praying ceaselessly, and calling for help to St. Benedict and St. Etheldreda, to whose service he had vowed himself. And at last his cry is heard. One night a bright light shines in the dungeon, and he is aware of two dazzling figures, and a voice speaks to him and says, 'I am Etheldreda whom thou hast so ceaselessly invoked, and this is St. Benedict, in whose habit thou wishest to become a servant of God. Dost thou wish to be freed from thy bonds?' and then, turning to Benedict, the holy virgin said, 'Lord Benedict, do thou what God has commanded.' And the saint stooped to the chained prisoner, and taking one of the rings between two links in his finger drew it easily asunder, and cast the chain from him with such vehemence that he woke the guards. They immediately enter the cell to find the prisoner released from his bonds. The matter is reported to Queen Matilda, who sends one of her chaplains to investigate. He reports that indeed a notable miracle has been wrought. Bryhtstan is released. The rumour of the miracle spreads like wildfire through the city. He is followed by crowds from shrine to shrine. At Westminster he is received by the Prior and Convent with such honour as would be ordinarily only given to the relics of a saint. Queen Matilda expresses the hope she may be allowed to retain



A MIRACLE OF ST. BENEDICT AND ST. AWDREY.

the iron collar and chains, but Bryhtstan begs that he may be allowed to take them to the convent of St. Etheldreda. The Queen consents, and orders that he should be conveyed to Ely with all honour. On his arrival, the people of the city, young and old, virgins and widows, and an innumerable multitude received him with thanksgiving to Almighty God; and the Bishop and all the brethren of the convent receive him praising God and St. Etheldreda. And there he takes his place, having donned the habit of a monk. And the chains by which he was bound are hung up before the altar in the church, in memory of so great a miracle, and to the praise of our Lord Jesus Christ, to whom be glory and honour for ever and ever. Amen."

And there for many a long day they seem to have remained, a cause of much reverence, and probably of superstition. At any rate, to the pilgrims who all through the Middle Ages flocked to St. Awdrey's shrine, it seems to have become a

custom of the Ely monks to give, in memory of this miracle and of the virtues of St. Awdrey, and as a memento of their visit to the Ely convent, miniature shackles, like those of Bryhtstan. These are "the St. Awdrey chains," which at a later time had degenerated into plaited ribbons, and are still worn in the form of blue rosettes on the surplices of the Minster choir boys every year on October 17th, the day on which, as the calendar of our English Book of Common Prayer indicates, English folk are still asked to commemorate not least among the chief makers of England, in the childhood of the nation that nursing mother of our Israel—"Etheldreda, Virgin, Queen, and Abbess of Ely."

More than eleven centuries have sped into darkness since her death. Dynasties have risen and have fallen; empires have sprung into grandeur, and have crumbled into dust. Thirty-six generations of men have been born, and have passed away.

But Ely Minster, built over St. Awdrey's tomb, still perpetuates the memory of the Virgin Queen. Many of the religious conceptions which swayed her life have, thank

God, been corrected by that heavenly light which shines so patiently and impartially, and shows all things in the slow history of their ripening. Much even of her story, as told in these old sculptures, is only symbolical and legendary. But just as it is round the highest mountain tops that the mists most densely gather, so legends only accumulate round great and holy names.

Long then may St. Awdrey's memory blossom in perpetual benediction, long may the stately Minster in which her story is carved remain potent to uplift the hearts of men to the reverent worship of Almighty God, and not less to teach them that in this primal building art there is room for the marking of man's relations with the mightiest, as well as the fairest, works of God, something also of the truth that the wealth of this world may be turned from man's pride to God's praise, and that the best that earth can yield may be gathered where men come to meet with God and to wait upon his self-revealing.



CHIMNEY-PIECE ON FIRST FLOOR AT 7, CROSS STREET, BARNSTAPLE.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY W. G. DAVIE.

EARLY SEVENTEENTH CENTURY PLASTER-WORK IN BARNSTAPLE: BY OWEN W. DAVIS: SPECIALLY PHOTOGRAPHED BY W. G. DAVIE: PART TWO.

THE Church of St. Brannock at Braunton is described as "the fayrest church in those parts of one span." It is full of interesting mediæval detail. The carved bench ends are too well known to be described here. The churchwardens "beautified" its carvings, etc. (with limewash), as per tablet so inscribed, during the last century, the which, however, has been religiously cleaned off.

Some of the parochial registers are pithy and quaint enough. Thus writes the parish clerk of Barnstaple:

"Mrs. Elizabeth Horwood, buried in *Woolen** 27 Novr., 1678. She made her will, and gave me £5. I wish that all good people that are buried in Barnestaple would do the like if they are able."

In a village church register by Barnstaple we find: "1648. There were none married in this year in regard that we had no minister." Here is a curious town record: "Oct. 19th, 1633. That no stranger be made free of this borough, under a fine

of £5, unless he marry a burgess's daughter, then to pay 40s."

In the borough records there is an entry: "July 30th, 1653. Paid Charles Hearson for setting up a *tome* stone on the Key, £2." This stone was used as a writing-table by the merchants, probably the name meant a stone to put an account-book on. Anyway, it was lost sight of until a few years since, when it was restored to about its original position.

Many descendants of the French refugees, who landed at Barnstaple, still live in the town and its neighbourhood, their names having become Anglicised. Thus Roche becomes Rock; Prideaux, Pridham and Pridicks; Fontaine, Fountain; Boursaguet, Bussacott; and Ramboilet, Rumbelow.

One sits down nowadays and discusses coolly enough anent walls, donjons, and castles; but it would be, indeed, strange to us were we enabled to hark back (as our descendants may be able to do, aided by the camera and phonograph) and realise the time when a now peaceful town was a grim fortress and the inhabitants clad in mail. Days of—

"The good old rule, the simple plan,
That he should take who had the chance,
And they should keep who can."

The old English buildings in our many country towns and villages are rapidly vanishing, and little reck the modern improver when he demolishes a work of Art, that he destroys an individuality

* An Act was passed in 1677 to restrict the importation of linen from beyond the seas, and for the encouragement of woollen and paper manufacture in the kingdom. It was instituted "An Act for Burying in Woollen," levying a penalty of £5 if a body was shrouded in linen."



CEILING ON FIRST FLOOR:
7, CROSS STREET, BARNSTAPLE.

which has given, and would give, reciprocal pleasure to thousands. It is as Lord Lytton puts it: "In proportion as we cherish, and revere these heirlooms passed on to us, so the soil on which we tread becomes hallowed ground, and we feel that patriotism is no idle name."

So much for the history of Old Barum. Barnstaple and its neighbourhood, up to date, has been scarcely touched upon, for are they not written in the many guide-books which concern themselves anent the beauties of the North of Devon?

From the times of Cheops to those of Queen Victoria, all buildings of any pretensions at all have been plastered internally, unless they were of wood, marble, or properly faced stone. Church restorers who leave the rugged wall surface bare have little or no authority for so doing.

The houses of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries are often to be found ornamented both inside and out with mouldings, foliage, figures, emblems, and other enrichments, executed in plaster.

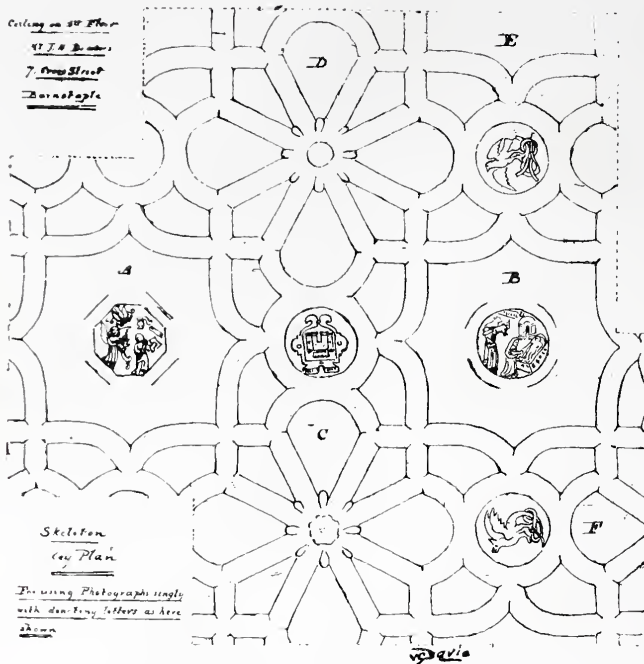
The exquisite photographs taken by Mr. W. Galsworthy Davie will enable the reader to judge the character of the Elizabethan examples still existing in Barnstaple. Details here illustrated are from 7, Cross Street, where they are duly appreciated and cherished by the owner. Two portions from a large ceiling on the first floor are here shown. In a circular panel at the bottom of one of them is the town coat of arms—a castle mounted on a Flemish escutcheon. The centre of the other represents the Annunciation on a fine cartouche and

strap-work shield. The vigorous rendering of the animals, the easy growth of the Venetian foliage, and the beautiful arrangement of the moulded ribs, with their delicate and varied running borders, leave nothing to be desired in this masterful piece of decoration. The temptation of Eve, Abraham's obedience, and the Nativity, occupy some of the other large panels, combined photographs being introduced here to show the geometrical pattern of the ceiling. To obtain a general grasp of this large and boldly modelled ceiling, one has to lie supine on the floor, the room being only about eight feet in height. The upper portion of a chimney-piece in the same room contains a cartouche panel, with strap-work interlacings, supported by two highly-relieved figures in the costume of the period. The central subject portrays the entry of the spies into Canaan. The pattern of the ceiling on the ground floor is composed of the Tudor rose, fish, and pomegranate foliage, the latter kept somewhat flat, but crisply modelled. The geometrical setting out is very happily conceived, and boldly executed. There is a ceiling of very similar design to this one at Northampton Towers, Islington. Many other good examples of plaster work exist in the adjoining houses, Cross Street being an important thoroughfare at this period.

The bedroom ceiling from the Golden Lion Hotel, dated 1621, is of the same type as those already referred to; it shows how pluckily the old craftsman disposed of the sloping portion, caused by the roof, and hesitated not to put the corbelled figure



CEILING ON FIRST FLOOR: MR.
J. N. BREWER'S, 7, CROSS
STREET, BARNSTAPLE.



PATTERN OF CEILING ON FIRST FLOOR OF
7, CROSS STREET, BARNSTAPLE.

out of centre of the rib, to conceal an obtrusive rafter. This is a somewhat "fetching" apartment; it is easy to imagine the tapestries, furniture, and casements, which for the nonce kept company with the ceiling. The glamour creeps over one on descending a few steps into this old bedroom. In the same room there is a delicately foliated gable panel surmounting a frieze of winged horses, swags, and shields, as will be seen from the illustration. There is a similar frieze at the Temperance Hotel, and another in a house at Totnes.—We shall glance at the cause of those repetitions later on.

The ceiling in an upper room of the Golden Lion Hotel is similar to the Cross Street examples. Here the old "Stuccoer" has cleverly introduced the same design to decorate a pitched ceiling next the sky. By coving it under the apex of the roof, and naively dropping a pendant or two, he makes quite a different thing of it altogether. The strap-work in the gable has been a masterpiece in its time; evidently the central portion was occupied by a subject in character with the ceiling, for the county arms in the square panel are obviously of later date. The stucco or parget work generally is left in the white, with the exception of this ceiling, which is much deteriorated by the crude grey colouring of the groundwork, ribs, and running ornament therein. Judging from the plan and general proportions of the building, it must have originally possessed a fair Elizabethan frontage facing the High Street and South Gate.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

LECTURES ON ART.* BY SIR E. J. POYNTER, P.R.A.

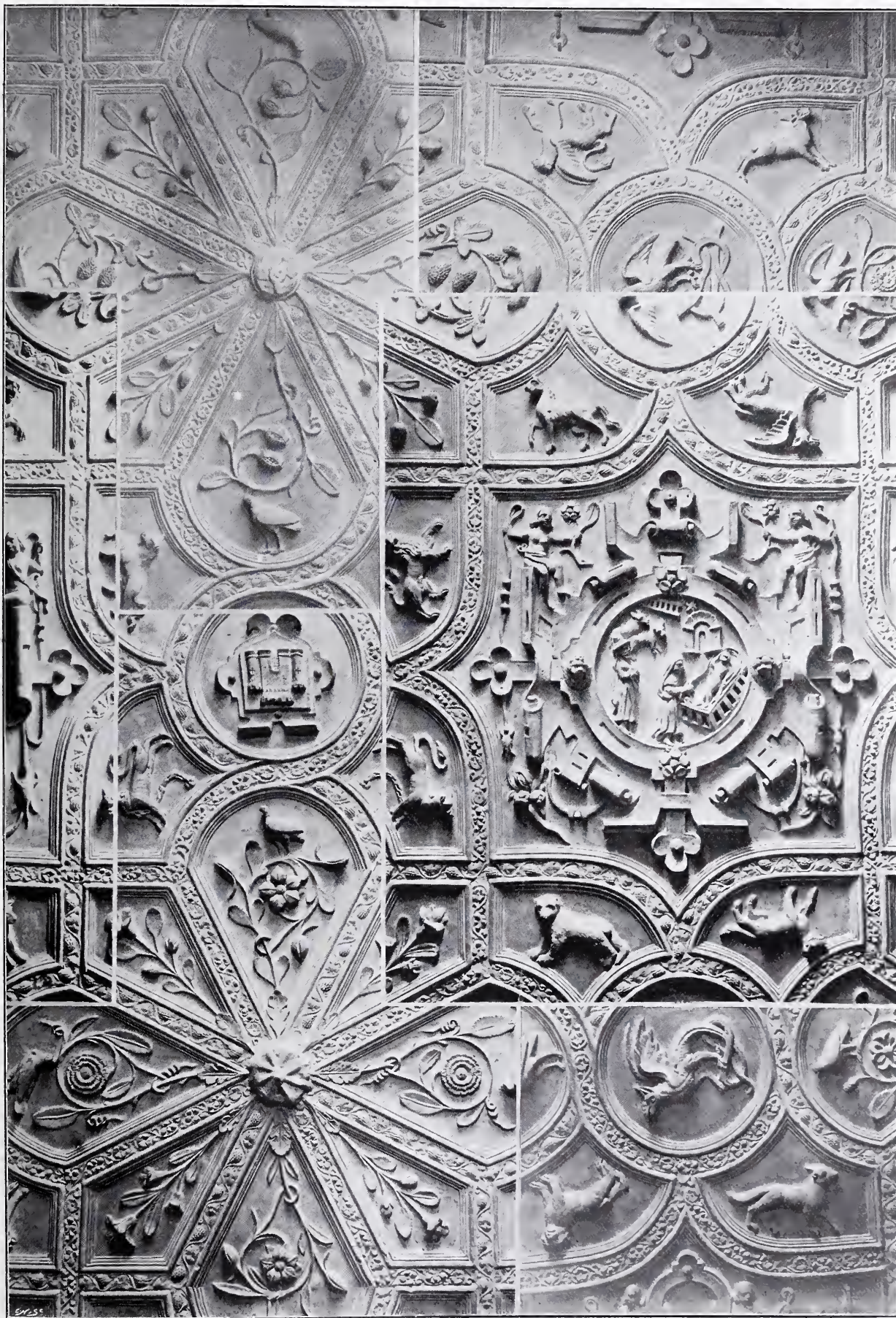
A BOOK which appears in a fourth edition without any material addition having been made to its contents may be considered to be already sufficiently known—to Art students, at least—and to be wanted as much to-day as ever it has been. An artist so variously gifted as Sir Edward Poynter is heavily taxed as to time, and we have here the case of a man whose native inclination, it may be supposed, was merely to be and produce, and who for the last twenty years has been prevented from pursuing his natural bent. Though intended by Nature to paint, it happened that we, wanting someone to talk, appointed him Slade Professor of Art in 1879. There followed, as a matter of course, a number of lectures, delivered in London and elsewhere, which filled in due time a fair volume. As book openeth book, so honour succeeds to honour, and the Slade Professor of Art becomes the Director of the National Gallery. When Leighton and Millais died there were greater artists among their survivors perhaps, but certainly none so well fitted as he, by virtue of special knowledge and general attainments, to succeed to the office of President. So the new P.R.A. is one of the heroes of a generously jubilant year, and there is enough in the fact to account for an immediate reprint of his book. The spirit of the age has materially changed since its appearance, and has not left Art untouched. If time had allowed, there is little doubt that the work would have been revised in parts, supplemented in parts, and generally brought up to date, as we say. That the volume even now is rather for the last generation than this, is proved by the

* "Lectures on Art," by Sir E. J. Poynter, P.R.A.; 4th edition. London: Chapman and Hall.



CEILING: GOLDEN LION
HOTEL.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
W. G. DAVIE.



CEILING ON FIRST FLOOR: 7, CROSS STREET, BARNSTAPLE: PHOTOGRAPHS COMBINED TO SHOW PATTERN.

fact that the French painters Corot and Millet are never referred to, and that the English Art student is never directed to study the paintings, say, for instance, of Millais, or Watts. It is not to be denied that there is in the lectures a great deal of helpful advice; but even when it was given there was certainly a full score of English artists at work to whose paintings he might have referred for examples. Even if the dedication had not suggested comparison, it would have been difficult to avoid comparing Sir Frederick Leighton and Poynter, for there is little or nothing here that the former might not have written. We remember we said years ago that Mr. Poynter should have been a sculptor, perhaps because

J. Poynter, as one having authority, and not as your servant the scribe, has been fated to speak, sometimes by invitation, sometimes in pursuit of his duty, upon many related subjects. As generation succeeds generation with alarming rapidity in the Art School, there is little danger of sound advice being repeated too often, and his addresses to students should be as helpful to-day as they were when the Slade School was started. That they are not as a whole entertaining, is probably due to the fact that it is always as a merely eminent man and not as an individual that he is invited to speak. What he has to say he says simply and plainly, and we are convinced as we read of the extreme value in particular cases of a



BEDROOM CEILING: GOLDEN LION HOTEL, BARNSTAPLE.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY W. G. DAVIE.

of a *je ne sais quoi* that seemed to hinder his being a perfect exponent of passion, so far as passion can be expressed by colours in combination. What the one might have been the other undoubtedly was. Taking as the test of perfection the degree of skill that the painter displays in representing the human figure, it would be difficult to award the palm, for mere academical training could hardly go further than with Mr. Poynter, and the honours may be divided between them. But there is more than the cold perfection of the Professor in Leighton's best work. It is warmer, at least, to look on, and what is colour on canvas but love at large and aflame?

Let us now to our task of reviewing. Sir Edward

sound academical training. As knowledge of grammar acquired early regulates and facilitates verbal expression when the need of expression is felt, so is it with the language of Art, which, once learnt, is never forgotten.

Agreed that the grammar of Art should be learnt early, how doubly, trebly important it is that the beginner should be properly taught! Consider what lives have been wasted, what impulses thwarted by wrong-headed teachers in schools! Mr. Poynter spoke strongly against the methods of instruction in vogue in our Government Schools, and proposed, when the Slade School was started, to introduce into England, as far as it might be possible, the routine of the French atelier—a change for the better, indeed, as the results



GROUND FLOOR CEILING AT MR. J. N. BREWER'S,
7, CROSS STREET, BARNSTAPLE.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
W. G. DAVIE.

have abundantly shown. The lectures addressed directly to students can scarcely be read too often, and on this account the latest edition of the book should be heartily welcomed.

For the general reader there is a mixed entertainment, and to him the volume would be more valuable as a contribution to the literature of his subject, if it contained either original thought, or suggested that the writer, in addition to a specialist's knowledge of technical matters, had also the philosopher's habit, which leads him to see in the History of Art only one aspect of the world's history. In a lecture on "Old and New Art," he says of the modern artist "that, either from motives of indolence or interest, he has allowed himself to be led by the opinion of the public, instead of being, as of old, indifferent to it"; to which we reply at once that the "Artist of old" to whom he refers, had no public to be indifferent to. If there had been, there is no doubt whatever that he would have bowed to it, for *cherchez le Patron* was the rule

of life then, as now. It need scarcely be said that the author has a good word for really good work, however inspired, and that he speaks at least with respect of whosoever has mastered the *métier*, or business, of painting, so as to be able to picture to perfection what he selects; but we cannot help thinking that his sympathies with the different schools would have been quickened had he paused to consider at times how the thought of the age compels the event of the age, and the consequent productions of artists. Take only the Dutchman, for instance. Was he to be *débarred* from painting because the Dutch-

man had freed himself? Because the Inquisition was hateful to him? Because either the climate, or his Puritanical abhorrence of flesh, compelled him to go about laden with clothes? or because it pleased God to make him and his cousins in England exceedingly ugly as compared with Italians and Spaniards? Whether sensitive on this point or not, he was very properly proud. There was never a country so hardly won for its people as Holland, and none so dearly beloved. What the Dutchman knew best he loved best, and as for the grammar of Art, the painter had nothing to learn. At this



PLASTER ORNAMENT IN BEDROOM:
GOLDEN LION HOTEL, BARNSTAPLE.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
W. G. DAVIE.



CEILING IN AN UPPER ROOM OF THE
GOLDEN LION HOTEL, BARNSTAPLE.

PHOTOGRAPHED
BY W. G. DAVIE.

point I may quote Sir Edward, who says that "the whole of the best art of Europe, from the thirteenth to the sixteenth centuries, shows one continuous struggle to get nearer to the realisation of the splendid effects of roundness and solidity of Nature." But the Painters of Holland showed not their full strength until well into the seventeenth century, and by then they had all requisite knowledge behind them. The question for them was not how to paint, but rather how best to be rid of their masters.

I have cited the case of the Dutch School to prepare the reader, who may happen to be a portrait or landscape painter, to find himself treated to faint praise in a similar manner.

As there is already enough in this book about

Michael Angelo, I cannot but think that Sir Edward should not at this date have reprinted at length the heated rejoinder to Ruskin, which appeared in the other Editions. What may have been apposite then seems strangely inappropriate now. E. R.

A N EYE FOR FORM AND COLOUR.

THEY were two flower-girls of the Great City, that sat at the curb of the dusky pavements, tying their nosegays in the rain. They were unsheltered, for though they shared in partnership a precarious contrivance of apparent bicycle spokes and tattered rags of silk, known to the firm as the "brella," its services had been concentrated to the protection of the less hardy flowers that lay in the two baskets at their side—moss roses and violets in little bunches for the decoration of gentlemen on their pleasuring, and large, dishevelled, wide-eyed daisies, tied into greater bunches for the enchantment of the simple passer-by.

The rain fell scantily but continuously, and in heavy drops that, with a venomous sting, spurred through the thin sleeves of the elder woman's alpaca bodice, on to her round, hard arms, when her occupation of tying the nosegays compelled them forth from the cloak that scantily covered her shoulders. This was folded to fall in a peak upon her back, wherein dwelt that pathetic appeal which is seen in the back of a vigorous woman who labours unsewn in the customary buckram of her sex. Above the strong-set figure, prematurely a woman's, glittered at her ear the characteristic gilt endants of her class. The



FRIEZE IN BEDROOM: GOLDEN LION HOTEL, BARNSTAPLE.

brown hair, untidily knotted low upon her neck and dank with glistening moisture, marked her further; while a great fringe of hair starting out about her head defied the elements under the shelter of the rolling brims of her hat. Here a pink and a green ostrich feather swept in voluptuous wreaths, and fell in drooping curves over the wearer's neck; but the luxuriousness of the composition had faded and vanished. The rich, curving curls were tangled and twisted in a moulting despair, and the apex of the pink plume was broken across at an angle; there was, in truth, a lacking of serenity in the whole, and it was as though the two feathers and the bow and a great rusty steel brooch had lately been in a quarrel. But the wearer was content, as is the soldier to wear a fragment of shabby ribbon on his jacket: it was symbolic. Just such another she had, with feathers yellow and blue, reserved at home for a gala day still to come: just such another, pinned in newspaper, and as yet unknown to the public gaze.

"Annie," she exclaimed to her companion, "there's the toff guv' me the shillun' last week—'im with the rabbit skin and the white choker. You git over with the mossers!"

The lesser partner of the firm, gone to hawk moss roses across the street, was in appearance as in years but an overgrown child, lank and thin and run to seed. Her gawkiness was emphasised by her being manifestly apparelled throughout in other people's clothes that were as lavish in voluminousness as they were lacking in length of skirt. Her stockings hung loose about her ankles, and were lost in the cavernous tops of two enormous alpaca boots with elastic sides. The tags of these boots, as they were the most conspicuous, were also the only complete and perfect item in her poor equipment. She had no cloak, and her hat was designed in no presumption to salute the gaze; but it was only becoming that this distinction should not yet fall to her, for she, unlike her comrade, was but a novice and poorly qualified in her profession of flower-seller. She shuffled back to the baskets, holding her wrists, for her sleeves left them exposed, and the constant drops made the bones ache.

"Tanner," she said, resuming her seat. "'E 'ad a mosser for 'is butting'ole. 'E didn't arst 'ow much. 'E arst where you was, though."

"Gar'n."

"Yus 'e did. 'E says, '*Wahre's yore fren*'?" I says, 'She's on 'er pitch,' I says; 'where she ollers is,' I says. '*O, ar, yus*,' 'e says."

"What, d'yer answer 'im then?"

"I didn't say nuffin'. 'E took 'is 'ook."

There was continuance of rain, and the younger woman's gown was soaked with water about the shoulders so that she could hear the spatter of the

drops at her ear, and the ruddiness of her companion's firm cheek was at last being encroached upon by the grey-blue mottlings of cold. But they were merry, for they had sold their flowers.

Woody by the bright and warmly-lighted windows of the shops, they came to one in particular where rich bridal bouquets and funeral wreaths lay side by side, and dainty medleys of rare flowers rested lightly on pillows of crimson and black velvets. The blossoms, all sprinkled with a heavy dew of moisture, shone out in the night, and glittered under the cunning shaded lamps, and in one part tiny incandescent glows sparkled among the very nosegays and in the hearts of the flowers themselves. It was as beautiful as Fairyland; and beyond there moved at ease, with soft lace at her throat, a fairy-like lady with sad, weary eyes, and dainty cheeks of delicate pink, and very pearly hands.

The flower-girls, with their heavy baskets pressing the wet clothes to their skins, gazed in silent delight, and breathed heavily on the plate-glass, so that the fairy, had it been a less harsh and rainy night, would most certainly have directed them to move away.

The younger girl was overwhelmed; she had so much to learn. She envied her friend her information even above her new feathers. Wondering, and all lackadaisical with admiration of the costly anthologies, she leaned in slouching weariness against the glass, and slowly smeared her shoulder across it to pass in completer review the beauties and rarities beyond. To one side some single cut blossoms were arranged sparsely upon a velvet background. The flowers, culled from the forests of the far Brazils, were strangely crabbed and twisted, and variously streaked and pied in vague, unusual tints—like spotted lizards rather than like flowers. The girl's attention concentrated upon them and awoke.

"What's them spidery things, Lizz?" she queried. "Ain't they a guy! I never seed none o' them at the market." She pointed with a forefinger that was lapped with a dingy cotton rag, where, at the joint, the continuous pulling and breaking of the tough daisy stalks had cut her.

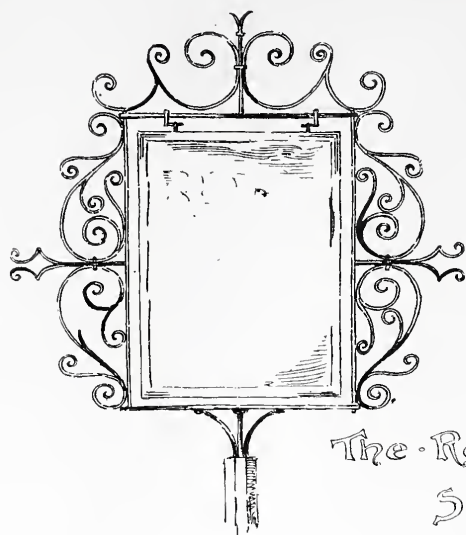
The predominant partner, in her rôle of showman, was braced with a high sentiment of professional competency.

"Ah!" she said, "they'll be 'awkards'; I know all abaht them."

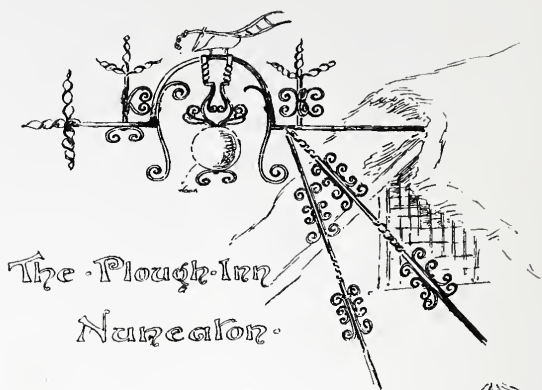
"Awkards, Lizz? Gar'n! Ain't they got no other naimes?"

"*Awkards* is their naime. Why, can't you see they are? They're jist as awkward as they can be. They ain't got no proper shape, they ain't got no proper colour, and that's 'ow they knows 'em."

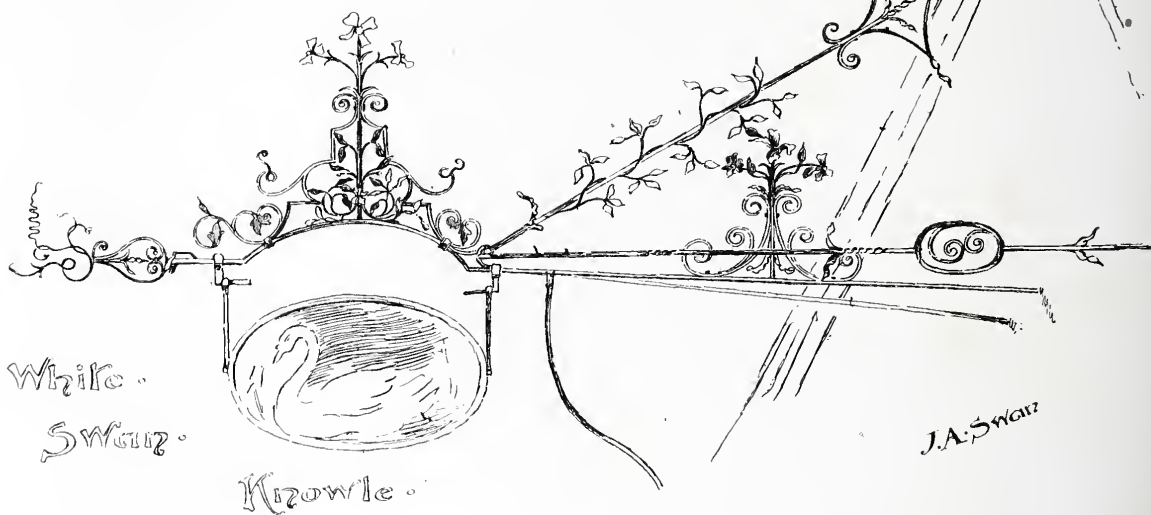
BULKELEY CRESWELL.



*The Red Lion
Stratford.*



*The Plough and
Harrow.*



*The White
Swan.*

Knowle.

J.A. Swan

NOTES ON OLD IRON SIGNS AND GATES IN WARWICKSHIRE: LETTERPRESS AND ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES A. SWAN.

OF the decorative ironwork on which old inn signs were hung, gates, lamp brackets, weather vanes, and work generally found in exposed positions, Warwickshire has many excellent examples, turned out of forges some two or three centuries ago, when almost every wayside inn had its sign dependent on hammered ironwork more or less ornamental, as the sketches show, and when many of the villages had amongst their local celebrities an honest and artistic blacksmith, whose work remains to this day a record which the most modern worker need not fear to imitate.

Although much has been written already on this subject, still the following notes may be found of interest, they being confined solely to the county mentioned above.

As far as remains show, probably the most important centres were Warwick, Coventry, Strat-

ford, and Birmingham, their work being known and spoken of by contemporaries long before the sixteenth century. As it is generally difficult to fix the exact period of any particular piece of work, where dates are mentioned it is to be understood they are only approximate; to judge by appearances is misleading, as in many cases paint has been used so freely as to obliterate traces of old age. But some inns and places have carefully kept records which are of great service, and go far to show that between the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries was the time when much of the best work was done.

Of signs there are, roughly speaking, two classes: firstly, those which are hung from ironwork attached to a building; and secondly, those which are attached to a post usually standing in an open space—a prominent object in front of a building.

With regard to general details, the material used in construction was chiefly wrought iron. For the framework a square section from $\frac{3}{4}$ in. to $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. is found, though in some positions, where the support acts like a cantilever, a flat section is used with advantage; for scroll-work a section $\frac{7}{8}$ in. by $\frac{1}{4}$ in.

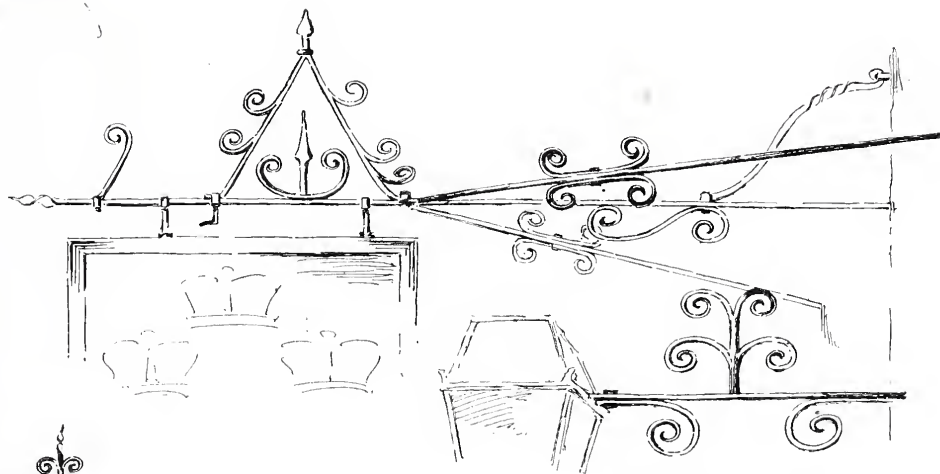
or 1 in. by $\frac{3}{4}$ in.; and for ties and struts various sections, usually square, combine to make the more ornamental part lasting as it is sometimes beautiful.

On analysis most signs will be seen to be made up of a series of scrolls. These are very often in the form of the letter C, while others have more

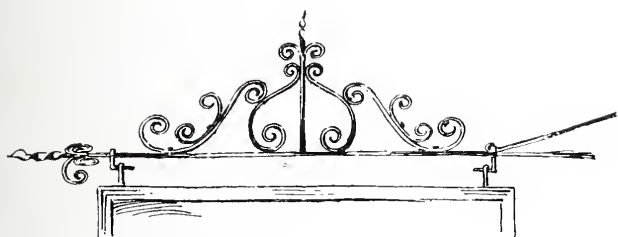
out over the road, a conspicuous object seen on entering the village; and perhaps it might be noted that good effect is gained here by the background of a perfectly plain plastered gable. The sign-board itself is quite a minor feature, the elaborate ironwork surrounding it being a remarkable combination of natural forms and scrolls of strap-work, with side



The Leather Bottle.
Digbeth.
Birmingham.



The Three Cows.
Digbeth.
Bham.



The Shalford Arms.
Shalford.



East Gate House.
Warwick.

DRAWN BY JAMES A. SWAN.

florid detail, with leaves, flowers, bosses, and various natural forms beaten out of sheet metal, sometimes welded together; but in the best and most effective work ties or links are used of sections. These, with other decorative details, such as spikes, finials, &c., were chiselled out of solid iron.

One of the finest examples of signs is to be found at the "White Swan" Inn, Knowle, which stands

stays and tie-rod also treated ornamentally. The strut to central bearer has the usually severe straight line replaced by a simple curved piece. Iron of a circular section has been used in the delicate stems and twisted forms like the tendrils of the vine.

At Warwick the "King's Head" and "Nelson" inns have good specimens of the scroll work type.

This is a place where much that is beautiful was turned out, and where, fortunately, there is still left a good quantity; and, apart from signs, some of the old gates and features in connection are worthy of notice. Those at St. John's Hospital are particularly fine, of sixteenth-century work. There is some fine hammered work here in gates and frieze above, which unfortunately cannot be seen now, as it is thickly overgrown with ivy, as also the stone piers. The railing is broken up by panels at intervals, finished with a sort of console where it runs into the piers; and probably the same man produced the railing round the Earl of Warwick's tomb in the Beauchamp Chapel, the detail being very similar. And while mentioning gates, those at Sutton Coldfield Church have been noted as having points in common with those at Warwick, and as a part of a gate the arched cresting at East Gate House in the same town is interesting for its architectural lines. Birmingham at one time must have been particularly rich in signs and other ornamental features requiring the use of wrought iron work, but those times have long since passed away,

and almost the only bits remaining belong to the signs of "The Leather Bottle" and "Three Crowns," Digbeth, interesting only perhaps for the fact that they do remain.

At Stratford there are many old and interesting examples of signs. That of the "Red Lion Inn" is one which stands away from the building and is supported on a post. It is specially worth noting, for of this kind there are few to be found.

The "Stratford Arms" has one of a common type—an effective combination of plain scrolls. The "Plough Inn," Nuneaton, has a curious specimen without a sign-board, but the small model of a plough explains what the name is intended to be. The feature of a gilt ball makes one think it was made up from a pawnbroker's sign.

There are many other instances in which the sign-board is dispensed with, and conventional figures of a lion, fox, crown, or cup, &c., are treated in beaten iron or copper, and sometimes the figure is shown in outline only, with iron the same section as the scrolls.

Among other things which the blacksmith turned his hand to may be mentioned weather vanes, and even the hands of clocks, both of which are to be seen on old church towers. Of the former, those

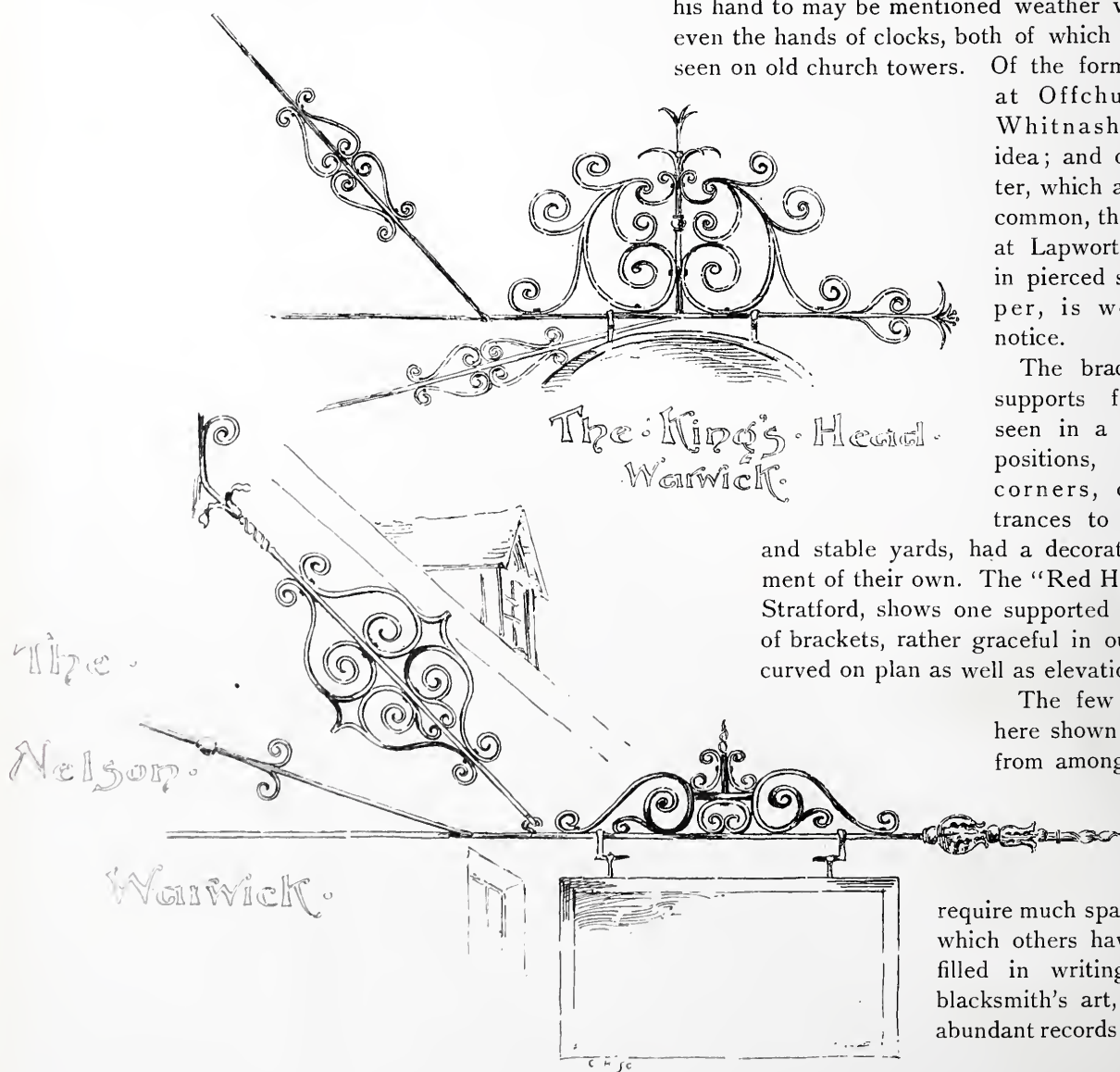
at Offchurch and Whitnash give an idea; and of the latter, which are not so common, the example at Lapworth Church, in pierced sheet copper, is worthy of notice.

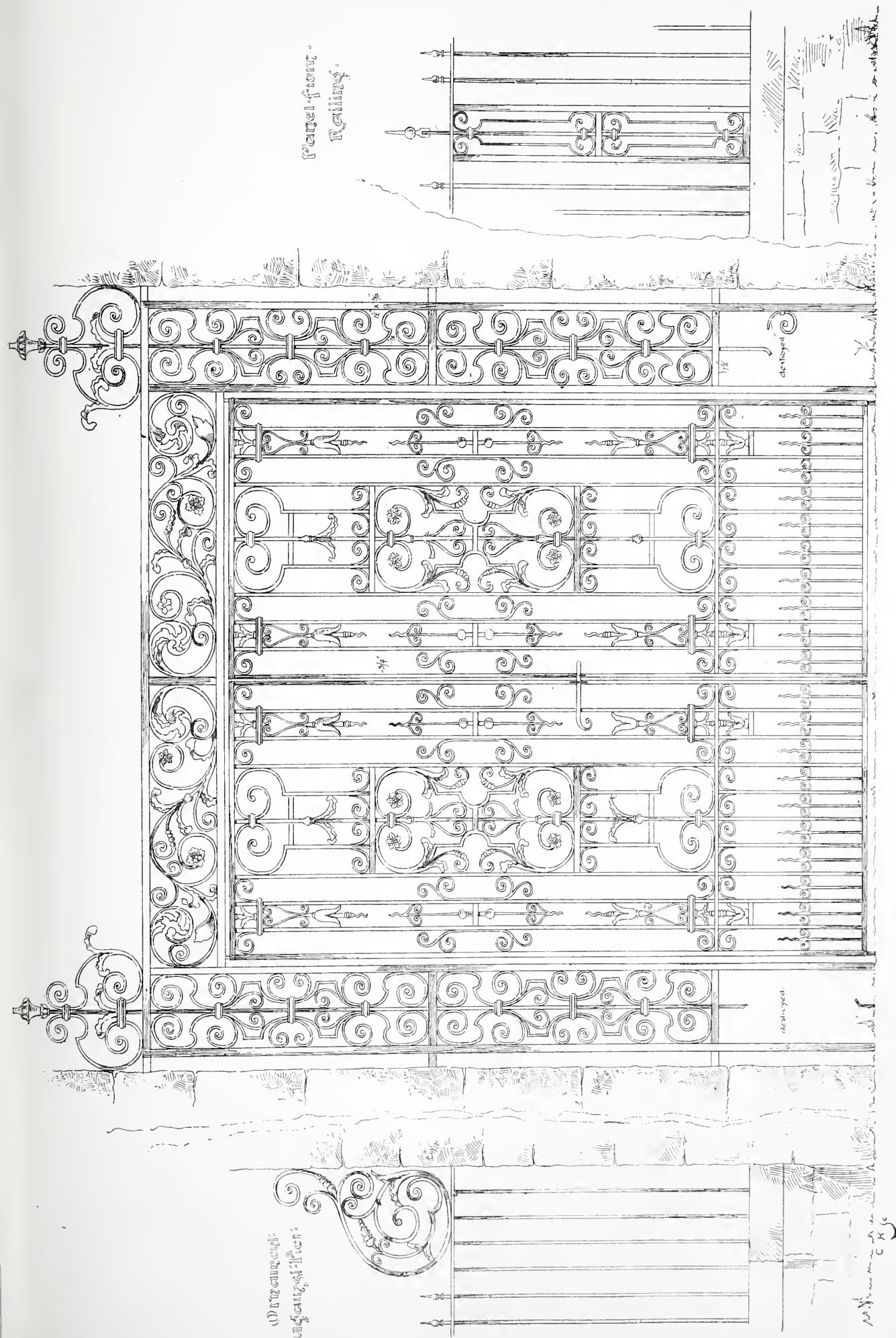
The brackets and supports for lamps seen in a variety of positions, as street corners, over entrances to hostleries

and stable yards, had a decorative treatment of their own. The "Red Horse" inn, Stratford, shows one supported on a pair of brackets, rather graceful in outline and curved on plan as well as elevation.

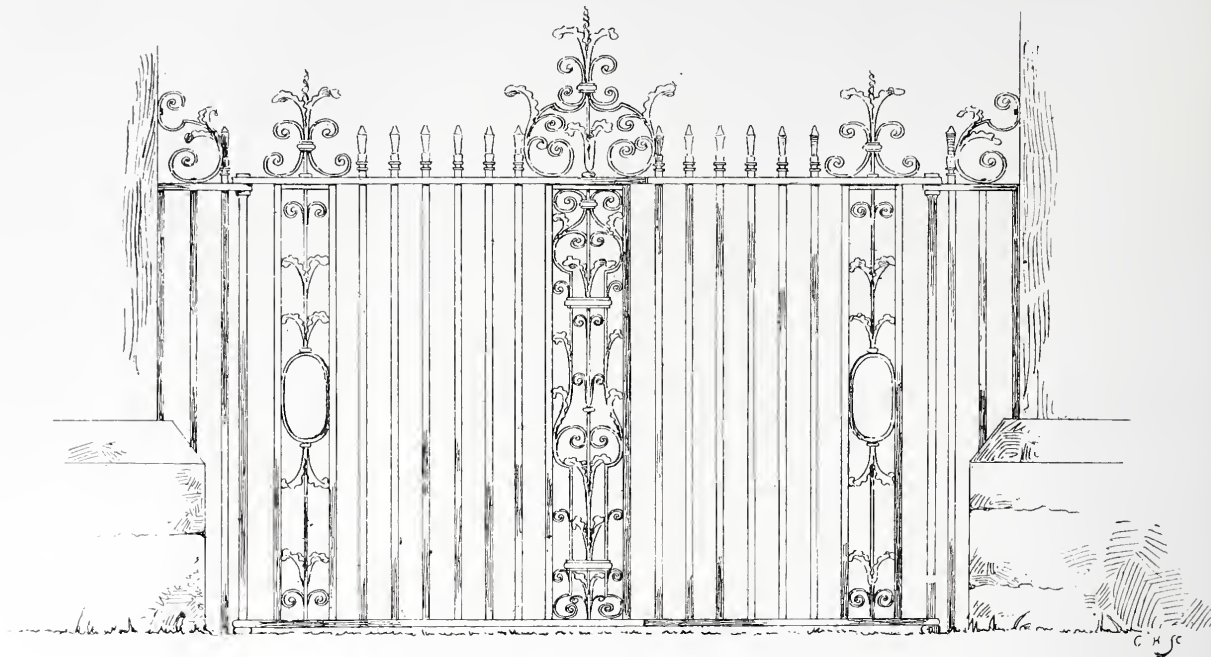
The few examples here shown are taken from among notes of many, and to mention all would

require much space—space which others have already filled in writing of the blacksmith's art, of which abundant records have been





FROM ST. JOHN'S HOSPITAL, WARWICK:
DRAWN BY JAMES A. SWAN.



From · Sutton · Coldfield ·

DRAWN BY JAMES A. SWAN.

Church ·

left in Warwickshire of perhaps some of the best work to be found, and one cannot do better than visit this county, where time can profitably be spent in viewing its old half-timber houses, while engaged in studying the decorative metal-work.

CHURCH BUILDING AS IT IS AND AS IT MIGHT BE: AN ADDRESS DELIVERED IN THE JERUSALEM CHAMBER, WESTMINSTER: BY E. S. PRIOR: CONCLUDED: PART TWO.

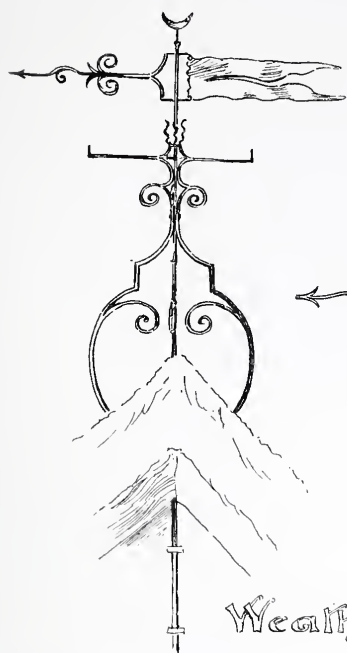
If, then, in this Chamber, the Church admits itself concerned in the art of building being a true Art, let me pass on to the other plea.

It will, perhaps, be maintained here and elsewhere that the Church has, to the best of its ability and knowledge, regarded Architecture as an art. Has it not employed, and does it not now employ, Ecclesiastical architects? I have, I think, prepared the way to speak on this head. The Church has employed Ecclesiastical architects; perhaps it has been exploited by them!

Now, in showing that Art is of necessity in the nineteenth century the expression of personality, that this personality has the least chance of expression under the system of professional architecture and building by contract, under the system of agency instead of personal work, I have hoped to set up a gauge by which to measure the present

position of Church building. I am not asserting the bold propositions that no artist has a well organised office; that no artist can be a member of the Royal Institute of British Architects; that no artist does the business work of a surveyor. But I maintain that the architects, who have shown themselves most artists, have been those who have done none of these things; who have not had clerks to do their work for them; who have seen only business in their craft being put on a professional basis, as if it were a matter of learning; who have had nothing to do with the work and pay of surveyors; who, in fact, have spent themselves on that for which they have the heart, and having thus no time or power for the getting of business, may often have got few clients and little pay, and generally missed eminence in the estimation of the world.

Now in one thing the Church has been specially conspicuous; it has not been wanting in appreciation of individuality, which has squared with its ideas, but it has run that individuality to death, and forced it into a mechanical stereotype. The stories of Sir G. G. Scott and George Edmund Street are sad ones in the history of Architecture: church-work enough for fifty men forced on them, so that the one scarcely knew of the churches he was supposed to build, and the other died prematurely overworked by business! These men are no longer with us, they represented ambitions and ideals, which have now no life. Scott knew, as

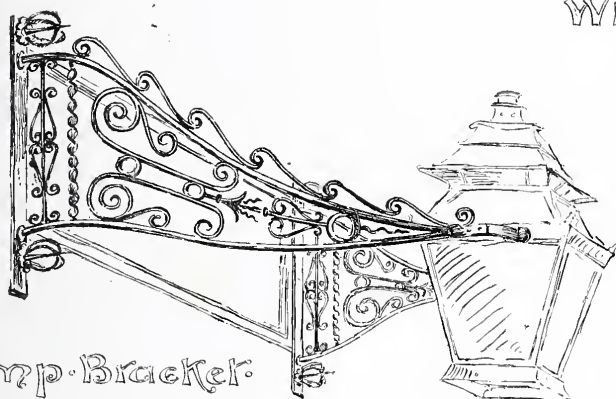


Weather-Vane.

Offchurch

Weather-Vane.

Whitwash



Lamp-Bracket.

The Red-Horse.

Stratford.

DRAWN BY JAMES A. SWAN.

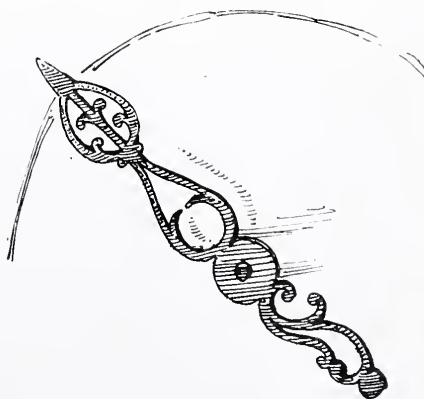
his autobiography shows, that under the pressure of business he had lost his way—his artistic life had died. Since their decease, what is the record of Church patronage? It would be impossible to review shortly and correctly so wide a field, and if there are those who can convict me of inaccuracy, I hope they will. But I can pick out some points that *prima facie* would seem to indicate the general attitude of the Church.

There are, to begin with, some definitely Church appointments which are accorded to architects. Roughly, there are three such, though their style and their filling vary, I believe, in every diocese.

First there is that of the Architect to each cathedral, quite an unofficial appointment, but one which gives to its possessor the doing of the whole of the work to the cathedral, and this, in the last twenty years, has meant the rebuilding

of half, and the re-furnishing of most of them. Now such a work as this in each cathedral should mean one man's life as an artist. Yet, most often, several of these "cures" have been crowded into the hands of single architects, men usually of such professional eminence, that their other business has of necessity occupied most of their time. In a word, the Church has said: "In this, our greatest church building, we do not want the personal artist, but the directing agent, who will pass on other people's labour to us. Our Cathedral must be entrusted to a professional man, like a lawyer or land agent."

The Diocesan Architect holds, I believe, a more official appointment, being the consulting architect to the Bishop for all plans of churches or alterations of churches in the diocese. As such, his influence on the church building of his diocese is immense. If not actually employed, he has clearly to be "designed up to." The work that so comes to him is more than enough in each diocese to fill one man's life. Yet, again, we find the same pluralists and in their appointment the same tacit acceptance of the professional. I do not believe there is now any Diocesan Architect who is not an eminent professional architect and Fellow of the Royal Institute. Still more eloquent of the view taken by the Church in its official patronage is the appointment of Diocesan Surveyor. Often the office seems actually combined with that of Diocesan Architect, as if a man who was a Surveyor, in the meaning in which he is employed as the Diocesan Surveyor—the taking out of dilapidations—could have possibly the time for work as an architect, or is likely to have gained any qualification to make him



LAPWORTH CHURCH: CLOCK FINGERS IN HAMMERED COPPER: 17TH CENTURY.

DRAWN BY JAMES A. SWAN.

one. What he usually is, may be seen in the chancels of rectors' churches, where in the ordinary way of his appointment he is allowed to wipe out in one day the love of centuries with the commercial expedients of parsonage repair. Scarcely credible as it may seem, this official is often encouraged to practise, not only as surveyor, but as architect in his diocese, where he stands *in terrorem* over the wife and children of every incumbent, and therefore, by common prudence, has to be conciliated; who so has to build the new Church, surveyor though he is! Is he not a member of the Royal Institute, and as a professional architect how can he be passed over?

The evidences of these appointments are to be traced throughout every country district of England. It is only very rarely that the country church has the chance of being built under any other direction. Where, however, population is dense and increasing, and new churches become the need of every year or two, these diocesan influences are weaker, and there are chances of a church-building with some personal characteristic of the artist. Unfortunately, another influence prejudicial to Art is here, in the system of architectural competition. Churches in small towns, and in large ones too, have most usually come out of the competition mill. The hardworking clergyman finds a population growing beyond the limits of his accommodation. His energy brings about a new church, and under such initiation is the best chance for Art. For the incumbent may be a man of character and knowledge; may determine that he will have an architect who, at any rate, has sufficient interest in his work to do it himself. The knowledge where to find such a one is, however, too often deficient, and the force of character is employed to give the appointment to a friend or relation. This is a natural and proper employment of patronage, and, on the grounds of Art, has no bad chance of a fortunate result; for, the friend or relation *may* be a personal artist, with the time and inclination to do his best. The same fortunate result may come of a prominent donor being a man of character and knowledge. But when, as is most usually the case, the prime movers of this church-building are at a loss, unfortunately the Church has no machinery to help them; it can only point to the professional appointments it makes itself. So in default of any better means a competition is suggested, and in fact this method is promoted to equalise the personal nominees of a mixed committee.

Why does an architectural competition disqualify the personal artist? Because it is a competition in professional architecture: not in the real work of building, but in the false methods of designing for building. The personal artist can with difficulty be induced to go in for such a competition. What

is called the limited competition is the means devised to induce him. In this he is asked to submit his ideas to the consideration of a competent assessor. But the unreal conditions which are necessary for a competition are not likely to get much of his personality out of him. The professional assessor is not likely to like his personality, as this is shown on paper. Still less, perhaps, can the committee understand or know what is the meaning behind drawings. In fact, the getting of competitions is an acknowledged branch of professional architecture, whereas the personal artist has given his mind to other things.

If in the selection of its architects the Church as a body has gone on in the groove of the world, a word must be added to show its parallel attitude in regard to the real architecture of the past. I am not going to speak of restoration more than to point out that, visiting, as I have done, every English cathedral during the last five years, I have found in every one of them the art of building craftsmen being replaced by the architecture of the professional architect, which I cannot look upon as Art at all. But in any review of the relations of the Church with the personal artist, it is impossible not to notice such an illustration as was given by the controversy last Christmas as to Peterborough Cathedral. Without any reference to the matter at issue, the manner of the decision was significant. The Dean and Chapter, in their position of brief authority over one of the chief remaining monuments of the art of the building artist, chose to put this entirely at the mercy of the professional architect. Well and good! I am informed that the quire of Westminster Abbey is equally at the mercy of a short-lived caprice. There is no power in the Church itself, no established authority outside, no habit of control in such matters which could prevent it being pulled to the ground by a Dean and Chapter with a majority of six months' standing. In the case at Peterborough, in opposition to the opinion of professional architecture, was vehemently expressed the voice of architects who have distinguished themselves as not professional. The Dean and Chapter spoke with no uncertain sound. The "professional" was the only knowledge they would admit; all other architects were ignorant outsiders, sentimentalist, whose rashness would "stain the walls with human blood." Yet this attitude called forth no protest from the Church as a body. This Dean and Chapter were allowed to have the appearance of speaking in the name of the Church to those who had the love and truth of beautiful building at heart. "You artists have no lot in us—go your way."

Well, it is easy to find fault, and you may well ask if this is all I can do. You may say "granted that the Church has made its blunders—has perhaps accepted too much the current views of Architecture,

could it have done otherwise? You must tell us, if we boycott the professional architect, what are we to get in his place." I admit that the Church could not and cannot now entirely dispense with the professional routine which has become associated with Architecture. There are, I believe, some twenty-three thousand clergy in the English Church all possible clients for the professional architect. To many of these—to most perhaps—what I have been saying about the art of Architecture, the personality of that art, and its inseparable connection with the craft of common building, must seem nonsense. "Church building for accommodation, church building for show, what more can Architecture have to express than these?" To such, the professional method gives everything desired. It would be cruelty to both sides—to take the one from the architecture that suits him and make him uneasy with an art he cannot understand—and just as much to suggest to the personal artist clients who do not believe in him.

So while I have been speaking *of* the Church as a body, my question is now to *you* who know and feel that Architecture is an art, a something more than one of the drudgeries of life—it is to *you* I put it: "Why do you spend money for that which is not bread?" It may be allowed that the hard-working parson, absorbed in his calling, has no means to make the discriminations I have suggested. All architects are one to him. If he is dissatisfied with the mechanical output of current work, yet churches must be built and the professional architect is evidently at hand. But you are not in that case—you have the power to know. The distinctions, which every architectural pupil learns in his first years, between the purveyor and the doer of architectural work, between the business-getter and the artist, are surely within your discovery. It is current knowledge that there are architects who give nothing to the buildings called theirs save the name signed to the drawings. That there are architects whose established offices of clerks and pupils exhibit a patent business—that in both these classes are men of good standing and repute, pleasant to deal with, honoured with titles and appointments. Yet, under such systems, it is plain that personality of expression in their buildings has been reduced to a minimum, and that if Architecture is an art they produce none of it. Speaking to those who can know and do care for this art, I can ask: Why must the town parson and country parson alike be handed over as a matter of course to the make-believe, when you know that the truth exists.

But the least part of my appeal to you lies in the suggestion of a change of personnel in your architects: it is a change of feeling which

alone will put new life into Church architecture. You have not been going to the professional architect all these years for nothing. You have sought from him, and obtained something which you thought of value, and that was Ecclesiastical style, a method of building which had the form and detail of the great Gothic church building which you admired.

But taking a professed copy as Art, have you not denied the life of Art? The personal expression of beautiful creation can only grow from strength to strength by being true. If it looks back to copy either itself or another, it is failing. I feel here a difficulty of being exactly understood. Church art, in the sense of the material that it uses, depends on Church tradition. When, then, I say that Ecclesiastical style cannot be Art, it must be understood that I am not saying a word which would separate our Church architecture from Church tradition. There is the *what* is to be done, and the *way* of doing it. Art takes what is to be done for granted—it absorbs it, asking no questions—but the *way* of doing, *that*, it says, must be *my* way. The fact that a Church building exhibits or emphasises, by its arrangements or decoration, the tenets or views of any particular creed or section is a fact independent of its art. So please understand that when I talk of Ecclesiastical style I am meaning something quite different from Ecclesiastical tradition. I am meaning that taking of the love and truth of artistic creation, which grew with and belonged to *other* people,—that stealing of forms, and calling them *our* love and truth.

To understand the present position it is necessary to refer back to the origin of our modern Gothic style. The discovery, that we had in our mediæval architecture a beautiful Art of Building, is now about 100 years old. Its first interest was as a garden or landscape embellishment, in connection with the revival of romanticism; next, as a matter of historical and antiquarian research; finally, the love of Gothic church-building grew almost to be a matter of faith. Co-incident with the Oxford Revival came the idea of a new English Church architecture, which should replace the pagan traditions of Greece and Rome with the forms of our native Christian art. So the correctness of Gothic style became almost a matter of religion. The Ecclesiastical architect, bred while the fervour of this revival lasted, put his whole soul into it. The love and the truth of his art lay only in this expression of style. While this lasted, the Church might be excused for going to the stylist.

What has killed this fervour so that its life is dead? It has been the performance of your great Ecclesiastical architects, men of genius, men of enthusiasm, who staked their reputation on the power to create Architecture out of style

copying. Yet the works of Scott and Street arouse enthusiasm no longer. Rather the close replicas of the "best periods of Gothic art," such as they built into our Cathedrals and churches, are seen to be dull mechanical performances, which had been better not done. Was not the canker of professional practice at the root of their revival, so that it could bring no fruit to perfection and leave no seed to our art? They have been the less professional and the less popular, those generally less accepted by the Church as ecclesiastical, by whom the dead style has been kept sweet, as it were embalmed by the power of personality.

Scott and Street have been dead these twenty years, yet the Church has not learnt the lesson that the works of these great architects might have taught it. Does it not still go to us and say, I want you to be as Scott or Street, to provide exact copies of a mediæval church? The professional architect readily supplies such a demand for cannot the Royal Institute of British Architects equip any number of stylists? Its examinations are always passing them. In fact, the ability to make drawings for modern Gothic churches in any approved style can be purchased for thirty shillings a week, and the professional architect can pass them on to you as you like. Do you say, then, that this is what you want of us, and that we are to go on professing to make these old bones dance?

But can you compel Architecture to renew its enthusiasms at your dictation? No; you can prevent the artist practising, but you cannot make him love that which is not his love. You cannot make him a truthful creator of an ancient architectural style for your benefit. His expression comes not by dictation, though Balak give his house full of silver and gold.

The Church is powerful over its architects, and can employ whom it will. Once it seemed more powerful still. When were the power of its external compulsions at their highest? In the twelfth century it could put monarchs to penance for opposition to its will. Yet of this time Viollet le Duc, the acutest thinker on architectural history, has said that not one step did the power of the Church turn from its appointed course the path of the architectural craftsman.

So now you cannot make him go back to old enthusiasms. The artist feels that "styles" are dead, and now he thinks no more of the architecture which can be learnt from books, that can turn out its dozen copies in the year, that can take its Bath-stone to Cornwall and build a thirteenth century mimicry in sight of the granite moors. Such things are gone by. The savour of his art to the architect is no longer in knowledge but in experiment, in the devices of craftsmanship, in going back to the

simple necessities of Building and finding in them the power of beauty. It is to a church-builder, not to a church-designer, that you must go for your architect, if you want the artist; as to one who can give you every tradition and every convenience that you may seek, but not "correctness," not "unity," no schoolman's art, no Ecclesiastical style, but simply beautiful building to the best of his power.

It is a parting of ways. You can say we do not care for our churches to exhibit the beauty of mere Building. But why, then, are you here to say that Architecture is an art? Asked to speak here an architects' thoughts on church building, I have said, what seem only common places, that Art must be personal—that it cannot be copied. "The style is the man," says the French axiom. If you want any other style in your Church Building—Gothic or Ecclesiastical, or Religious, you deny the artist's right to exist: he can do nothing for you.

"**L**A REVUE DE L'ART ancien et moderne" appeals to a wider circle of readers than most of its English fellows. For instance, the July number deals with Rubens, the great concerts of the year, G. F. Watts, Coptic art, Versailles, &c. There is an instructive article on the new *sou*, in which M. Laffillée seizes some of the obvious defects in the design by Daniel Dupuis, such as the unhappy and unpractical arrangement of the olive-branch on the obverse. Patriotism, perhaps, blinded him to the comic effect of the carefully-studied group on the reverse, where France, a pseudo-classical adaptation of a French model, wearing an ægis and a slouching helmet surmounted by chancicleer, watches over the infant genius of labour. But the great fault in this coin—as in Roty's fifty-centime piece—is one of method. Medals may be produced in two ways; they may be cast or struck. The new school of medallists, of whom Roty is the transcendent head, produce pieces which, though struck, look as if they were cast, or rather modelled in a kind of paste or waxy medium, which has then been hardened into gold, silver, or bronze. That is to say, the style proper to the original wax model is transferred to the metallic work. In the case of medals, an experiment of this sort may be only a sin against artistic canons; in the case of coins, the French mint will find that it is also a blunder, as forgers who work by casting will easily demonstrate. One thing, it must be admitted, is admirable in these new coins; that is the evidence they furnish of a desire to have an attractive design on the coins. Nevertheless, at present we are inclined to agree with the distinguished official, whose criticism of Roty's coin was: "Ce n'est qu'un joli jeton." G. F. H.

THE LIFE AND WORK OF WELBY PUGIN: BY PAUL WATERHOUSE, M.A.: ILLUSTRATED FROM ORIGINAL DRAWINGS BY WELBY PUGIN, OLIVER HALL, AND OTHERS: CONCLUDED: PART SEVEN.

MANSION-LIKE, St. Edmund's College has a formal terrace and a sunk fence between it and the park; but an out of door altar in the nearer loggia, and a noble crucifix facing the door, give warning even without the evidence of the long-naved chapel that it is a house of religion. The chapel has received additions at the hands of Edward W. Pugin (principally two chapels which are rather too ornate), but the rood screen and the coloured rood, the nave and its window tracery, are of Pugin's own work, and in some respects of his best. The great east window is, line for line, as it appears in the sketch design reproduced in our issue of last month, and the rest of the detail adheres without much variation to the intention there expressed. As the building is first and best seen in side elevation, it is, perhaps, a fault that the roof should be so side and so unbroken. It looks tedious, but is helped in the foreground by Edward Pugin's chapel, the exterior of which is free from the faults within.

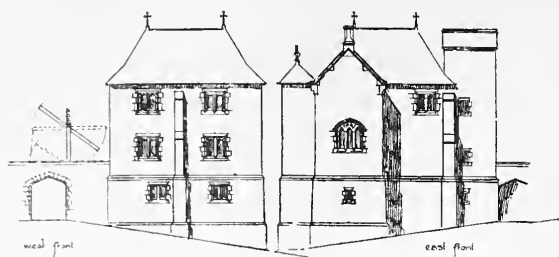
There were various detail drawings of metal work, such as altar furniture, candlesticks, and hinges, among the papers which Mr. S. Pugin Powell kindly put into my hands, but many of them unfortunately were not in a fit state to make reproductions from.

Mr. S. J. Nicholl has kindly offered some information upon one or two matters which have come under his own observation. Writing of Lord Dunraven's seat at Adare, which is generally attributed to Pugin, and which I have ascribed to him on page 272, Vol. III., he says that "no buildings were erected at Adare from Pugin's design," and that "the new wing was designed by the late

P. C. Hardwick." He explains that various drawings were made by Pugin for chimney pieces and other fittings for the older portions of the house, but that they were not carried into execution under Pugin's direction. These drawings existed apparently rather in the form of sketches than of detail drawings, and many of them were prepared for the workmen's use with the addition of full-sized details by Mr. Nicholl himself under Hardwick's direction.



ARMORIAL CARTOON: FROM THE ORIGINAL DRAWING BY WELBY PUGIN.



ST. MARIE'S GRANGE, SALISBURY:
ELEVATION AND PLANS.

I am indebted to the same gentleman for a confirmation of the suggestion made on page 23, Vol. IV., that the high altar in the Roman Catholic Church in Farm Street is of Pugin's design. He explains that though the church was designed by Scoles, the altar was the gift of a special donor, who selected Pugin as the designer. The reredos was altered when the sill of the window was raised, at a later period, by Clutton.

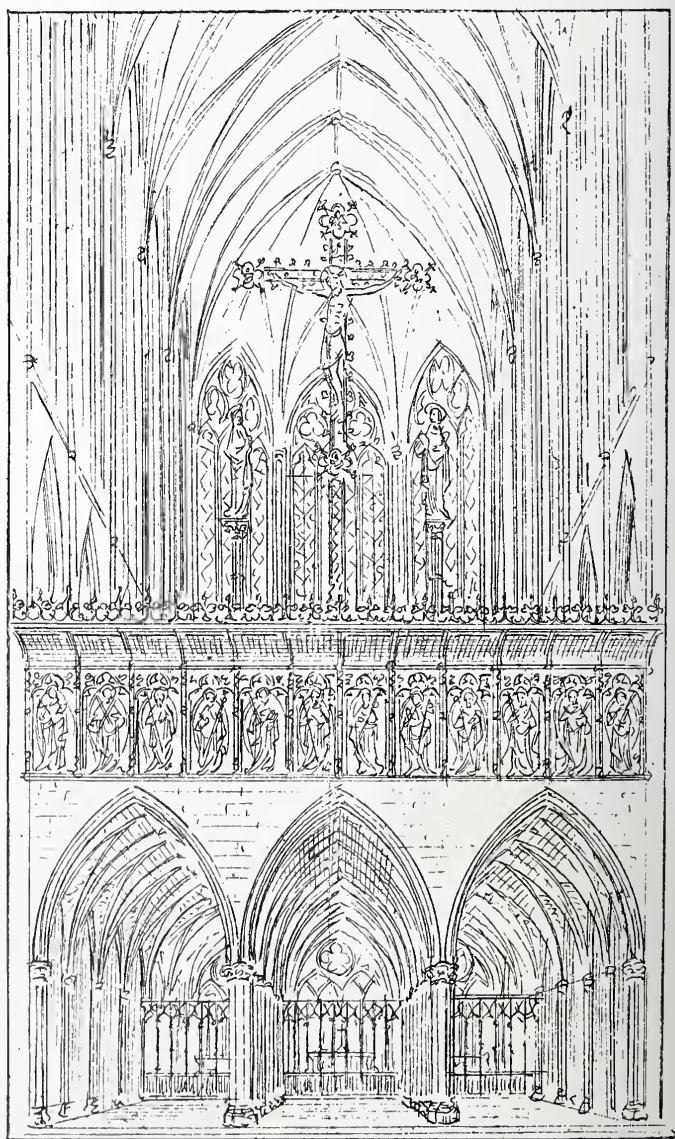
I also owe thanks to Mr. P. Morley Horder, who was good enough to lend a remarkable set of tracings of Pugin's house at Salisbury. I have not had the opportunity of seeing the house, which, indeed, is said to have been much altered by its subsequent owners; but I notice that the tracings do not agree with the little perspective sketch of the house in Ferrey's "Reminiscences." Owing to their condition, it was impracticable to attempt reproduction from the tracings themselves, but the illustrations differ only from the originals in the insertion of a few stone joints, in which I have followed the perspective, and in the introduction of a little explanatory shading and the adoption of a thicker line than that used by the tracer.

Notice the shutter-grooves on the basement plan, the approach to the ground floor doorway by a drawbridge over the stable archway, and the mediævalism of the sanitation. Notice, too, the real ingenuity by which the effect of thick walls and deep reveals is obtained without much sacrifice of space or

material, as the wall between the windows is cut away into cupboards and recesses.

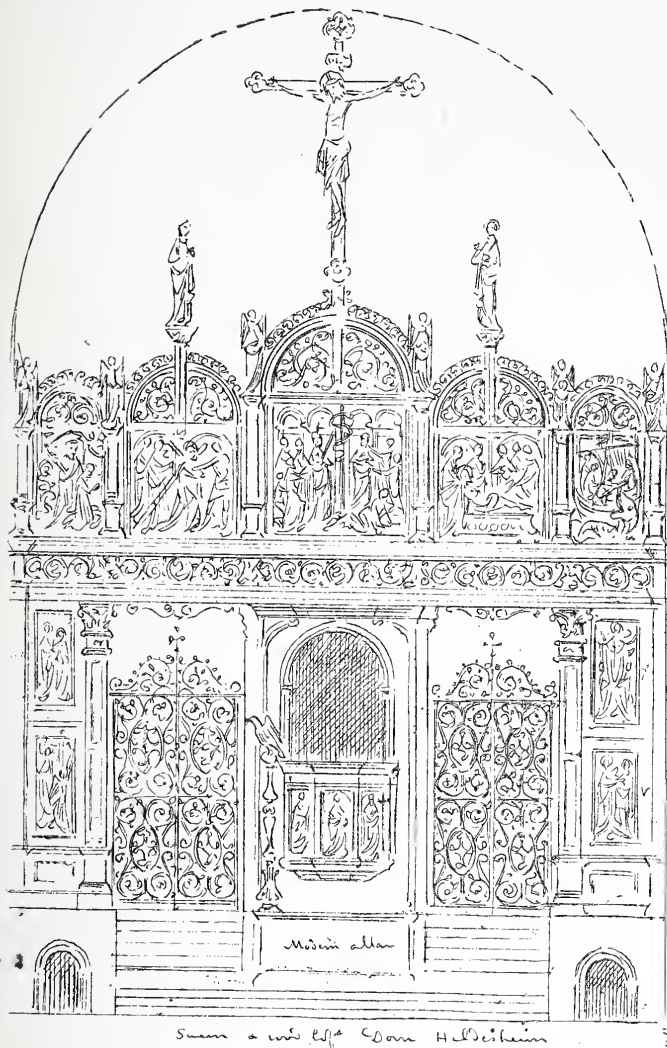
Pugin died on the same day as the Duke of Wellington, September 13th, 1852. His end was sad in that his powers of thought gave way before his powers of body, but mercifully only at an interval of six months.

It was the melancholy anti-climax of a shattered brain worn threadbare by overwork. In his last illness he laid the plans, not of a temporal shrine, but of a visionary church in which one fold should contain the Roman and the English sheep. This, say some, was but a sign of his disordered intellect, and a lapse in his strength of purpose. The unpublished writings which hint at the union of the Churches were regarded by some of his co-religionists as a recantation, and consequently as a weakness. Who of us shall dare to be certain that there was not given to that poor tired brain a



Rood Loft S. Katharine's Church Lubeck

ROOD LOFT AT LUBECK: DRAWN BY PUGIN
FOR THE "TREATISE ON CHANCEL SCREENS,"

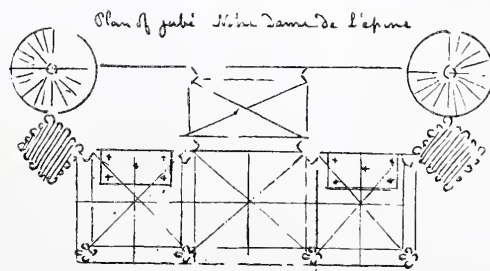
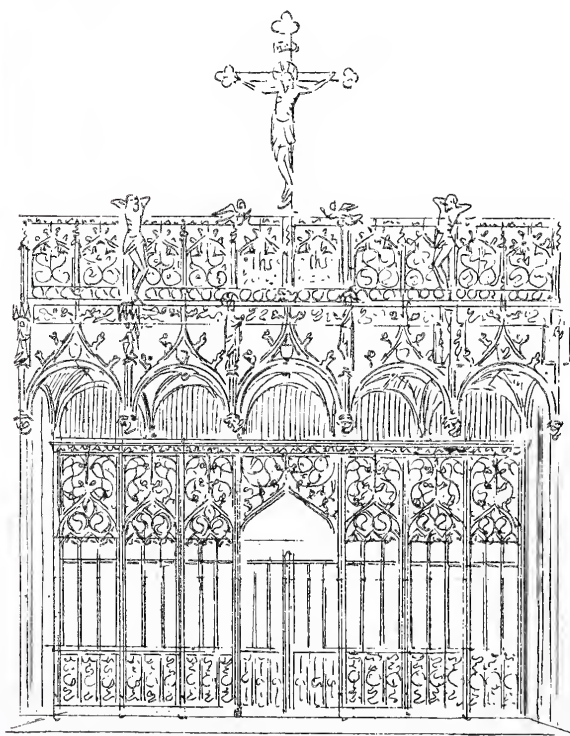


ROOD SCREEN, HILDESHEIM: DRAWN BY PUGIN FOR THE "TREATISE ON CHANCEL SCREENS."

gentle vision of a truth too true to be then or at present possible; a vision only irrational because full of the reason which is "to the Greeks foolishness."

There was much in his life, brief as it was, that I have not recorded here. Full as his days were of business, he found time for his religion and his friends. His letters were not always the hurried scraps of a business man. He would illustrate them with sketches, and even illuminate an initial, when writing to an appreciative friend—perhaps in compensation for his rather illegible writing. His domestic life, with which we have here no concern, was by no means uneventful; the reader will find more than I need even refer to in the pages of Ferrey's reminiscences—I simply mention the fact of its rather complex eventfulness as an additional proof, if any were needed, that his life was infinitely fuller than that of the men we ordinarily look upon as busy. We may here pre-termit his domestic life, but his character and his personality we cannot afford to forego.

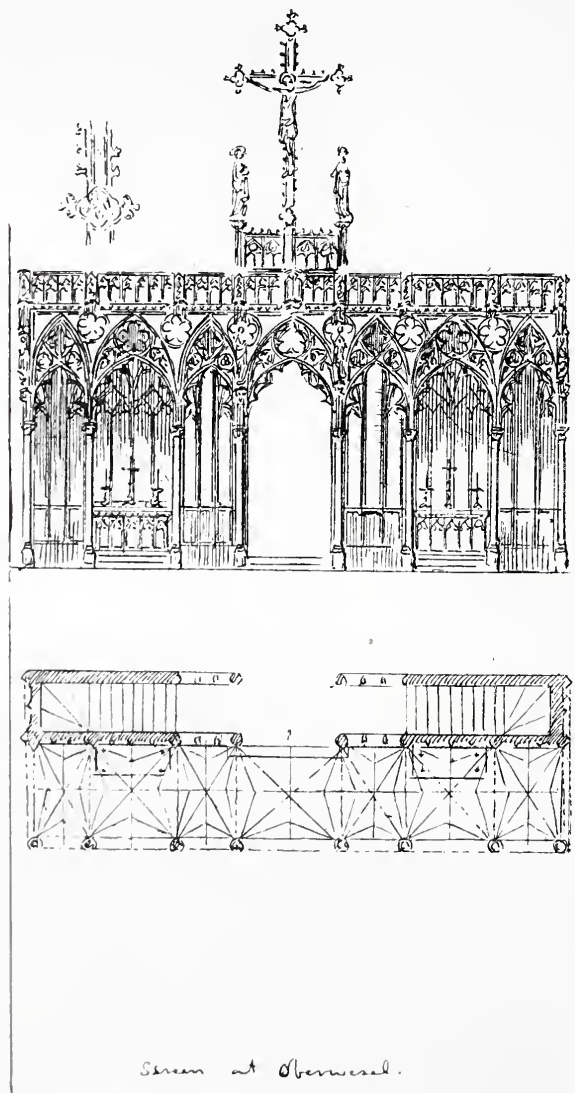
The most interesting of the printed portraits of Pugin is that which follows the painting by J. R. Herbert, R.A. It exists in two forms—one an etching (10 $\frac{3}{4}$ in. by 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.), the other a lithograph, probably from the etching, but smaller in size. The latter was reproduced on page 167, Vol. III., and in it you may see something of the man as he was. You can guess at the short, thick-set frame, the rather heavy complexion, the clean-shaved cheeks and chin (always intrusted to a barber), the keen grey eyes, and the high brow. The hands are before you—the thick, rather stumpy hands, with short, nimble fingers, that needed so few appliances. A T-square he never had, but drew mostly with the aid of a stump of pencil and a carpenter's rule. I must not forget his compasses; the pair in the picture are those given to him by Gillespie Graham, when he first made his acquaintance on the occasion of Pugin's shipwreck off Leith. Circumstances were nothing to him; he could draw in a pitching steamer or in a coach or train.



SKETCHES FOR THE "TREATISE ON CHANCEL SCREENS": BY WELBY PUGIN.

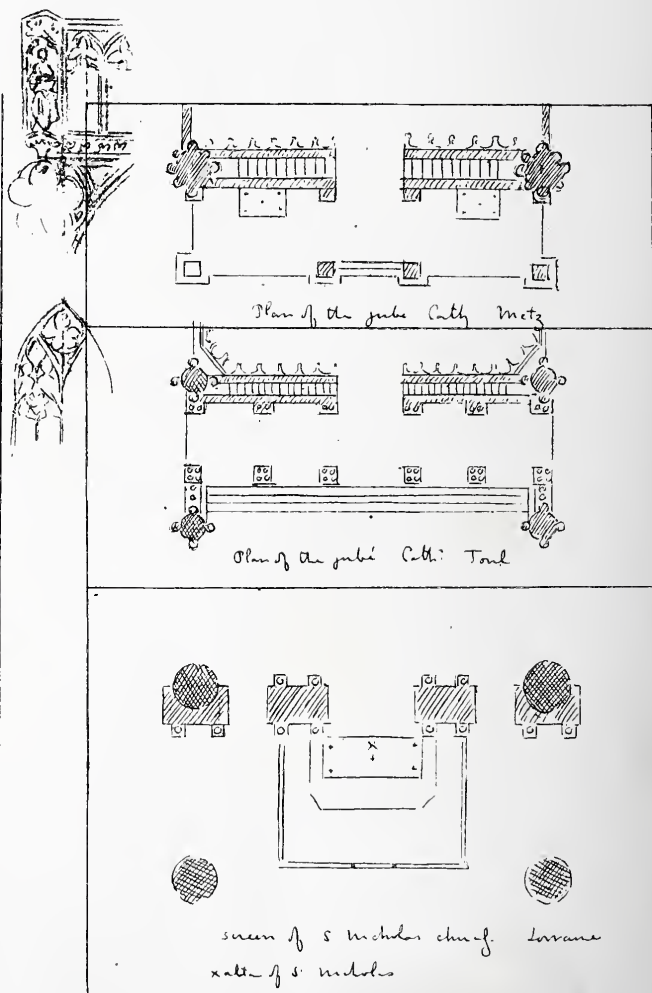
One or two specimens from Mr. Powell's collection which find a place in this number serve to show how difficult is the reproduction of a delicate drawing when old age has discoloured the paper on which it is drawn. The pastoral staff and the brass cross, on page 164, are both delicate drawings in the original, and, though they are far from effective in their reproduced state, serve to illustrate an invariable characteristic of Pugin's work—the avoidance of any line that could be omitted. Of

I have seen it recorded somewhere that Pugin habitually bore about in his pocket a parchment on which was recorded the saints' days of the Roman calendar, the dates of the Gothic styles, and the soundings of the British Channel. Doesn't one admire the combination? Few men have the courage so to transcribe into a document the diverse congruities of their own mind. I should say of Pugin's character that there is but one word which can sum it up, and that word is in its truest



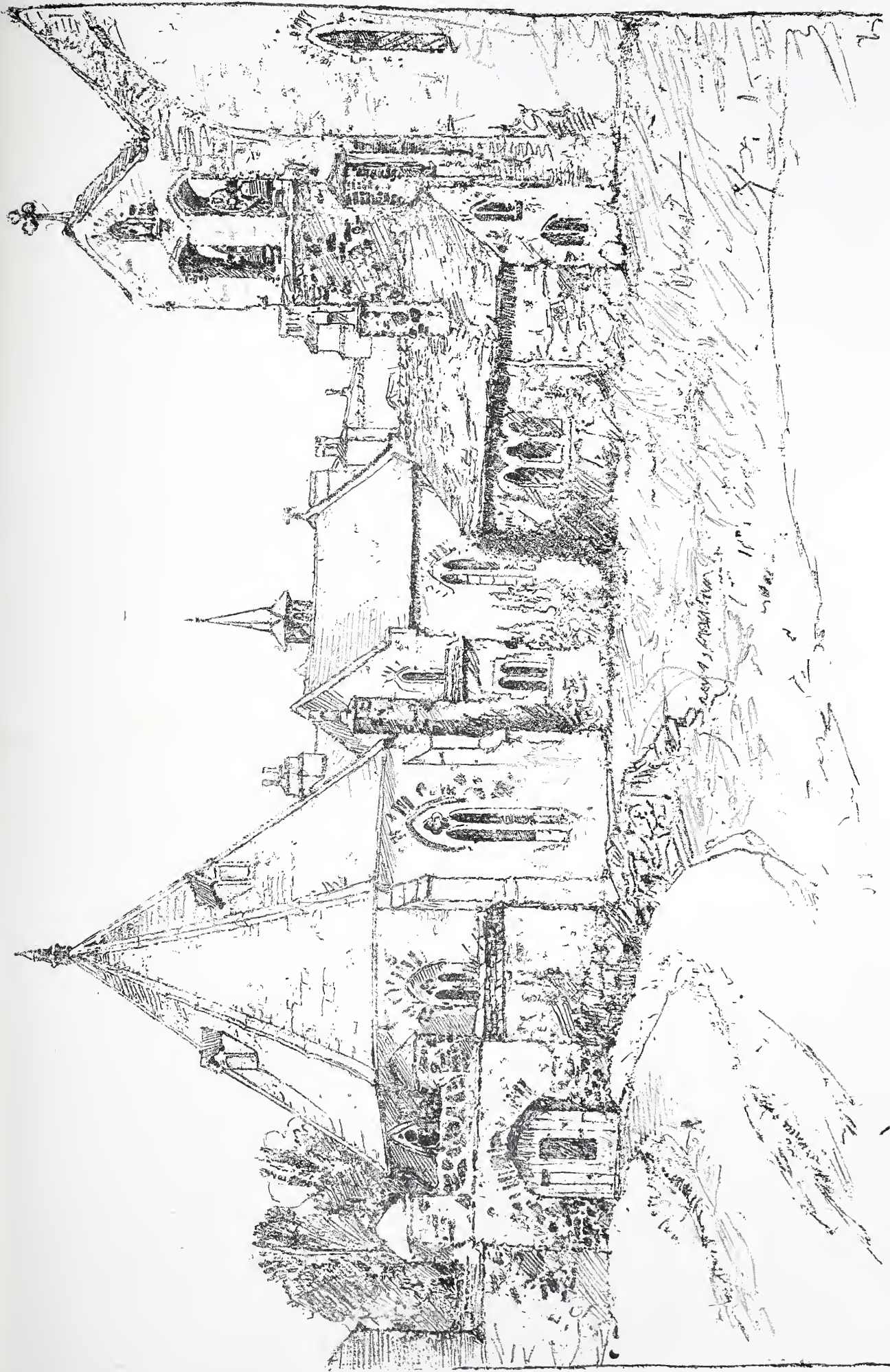
SKETCHES FOR THE "TREATISE ON CHANCEL SCREENS."

the general effect of whatever he designed, Pugin, it would seem, was content to judge, not by its presentment on paper, but by the vision of it which was in his mind's eye before his pencil touched paper. The drawing was but a diagram to show with clearness, but without elaboration, what the craftsman would need, but nothing more. I am not sure that such a confidence is in all men a virtue. By drawing a design in full a man may lose time, but *may* gain something more precious—the courage to use his india-rubber and begin again!

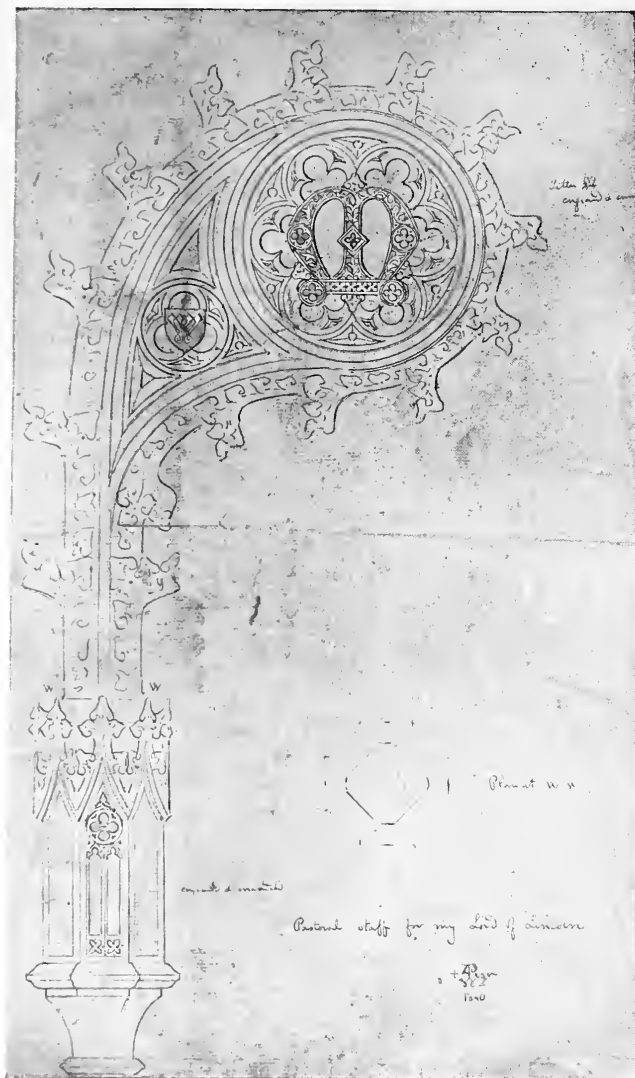


DRAWN BY WELBY PUGIN.

and noblest sense the word *naïveté*. He was simple, with the strong, ingenuous simplicity of a child or a genius. His trust in himself was neither selfish nor egotistic—it was merely candid. Candour, not self-advertisement made him write those articles in the *Dublin Review*. He was far too busy for false modesty to find a place in his nature. He was no more immodest than a naked savage is indecent; he was one, to continue the metaphor, to whom the wearing of artificialities had never suggested itself. Think of him in this



MONASTERY OF MOUNT ST. BERNARD:
DRAWN BY OLIVER HALL.



"PASTORAL STAFF FOR MY
LORD OF LINCOLN."

DRAWN BY WELBY
PUGIN.

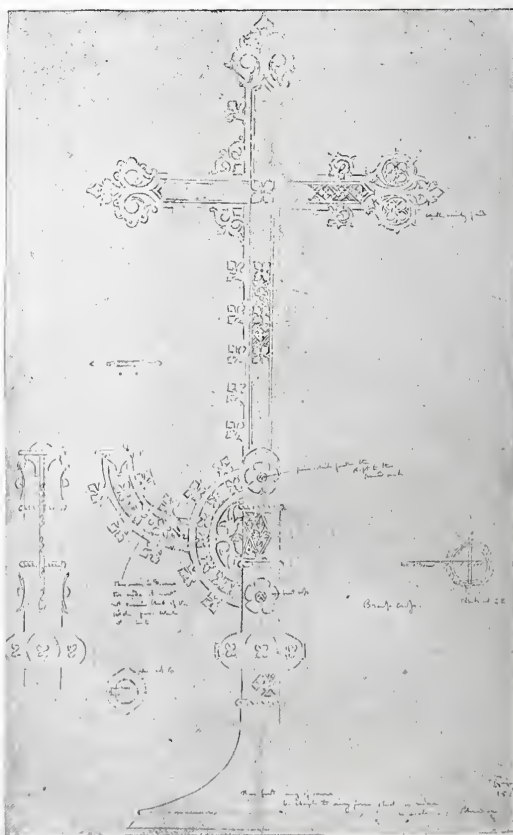
light, and you will find at once an explanation of some things in his conduct which would otherwise seem to jar with a nature that obviously was open and generous. That in controversy he was a hard hitter no one would deny; but the hard hitting was the result, not of spleen or disappointed pride, but simply of singleness of purpose. He hit out—but it *was* hitting, not poisoning. Pugin had no indirectness of vision, of action, or of belief. His creed was straightforward. "I believe," he might have said, "in the Holy Catholic and Gothic Church." A constant belief is a constant vision; a constant vision is a life's illumination. The eye was single, and therefore the whole body was full of light.

And what of his place in the country's art? What shall be said for his name as it stands among the long list of somebodies and nobodies who have piled their little piles of bricks on English soil? Where are the scales so just that

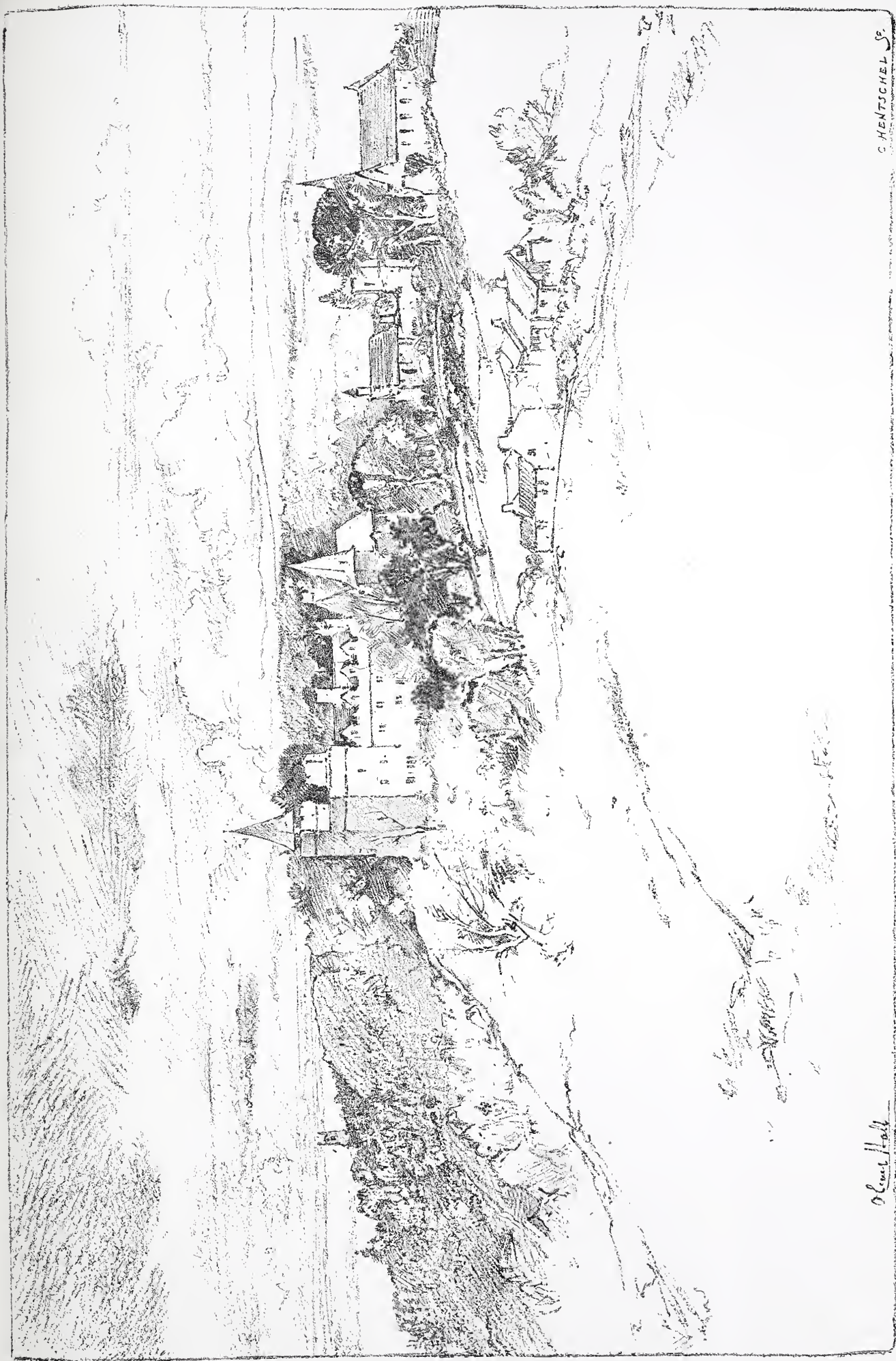
they will weigh the Gothic with the Classic, the Cinquecentist with the Grecian, the man of fancies with the man of antiquities, and register for each the true weight of his worth? There are no such scales for our using. If we must not dispute about tastes, no more must we compare our architects.

But if there is a crown for honesty and a crown for ardour, if there are wreaths for truth, simplicity, and toil, we can bring them, and lay them on his tomb. Pugin was not always successful, he seldom got his full reward in fame or money, seldom even in complete artistic achievement, but he strove, and truth was in his striving. He taught his brother craftsmen to go to the facts of Mediævalism, just as Inigo Jones went to the facts of classic Rome. Browning pokes his bit of fun at the incomplete achievement of his Gothic. He laughed in Bishop Blougram's guise at Pugin's "half-baked" "chalk rosettes," "ciphers and stucco twiddlings everywhere," but the laugh is unfair. His knowledge was deeper, his taste was purer than that of most of his fellows; he ran before them in the race, and he outran all in strength and energy. In truth it is not often that we see devout enthusiasm

Like this of Brother Pugin's, bless his heart!



FROM AN ORIGINAL SKETCH
BY WELBY PUGIN.



Oliver Hall

ALTON CASTLE AND NUNNERY IN MID-
DISTANCE: DRAWN BY OLIVER HALL.

CHENTSCHEL S.

THE BUDDHIST PRAYING-WHEEL.*

THE book before us is an interesting and valuable contribution to the study of prehistoric symbols. Originated in a casual article written by the author some twenty years ago, it has developed into a comprehensive account of the whole subject of Solar symbolism.

The Buddhist praying-wheel, as used in Tibet and other Mongolian countries, has, of course, long been the subject of popular misconception and contempt. It is only in recent years, thanks to the efforts of Mr. Simpson himself, that we are acquiring any idea of its true significance. The function of the instrument is not prayer, but praise—it is not a wheel, but a cylinder. It may be seen of colossal size in the great temples, turned by a monk specially devoted to the purpose. It is carried in miniature form upon the person, like the rosary, and rotated by a motion of the individual hand. Sometimes it is set in the walls of monasteries or at the summit of villages for the pious to turn as they pass by. Sometimes it is turned by wind, sometimes by water, sometimes by hot air. Everywhere its rotation is the symbol of devotion. The more it is turned the more *karma*, or merit, is acquired by the worshipper. Every cylinder, whatever its size, is filled with paper or cloth, on which is repeated as many times as it can be written the solemn *mantra*, or incantation: “*Aum! Mani Padme, hung!*” This *mantra* is in everyone’s mouth and inscribed everywhere—the whole life of man is insufficient, so say the Lamas, to realise its complete breadth and depth. Its mystic meanings we will not seek to catalogue, but its interpretation seems to be “*Adoration to the Jewel in the Lotus, amen!*” and it is directed to the conventional form of Buddha, seated on his lotus throne.

Now the central and most significant fact about the whole of this observance is that the cylinder is always turned “sunwise”—that is to say, in the direction that a person would go if he walked round an object with his right hand to the centre; and this fact forms the thread which we trace through all our investigations. Whence came the praying-wheel? The words of the *mantra* are Sanskrit, so it clearly came from India. But in Hindoo Buddhism the wheel, though it figures freely as a symbol, is not an instrument to be turned by the hand. It is sometimes, as the chariot wheel of a *chakravarta*, the sign of Buddha’s world-wide spiritual domination, or it is the *dharma-chakra*, “the wheel of law,” or yet, again, it

typifies the passage of the soul through the circle of the various forms of existence. The wheel as a symbol was clearly pre-Bhuddhistic, and was adapted from the Brahmanic system. When we penetrate hither the wheel once more appears as an instrument to be rotated. The further back we go the clearer the Solar origin becomes. It is clearest of all in the Rig-Vedas, which date from, at least, 1500 B.C. But there is yet another feature common to both Buddhism and Brahmanism, which is to be traced to the same source, and that is the rotatory walk, as a form of worship. The prominent place that this filled in Bhuddist worship is shown in the plan of construction of the class of temples known as Stûpas. Each of these has a processional path right round it, and by this the faithful were regularly accustomed to encircle the building, repeating prayers and *mantras*, but always with their right hand to the centre, in the course of the sun. This rite, the *pradakshina* (from *dakshina*, the right hand), permeates Brahmanism as well. The Hindoo circumambulates everything he reveres with his right hand to the centre. To walk round anything sunwise is blessed, holy, and health-giving; to walk round in the reverse way is ill-omened, sinister, and blighting.

Starting from these two facts, the wheel and the *pradakshina*, and pursuing the comparative method, our author surveys the world, if not from China to Peru, at any rate, from China to the Hebrides. In Persia, though the Vedic and Zend peoples were allied, we find, strange to say, no trace of the wheel as a symbol. In Japan we do, indeed, find the praying-wheel itself, but here it is usually a receptacle for sacred books, a sort of “circulating library.” Among the Mahomedan Semites the *pradakshina* is prominent enough, as seen in the famous rites at Mecca; but here we have the disturbing fact that the sacred stone of the Kaaba is circumambulated, not with the right, but with the left hand to the centre. Passing over the Jewish, Greek, and Christian rituals, where the indications of Solar symbolism are of the slightest, we come to Western Europe, and here antiquarian research has revealed results which are astonishingly real and suggestive. Among the ancient Gauls there was an actual god of the wheel, whom M. Henri Gaedoz identifies with the god of the sun. He appears in both Celtic and Roman sculptures with a wheel in his hand or resting on his shoulder. Down to comparatively modern times there existed in various parts of Europe picturesque customs of an obviously Solar origin. Perhaps the most striking, and at the same time the most widespread, of these is one at which even kings and prelates officiated—that of rolling down hill a blazing wheel to bring good luck to the harvest. Most significant of all, however, is the extraordinary parallelism between the Hindoo

* “The Buddhist Praying-Wheel: A Collection of Material bearing upon the Symbolism of the Wheel and Circular Movements in Custom and Religious Ritual.” By William Simpson, R.I., M.R.A.S., F.R.G.S., Hon. Assoc. R.I.B.A., etc. 10s. net, Macmillan & Co.

pradakshina and the Celtic *deisul*. The very words are etymologically identical. Readers of Scott will recall the passage in "Waverley," where, when the hero was writhing with the pain of his wound, the Highland doctor "would not proceed to any operation which might assuage it until he had perambulated his couch three times, moving from east to west, according to the course of the sun." To circumambulate a person with the right hand inwards was to bring him luck; to proceed in the reverse way invoke disaster. This latter movement was termed "ganging withershins." "Hech! sirs," says a poem describing the designs of Scotch witches:

"Hech! sirs, but we had grand fun
Wi' the muckle black deil in the chair,
And the muckle Bible upside doon
A' gangin' withershins roun' and roun'
And backwards saying the prayer."

Such is a brief indication of ground traversed by the volume before us. We know that in the early days of the human race there existed certain symbols so wide spread as almost to merit the name of universal. One of the most prominent of these is the turning of the wheel, or, in another form, the ¹circumambulatory procession, as the symbol of the sun. The sun was no doubt one of the chief phenomena that impressed the primitive imagination with awe and wonder. To primitive man the sun was the lord and giver of light, the source of ripeness to fruit and crops. To imitate its course was to adore its attributes and invoke its blessing. In the evolutions of religions the symbol remained, but its interpretation changed. Just as the Christian Church assimilated into its own calendar the Pagan festivals, so in the Brahminical and Buddhist religions the simple ceremonies of early worship became charged with a higher and more complex significance. The changeless and inflexible course of the sun became the type of the moral law, its circular motion the symbol of spiritual perfection. The facts as we have them at present suggest rather than solve problems. "How were similar conceptions of gods, rites, symbols, customs, and tales spread over the ancient world? Was it by independent origin? Man and Nature being more or less alike everywhere, the thinking and evolution might also be alike. That is one theory. Another is that the migration of races in early times might have carried all these conceptions from one region to another." At present it seems that the richer a scholar's knowledge the more chary he is in expressing an opinion. Be the truth what it may, there are few greater testimonies to human solidarity than the identity that exists between the symbols described.

A. B.

ON THE RELATION OF DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE TO FURNITURE DESIGN.

WE have been accustomed in the past to regard house building and house furnishing as two quite separate and unrelated arts; requiring each their specialists in design, who should be bidden to confine themselves to their particular spheres. The increasing departure from this idea, the growing demand for broader culture and versatility in the builder and craftsman, may be traced to a change in our conceptions of both these Arts in relation to life and to each other. We are beginning to see that houses and furniture, no less than dress and manners, must become a part of that unspoken language by which we communicate our tastes and ideas; in short, that the *expression of personality* is the thing to be aimed at in the common framework of our life. To build the perfect house, we must first of all know what kind of people are likely to live in it, and what types of furniture they will gather around them. The latter will not then be bought to suit the house, regardless of the habits and characters of its occupants; but the structure and its contents will bear the harmonious impress of the dwellers within. This will become easier as, in the future, persons of similar tastes will increasingly choose to live together, and the poet and the man of sentiment will not be condemned to the perpetual society of the active sportsman, or the man of adventure and enterprise. Within these general demarcations there will be ample scope for the expression of diverse temperaments and personalities under the same roof. The recluse may have his study, the children their playroom, and the naturalist his garden-bower. The music chamber, for the piano's sake, will be preferably on the ground floor. But a roomy and well-lighted attic will be a genuine paradise for the scholar or artist, as well as for the little folks. To ensure quietness for the former, his attic may be separated from that of the juveniles by a store-room, which will conveniently fill the centre of the roof, with a single skylight for sun and air. The rooms beneath will fall into different types according to their purposes. The largest and airiest—the bedrooms and those intended for family gatherings—may be of irregular shape and arrangement, and give scope for original and even fanciful furnishing. In other words, a large room can afford to have its fireplace and windows in unlikely corners; but a small one—if it has to accommodate a bed out of the draught, and a table to stand in a good light without blocking up the window—must be so compact as to get all possible width and light, even if its shape be commonplace. The work-rooms, embracing libraries, studios, and

so forth, will be designed to receive furniture of a severer type than that pertaining to what may be called the "chamber of ease." Apart from the advantages of working in a room set apart for serious pursuits, and not disturbed by meals, there is pleasure and benefit in going to a room of quite different aspect after working hours. It is obvious that apartments occupied in the morning should face east and the drawing-room west, and that the window of the latter should be the most picturesque in the house. It should be so built as to accommodate seats and lounges at a convenient height; its broad ledges starting flush with the inner wall, and not projecting inwards to torture the backs of sitters on the window-seats. Both window and fire-place must be designed with the recollection that they are the objects of closest observation from day to day, and should be the centres of interest in every room. The windows should be beautiful in themselves without their hangings, and certainly without that noisy dust-trap, the Venetian blind. To seek to improve an ugly window by beautiful draperies is as if one should put on ornaments to conceal the bad cut of one's clothes.

Provision for books may well come within the architectural scheme, and be facilitated by broad ledges and shelves in opportune places, since books are no longer the furniture of glass-fronted cabinets, but have become the tools of labour and the companions of ease. Doors should not be placed at the extreme end of a wall, but should leave room for a vase or pedestal to stand in the corner beyond them. The walls and woodwork of imperfectly lighted rooms should be kept pale in colour and slender in design, to assist the due simplicity and daintiness of the furniture. The greater the space and light in the rooms intended for social intercourse, the more elaboration will be permissible in furniture design; but all ornament will be governed by considerations of comfort and utility. The interior of the "house beautiful" should harbour no furniture that is easily injured or upset. Nothing is more exasperating than to find oneself in a room in which one dare not be comfortable for fear of disarranging the trimmings of the chairs. Not until all our furniture is so simplified that it can be constantly used, moved, romped over by children, and accidentally kicked without forfeit of time or temper—not till then shall we be able to banish from middle-class life the sepulchral "best room," which is thrown open for ceremonious discomfort on Sundays, and closed all the week for alterations and repairs.

It is encouraging to find some of the best architects of to-day devoting themselves seriously to furniture design, while the craftsman, finding that his work really starts with the Architecture that supplies his basis and background, is beginning

to take this more earnestly into account. But the problem for most of us, failing the opportunity to build and design our own houses and furniture, is how to treat our commonplace dwellings in something of the spirit indicated above. We shall, of course, encourage our designers to produce articles so simple in pattern and so honest in workmanship that they shall not look wholly incongruous in any setting. But above all we shall set our faces against cheap machine-made imitations of old oak furniture. It is in the use of wood that the most glaring solecisms are usually perpetrated, for it is precisely here that we should find the most subtle and intimate relationship between the house and its furniture. The first essential for the designer to know—after the general form and character of the building—is the nature and treatment of the wood-work within. He may then spare us the intolerable juxtaposition of mahogany with painted deal, or of polished walnut with carved oak. Both processes—the polish and the paint—are, of course, perfectly legitimate and beautiful of their kind, but nothing can justify the use of both together.

Again, the textiles employed as furniture must be in harmony with the woodwork of the room. Massive polished wood and ornamental carving will bear heavier and richer draperies than plain, lightly-moulded or painted wood. In a word, suitability of materials to their design and to each other should be the keynote of our furniture, and this is a lesson which the English housewife finds it hard to learn. The exclusion of women, until recent years, from all but the textile handicrafts, will doubtless account for many blunders in the choice and treatment of materials; but happily their adoption of the crafts of wood and metal is rapidly educating them in this direction. Together with this gain in knowledge and judgment there will come a wholesome revolt against unprofitable lumber of every kind, and a breakdown of some domestic sentiment which, however, may well be diverted on to other lines. The barbaric wedding present, for instance, will not then be allowed to dominate the drawing room. It will be felt that no persons are honoured by the exhibition of relics discreditable to their taste, and that the truest sentiment will incline to veil their æsthetic vices from posterity's view.

Our aim, in short, is to restore the abiding elements of beauty to the whole scheme of house-construction and furniture, and by bringing all departments of the home into harmony with each other, to secure at last such unity of life as inspired the answer of the Greek philosopher to those who had sought him vainly in the temple and found him in the kitchen at some menial task: "Enter, O friends, the gods are here also." E. W.



EVE TEMPTED: FROM THE
PAINTING BY G. F. WATTS, R.A.



THE DOVE THAT RETURNED IN THE EVENING.

THE WORK OF GEORGE FREDERICK WATTS, R.A., LL.D.: WRITTEN BY W. E. F. BRITTEN: PART ONE.

THOUGH it may seem late in the century to find anything fresh to say on the Art of George Frederick Watts, it is with considerable pride that I set myself to recall anything that, from time to time, my acquaintance with Mr. Watts and his work may bring to mind. It will be my endeavour to bring together a few of his less known works and studies, as would interest all those who are familiar with his pictures, his practice of working almost directly and entirely on the canvas (for he seldom makes studies) renders this somewhat difficult. His life and his Art are so wedded, that in studying the one we seem to know the other. There can be but little time for rest, only such recreation as change of work gives to the strong. 'Tis said that all his life he has struggled with that greatest enemy to labour, ill-health, but the vigour displayed in his work would suggest quite the reverse. His life, by the mass and quality of his achievement, seems to have been an uninterrupted one, and to have passed so far peacefully and uncheckered; his world of action has been a pleasant island, tight and secured from care; a little independency from whence he surveys the swaying, struggling world without. We must not look into it for those adventures and stirring episodes which form so much a part of the lives of less fortunate artists, from his retirement he has scanned the temper of his times, neither hurried, bored, nor perplexed, having neither poverty nor riches, but fed with the food convenient for him; safe from the undertow and from the swirling currents that have swept many a genius from the fulfilment of promise. His singularly good fortune has helped to pilot those thoughts of his, as they shaped themselves, toward the accomplishment of these triumphs of Art—to the fulfilment of those high projects he has ever held so steadfastly before him. The great cosmic artist, the greatest of his time, who still fills his cup of life

to the brim, and clinks it with cheerful dignity to our own. With an earnest desire to dispel fear in the contemplation of some of life's stern inexorable truths, and with a wonderful assuredness peculiar to himself, he depicts the love that is working in the innermost mysteries of nature, he tries to make his Art a courteous summons to us to weigh serious things calmly, then, free from fear, await the inevitable. He says: "I paint consequences, I do not preach." He wins our consideration by the subtle glamour which clothes so many of his themes, and we forget our surroundings, as the mind passes beyond the present to times when man wandered in the primitive fields of the world with the first of created things. Watts loves to attack all that is consummate and difficult in Art. Self-abnegation is his watchword. From childhood he has risen with the early light. "His youth lost not the deepening twilights of the spring in ball-rooms and hot theatres." Walking with unfaltering step, with this resolve, that so long as health might allow he would cherish the smouldering fire of his genius. It bursts forth now and again to astonish us by its serious bent; its gravity; its elective choice; the constant use of the nude, whenever and wherever it can be brought to his aid; his noble forms mingled with gentleness bid defiance to the most fastidious. If his themes are somewhat thought-bound and over mystical at times, there yet remains the charming language of his Art. Mr. Watts himself, says: "I paint ideas, not objects." The painting may be a sermon, or it may be a simple piece of nature with no story beyond, relying solely on its artistic speech—speech at times superlatively great. His critics (I have read most of them) never sufficiently remind us that it is not because of the symbolic, emblematic, prophetic, or mystic purpose aimed at, that he has won our admiration; but it is his conception, together with his masterful style, his perfect independence of the schools; the love of the highest natural forms always unslavishly given, with that true relish for the majesty of things—the manipu-

lation of the material itself—the frequent glorious passages of colour—all these have their separate and intrinsic value. The philosophical and moral questionings lie quite in the background, wholly

apart from the consideration and shadowing forth of life, death, and immortality.

We have so few details of the earliest days of Mr. Watts' career, that any elaborate account is at present impossible. Retrospective reviews would be hard to get from him, and from none but himself would they be of real interest.

Mr. Watts is of Welsh origin, and (we need hardly say) imbued with the mystic poetry of his Celtic mountains. His father came to Herefordshire early in this century. He was a man scientifically inclined, of considerable inventive faculty, ever struggling with varying success to realise his ideas. The date of the painter's birth is February 23rd, 1817, and is so recorded on a richly-tooled old vellum Queen Anne Prayer Book, and the quaint old plates served the child for his earliest copies, for as soon as he walked and talked, he drew. Sheets of horses and faces drawn when he was nine and ten years old are still to be seen. Some few years later, he painted a series of small subjects from the poems and novels of Walter Scott, which already reveal a fine sense of colour and imaginative power; while a spirited composition of the struggle for the body of Patroclus shows with what clearness he realises a scene described by Homer. He entered the Academy schools when still quite a boy, but left after a few weeks stay, feeling quite dissatisfied with the teaching there. We then hear of him at the studio of William Behnes, where, without any direct instruction, he watched the portrait-sculptor at work. His real instructors, as he has often said, were the wonderful "Elgin Marbles." Mr. Watts was one of the first to be profoundly impressed by them, and they became from that time the standard by which he tried his own work, and we never fail to see their strong influence. In 1837, when he was just twenty, he exhibited two ladies' portraits at the Royal Academy, together with the picture of the "Wounded Heron," a work which for skill and deftness, he has never since surpassed. The first glance at this picture impresses one not as a careful still-life study only. The Falconer is seen approaching at full speed in a beautifully lighted background, and one feels that the heron has just touched earth, it is still hot with its last struggles. For expertness and deftness of brushing I know of nothing else in all the later work more admirable than the painting of the quill feathers; as a drawing of a heron it should please all the ornithologists in Christendom. It has all and more of the actual facility of Landseer, and in few of his many, many grey schemes has the artist achieved so delicious a harmony. This picture was discovered in a Newcastle dealer's shop, and was ultimately restored to the artist. These early successes were followed by subject-pictures from Shakespeare and



FROM THE PAINTING BY G. F. WATTS, R.A.

CHAOS.



THE RIDER ON THE WHITE
HORSE: BY G. F. WATTS, R.A.



THE ALL-PERVADING:
BY G. F. WATTS, R.A.

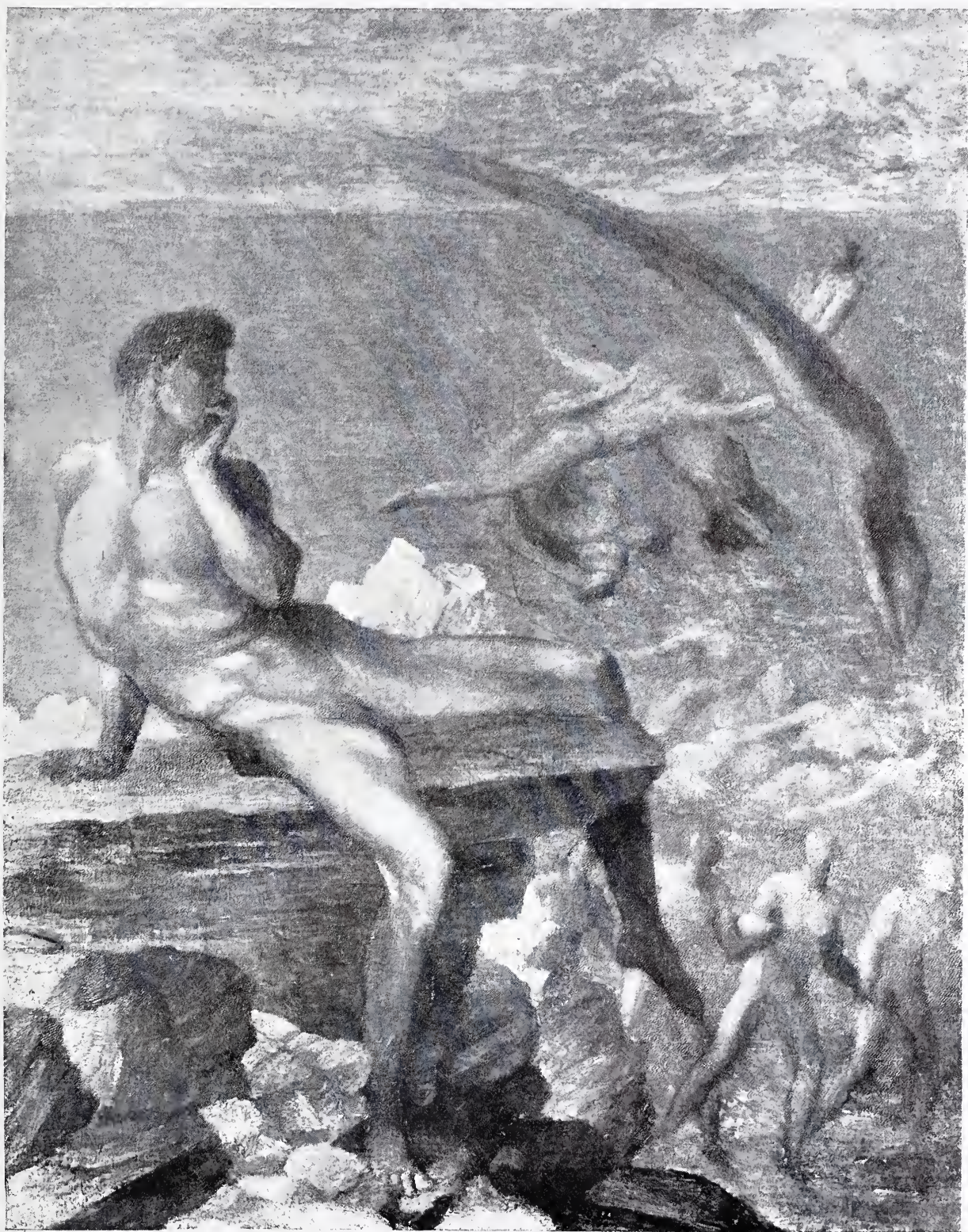
Boccaccio, "Isabella finding the Body of Lorenzo," these, with some portraits, being in the Royal Academy of 1840 and a scene from "Cymbeline" in 1842. Then came a portrait of Mrs. Constantine Ionides, whose husband was one of Mr. Watts' first patrons, and whose descendants have, up to the present time, sat to him in regular succession. The Aurora floating through the air, accompanied by a flight of cherubs, gives proof of the shaping of the young painter's dreams at this period. We now arrive at an event which attracts Mr. Watts: a commission for the decoration of the new Houses of Parliament, offering premiums for a general competition of English artists. Watts won the first prize of £300 for his "Caractacus led in Triumph through the Streets of Rome" (this must have been in 1843). It is curious to notice here that one of the conditions of the competition was rule No. 7. "If the judges shall think fit to require a winner of a premium to execute, under such conditions as they may think necessary, an additional painting as a specimen of his ability, the second painting not meeting with their approval, the premium shall not be paid." It must surely have been on this occasion that Edward Armitage was shut up in a room, by order of the judges, to re-paint a picture of his cartoon of "The Landing of Julius Cæsar in Britain." There was, apparently, some doubt as to such an accomplished work coming from the hands of so young a man. All doubt was dispelled, and the money was paid. The judges were, if I am not mistaken, Lord Landsdowne, Robert Peel, Samuel Rogers, Richard Westmacott, Richard Cook, and William Etty. Watts' cartoon was never carried out in fresco, but (to the great shame of the Commissioners) was sold to a wretched dealer, who had the parts lithographed, and sold wholesale as copies for schools. Some fragments are still in the possession of Sir Walter James. The money prize was, however, well in the pocket of the young artist, to bear out and help to realise dreams long cherished—a visit to Italy. He started, and after a few weeks in Paris, and a dip into the Art-student Bohemian life, journeyed on to Florence. Here Lord Holland (then British Minister of the Grand Duke's court) gave him kindly welcome, and instead of a few weeks' stay, the young painter remained for nearly three years at Florence, *not* four, as is stated by some of his reviewers. These were the red-letter days of his youth; it was here at Casa Ferroni, and at Villa Careggi, the summer house in this Tuscan home, that he met all the distinguished visitors; English and foreign society in all its attractiveness. Watts stuck firmly to work, and allowed neither the loveliness of the country nor the brilliant society to interrupt him. Industrious as ever, he drew in fresh experiences. He neither copied the pictures idly in the galleries, nor sauntered

through the days like an Italian. He studied the great works of the past, and painted on the walls of the famous Villa Careggi a fresco from a scene in Italian history. During his absence from England, another competition at the Houses of Parliament had taken place, in which he took no part. In 1846 a third competition was announced (afterwards postponed till 1847), and Watts was urged by his generous patron, Lord Holland, to enter the list of competitors, for, said he, "I am already blamed for making you idle;" so Watts a second time competed, sending, "Alfred inciting his Subjects to prevent the Landing of the Danes," or, "The first Naval Victory." He was again successful, and won a first-class prize of £500. The work was also bought by the Government, and an additional commission given for a "St. George and the Dragon," for the hall in the House of Lords, to be worked out as a fresco. This was begun in 1848, and finished in 1853, and may still be seen though much damaged, in the palace of Westminster. This was the year when Armitage took a first prize with his "Battle of Meeanee." The judges were the same as named before. Watts' generous spirit was excited, and he offered to paint a fresco of "Justice, a Hemicycle of Lawgivers," for the Lincoln's Inn Hall. The offer was gratefully accepted, and after many interruptions the fresco was finished in 1859.

We have now seen Watts fairly on his journey, and it may be a fitting time to call our readers' attention to the happy fortune that from the commencement of his career has never seriously deserted him. Not because we would strip a single leaf from the laurel crowns that he has so honourably and honestly won, nor with intent to detract from the praise bestowed upon this artist, that we would point to the condition of the surrounding circumstances at this period of his life, but simply to show how necessary favourable conditions are to the full development of an artist's personality. I doubt if any outsider can sufficiently realise the value of such conditions to a genius.

In our own days, when a multitude of artists in hot competition, find Art one incessant "obstacle race," in which a breakdown is more or less a serious affair, the acknowledgment of Mr. Watts' happier lot is but an indirect homage due to those unfairly vanquished; to those great men who might have been; to the partial failures—with the making of greatness in them; to the men who have gone under in the struggle with adversity, or in the absence of patronage. I fancy that the leading events in Watts' life would show that fickle Dame Fortune has been more faithful to him than to most. Still, Mr. Watts has had his trials, like the rest, his struggles are doubtless best known to himself, and were probably quite sufficiently severe.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



GENIUS OF GREEK POETRY:
BY G. F. WATTS, R.A.

THE DUTY OF VULGARITY.

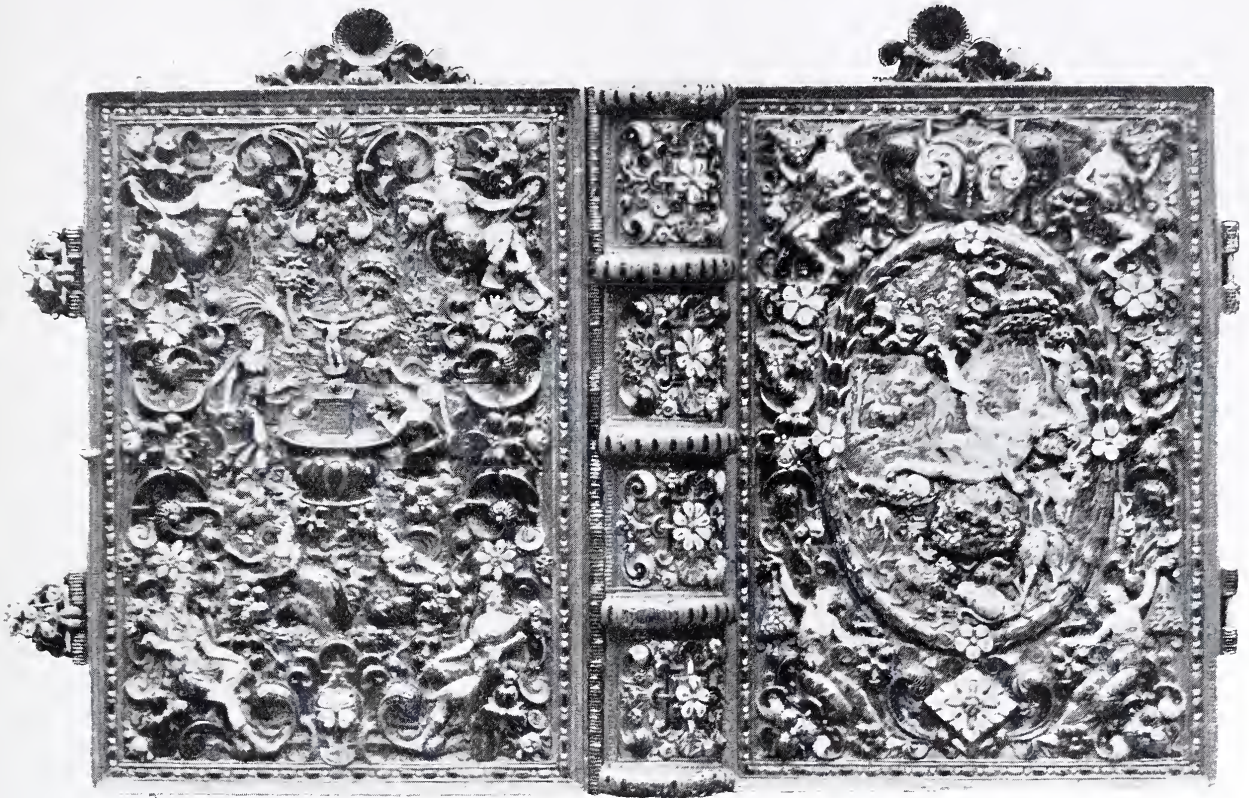
WHAT one is inclined most noisily to complain of, is the steadfast disregard—nay, the almost conspired opposition which is accorded to the claims of the puppy-dog-and-christmas-berry picture, of sculpture of the terra-cotta bonnet-string and boot-lace type, and Architecture inspired from that of the public-house, to be acknowledged as National Art. The bearing of one's late insistence upon the ignoble and inhuman attributes attaching to the art of the cults, was by way of prelude to the declaration of one's dissent from the popular acceptance that the importance belonging to the National Art of a great people should be granted to the humours, fangles, and fiddle-faddles of the individual artist, cultured, not in the expression of the nation's loves, hopes, and fears, but in the immortalising of the loves, hopes, and fears circumscribed by his individual waistcoat. When one views the past great schools of the arts, they afford no exception to a rule which teaches that their greatness relies on their identity with the characteristics of the national life: and on the truth with which they portray the enthusiasms and ideals of the people; while in the evolution of these artistic epochs may be traced the changing impulses of an empire, rather than (as in these present days) the trivial romance of the painter's own inwards. One lately heard a Bostonian—a cultured son of that city—speaking in forcible review and eulogy of a collection of Mr. Watts' paintings which were on exhibition some years back in the States. He deplored the dominant note of despair in almost all these great works; the continued insistence on the eternal tragedy of life; the sad minor key in which Mr. Watts has composed a very large majority of his paintings. "If those pictures," he concluded, with trenchant emphasis, "are representative of the art of your Great Britain, your Great Britain is doomed." Of course, one hastened to assure him they were not: that Great Britain was not doomed; that Great Britain's sons and daughters had red blood, strong hopes, and the courage and enterprise which has been their heritage throughout history; and that, as a nation, introspections, wasting regrets, and, above all, despairs, were completely subservient to the joy of living and doing. One was able to explain that the nation did not ponder its art, nor chew the cud of its motives and interpretations; that the English liked pictures which depicted, in a simple sensuous manner, the things they knew and loved: a pretty child, a comely girl, a kitten on the hearth, a puppy in the straw, grouped in surroundings of homely festivity, domesticity, or vapid, wobbling pathos; the whole rendered in an abundance of good sticky paint. That in their sculptures they liked to see what was

homely and of easy recognition: boots, buttons, neckties, and so forth; that Architecture was best loved in its origin as a sort of counterblast to the temperance movement (the Public House beautiful, though reputed hideous); and that richness and aggression constituted the beautiful in Architecture to the popular view. The Bostonian assented. He guessed it was so, and referred back to the idealised life of Boston, the city of "cultchar," till one was puzzled to know how the citizens reconciled themselves to the degradation of eating and drinking.

One willingly recognises that in a country where so many live at home at their ease, great men should arise and, as it were, spin their own cocoons, and boil down into a few pictures a grand individuality, which, in other days and otherwise directed, might have retrieved the downfall of a nation, and inspired a great Empire to its greatness; and one perceives that around this isolated personality in the cocoon will collect those few to whom the message has deep and true appeals; and one knows that, beyond these, again, will be found the crowd who dare not say they don't like Browning, and who, having no serious duty or employment in life, long, long, long to comprehend the great things of Art from the outlook of a suburban parlour decorated with wax fruit and dyed grasses, who would die rather than admit they cannot understand, and who make avowal of contempt for those simple human appeals which constitute the National Art. But these are not the English people; these are but the fringe incident to a congested population and a superabundance of the luxuries of civilisation.

Thence it must appear that the first duty of the artist is Vulgarity. One realises that to own the grand gift and ability to beautify life, to ameliorate and modify its hard and odious facts; to hold the power to sweeten its bitter elements, and bring to man, in spite of the sordid turmoil of existence, an active recognition of the beautiful as it lies all about him; and yet to withhold that gift, and consecrate it entirely to the idealisation of personal feelings, is to disregard the claims of nationality, citizenship, and common humanity. One accordingly lives to hope that the votaries of the fine arts will turn about from their present selfish practices, and sacrifice their own feelings to the benefiting of their countrymen, and the raising of the standard of typical British Art. One wants to see Mr. Gilbert contributing to this same end with a Highlander in marching order, the tartan pattern duly sculptured, and the mesh and fold of the stockings true to the life; while Mr. Norman Shaw, Mr. Waterhouse, and Mr. Bodley will show what real possibilities for beauty lie in combinations of marble, mahogany, and looking-glass, polished and gilt and carved throughout.

B. C.



MISSAL CASE IN GOLD AND ENAMEL.

NOW IN THE SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.

THE RENAISSANCE OF THE ART
OF ENAMELLING IN ENGLAND:
BY ALEXANDER FISHER.

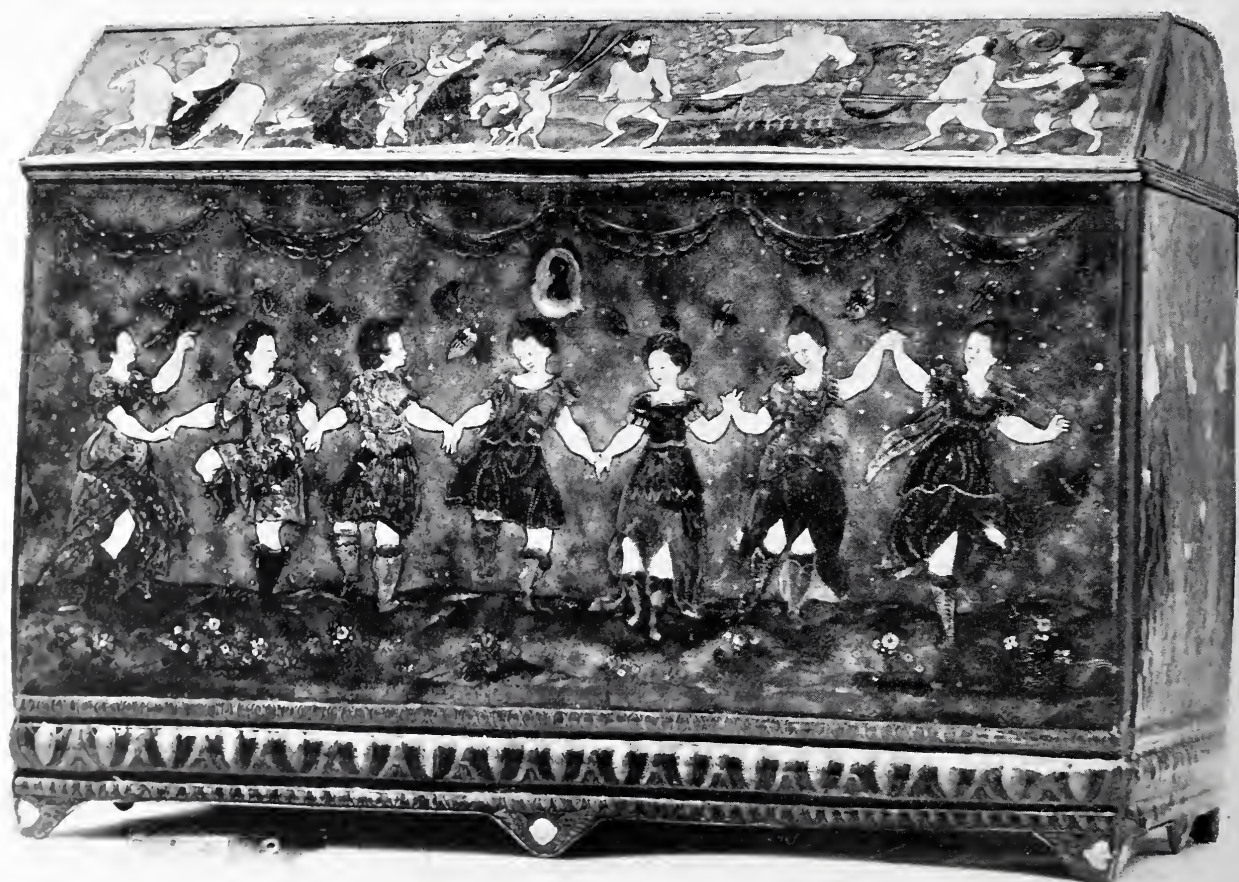
SOME twelve years ago enamelling as a Fine Art was practically dead in this country. Since that time the attention of the Art world has gradually been turned in that direction, and to those of us who are practising it, it has become a matter of absorbing interest. It used to strike me in going through the museums, and seeing the beautiful enamelled work that had been done some centuries ago, that here at least was a world of colour untouched by the artist of to-day. Up to that time the enamelling of this country was almost entirely commercial in character. It consisted principally of a pattern stamped on a metal ground, the interspaces being filled with enamel. Thousands of pieces of work, mostly cheap jewellery, were made in this manner in Birmingham, and the method is still in use. As everyone knows it, it would be useless for me to describe, but, if there be any doubt about it, it may always be known by its hideousness. There were also in these bygone times a few enamellers of watch backs, brooches, and other small articles. They generally worked on an engine-turned ground, and invariably chose the most virulent colouring. It is, therefore, not surprising that the Art world looked askance at the enamelling of that age.

Thus it happened that I set out in fear and

trembling to re-discover the methods of the old enamellers. And as the knowledge of metals and their working was essential, I studied the work of the old gold and silversmiths as closely as that of the enamellers. The reason for this will be seen further on. I found that the simplest form of enamelling, and probably the earliest known, was that which we understand by the term *Champlevé*. The many examples shown in our museums are extremely interesting. They are applied to the decoration of missals, book-covers, crosses, chalices, shrines, and the implements of war, to buckles, brooches, earrings, armlets; in fact, enamelling was so generally used that almost all articles in gold, silver, or copper, whether made for the service of the Church, or for personal adornment, were decorated with most beautiful patterns in *champlevé* enamel. The process I found to be performed by cutting away a pattern on a thick piece of metal, leaving the outlines raised. Then the parts which are cut away are filled in with enamels and fired, and then polished, so that the whole pattern presents a uniform surface, very pleasant to the eye and touch. The degree of polish is, to my mind, as important in this work as the scheme of colour or the Design. Excessive polish gives a hard, glassy, tight, mechanical surface, and the fire polish is almost as unsympathetic. This is one reason why the greater part of modern work is so hopelessly inartistic. It lacks the finish which the artistic feeling of the Craftsman

alone can give. It seems to me that one of the great aims of all our technical schools should be the inculcation and development of artistic feeling in the students. And there is no better way than by constant study of the methods of the old masters. And, further, to teach that which, in the hurry and press of the struggle for wealth on the one hand, and the means of subsistence on the other, in our factories is entirely neglected. Our factory system has produced—by strictly limiting the workman's activity to one branch of work—extreme dexterity and accuracy in the performance of that particular branch of craft. This naturally tends to make the

see the metal and any mark thereon quite clearly through the enamel. There are three kinds of enamel—transparent, translucent, and opaque. A translucent enamel is one through which the light is transmitted, but through which one cannot see. Enamelled work in the method known as *Emaillé de plique à jour* is translucent. To return to the *champlevé* enamels. There is a cross of the twelfth century, the surface of which is ornamented with enamels of this kind. At the four ends are the emblems of the evangelists in white, and blue, and green, and yellow, and minute pieces of red, and in the centre behind the Crucifixion is the Agnus



CASKET: IN ENAMEL: EARLY SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

BY JEAN LIMOUSIN.

Craftsman like a machine; it crushes all thought, feeling, or any love of his work out of him. In his work he seeks only mechanical perfection and easily achieved excellence.

The enamel used in *champlevé* work was generally opaque. This was undoubtedly owing to the difficulty of making a transparent enamel, and of retaining its transparency in subsequent firings. I shall use the word transparent throughout this article, meaning that the material enamel—which is a vitreous compound with silica and minium as its chief components—is, after being applied to the surface of a metal, so transparent that one can

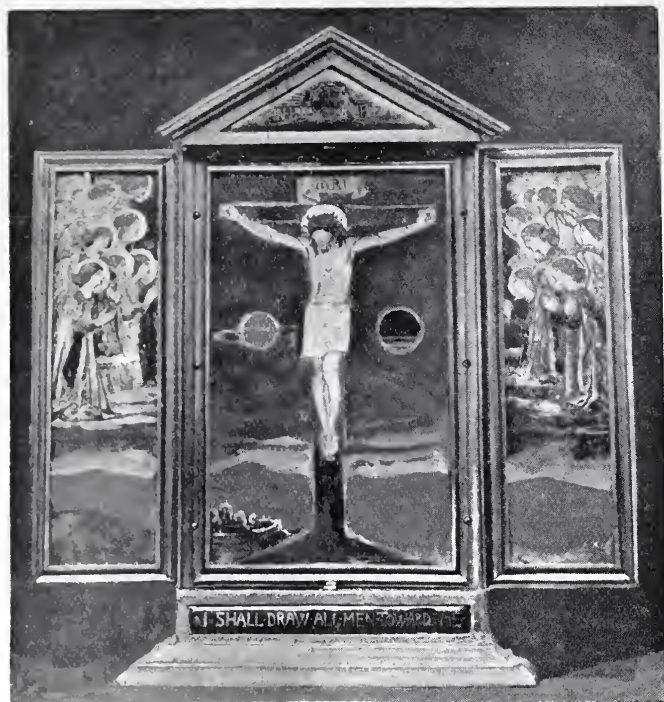
see the metal and any mark thereon quite clearly through the enamel. There are three kinds of enamel—transparent, translucent, and opaque. A translucent enamel is one through which the light is transmitted, but through which one cannot see. Enamelled work in the method known as *Emaillé de plique à jour* is translucent. To return to the *champlevé* enamels. There is a cross of the twelfth century, the surface of which is ornamented with enamels of this kind. At the four ends are the emblems of the evangelists in white, and blue, and green, and yellow, and minute pieces of red, and in the centre behind the Crucifixion is the Agnus

Dei. It is Rhenish Byzantine in style, and is said to have belonged to one of the churches of Cologne. The Annunciation panel here illustrated, which I made amongst many others, is done in this manner. There is no reason why very large panels for decoration should not be executed. It is absolutely the most durable as well as one of the richest and most superb forms of decoration known. The box also given here, is another example of the application of this enamel.

The process which is most nearly allied to *champlevé* is that termed *cloisonné*. It differs only in this, that the divisions or *cloisons* are made of



CRUCIFIXION: IN ENAMEL:
BY JEAN LIMOUSIN: NOW
IN POSSESSION OF THE
SOUTH KENSINGTON
MUSEUM.



THE CRUCIFIXION: TRIPTYCH:
IN TRANSPARENT AND OPAQUE
ENAMELS.

DESIGNED AND EXE-
CUTED BY ALEXANDER
FISHER.

slips of metal soldered to a metal ground. The rest of the method is identical with *champlevé*. For many centuries in Japan and China *cloisonné* enamels have been made in large numbers with consummate technical skill, and have become familiar articles of Japanese and Oriental art.

In Europe, at Limoges, this method was used as far back as the eighth and ninth centuries. The Textus cover here illustrated has parts of *cloisonné* enamel, and is of very beautiful design and colour, being to my mind one of the most lovely things in the world. It is described as follows: "Textus covers of oak covered with gold, enclosing a manuscript evangelium, or Book of the Gospels formerly used at the High Altar of the Church of St. Maurice d'Agaunce. The upper cover is inlaid with plaques of gold, enriched with *cloisonné* enamel work and precious stones, cut for the most part *en cabochon*. The central plaque of the upper cover is *repoussé* in relief, with a figure of Christ in Majesty, holding up His right hand in the act of benediction, and holding in His left a book. This relief is surrounded by an inscription in *cloisonné* enamel of a transparent blue ground, which reads as follows: 'MATHEVS ET MARCUS LUCAS SCSQ JOHANE VOX

HORV QUATUOR REBOAT TEXPE REDEMPTOR.' Parts of the inscription are modern restorations, including the first three words. At each corner is a carbuncle, and round this plaque is placed a narrow band of flat foliated *repoussé* ornament, divided into sections by stones arranged in the following order: chrisopraxe, agate, foiled crystal, sapphire, crystal, sapphire, crystal, blue paste. The outer border is composed of rectangular plaques, alternately covered with symmetrical floral designs in coloured *cloisonné* enamel—partly opaque, partly transparent, and set with jewels framed with an arrangement of scrolls and filigree work, studded with pearls, and ending in monsters' heads, with eyes formed of minute rubies. The jewels are arranged as follows: chalcedony, sapphire, rock crystal, root of emerald, carbuncle, emerald, rock crystal, and turquoise. The under cover is bound with red sheepskin (now much worn), upon which a cross *patée* is indicated by iron nails, and the clasps are composed of strips of leather with mountings of silver, decorated with niello. The manuscript consists of a nearly square folio of 187 leaves of vellum, written

by a German scribe in the tenth or eleventh century."

"The cover is perhaps a century later in date. The MSS. consists of those portions of the Gospel read at chief festivals of the year. On the last page is the beginning of the decree of Pope Adrian, promulgated during the reign of Charles



THE ANNUNCIATION: CHAM-
PLÉVÉ ENAMEL: EXHIBITED AT
THE ARTS AND CRAFTS, 1893.

DESIGNED AND EXECUTED
BY ALEXANDER FISHER.

Death of Tristan.

Lohengrin.

Siegfried.

Das Rheingold.

Siegfried and Siegfried.

Lohengrin.

Death of Tristan.

Tristan und Isolde: The Love Potion.

Tannhäuser.

Fafnir the Dragon: From Siegfried.

Das Rheingold.

Siegfried and Siegfried.

Lohengrin.

Death of Tristan.

Parsifal.

Die Meistersinger.

Rienzi: Romulus and Remus.

The Flying Dutchman.



BELT AND GIRDLE IN ENAMEL AND STEEL: CONSISTING OF TWELVE ENAMELS (TRANSPARENT ON GOLD AND SILVER) ILLUSTRATING WAGNER'S OPERAS: BY PERMISSION OF MRS. EMSLIE HORNIMAN: DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY ALEXANDER FISHER.

Brunnhilde.

the Great, the remainder was written on fly-leaves, which are missing. This magnificent textus was one of the principal ornaments of the high altar; and also served as a Pax for the ceremonial kiss. It was stolen from the treasury of St. Maurice

Kensington Museum at the price of £1571 10s. The size is 10in. by 8½in. by 2¾in. The colours of the enamels are white, blue, and green."

Another glorious example of the enameller's art is the cup now at the British Museum, in the gem



TEXTUS COVER IN GOLD AND CLOISONNÉ ENAMEL.

NOW AT SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.

d'Agauce in the fourteenth century. It afterwards became the property of Sion Monastery, Switzerland. In 1851 it was sold by the Chapter to a dealer of Geneva, and some time afterwards passed into the possession of M. Spitzer, at whose sale in Paris in 1893 it was bought for the South

room, known as the St. Agnes Cup, or the King's Cup. The subjects are from the life of St. Agnes, and are arranged in a band of figures round the cover, another round the bowl, and one round the foot. The colours are of deep ruby, sapphire, gold, ivory, and amethyst of great brilliancy. The gold is of



CASKET IN IVORY, TRANSPARENT ENAMELS,
AND SILVERGILT: WITH SUBJECTS FROM
THE STORY OF CUPID AND PSYCHE.

BY ALEXANDER
FISHER.

fine gold. The method here employed is that called *basse-taille*. All these terms are very expressive and at once betray their origin. *Basse-taille* signifies a low or shallow cut, and is so named, because before enamelling the gold is cut below the surface much the same as an Egyptian *bas-relief*, which is afterwards covered with transparent enamel. This gives great beauty of light and shade to the enamel, as well as continual variety, being different in every aspect. There is also a most beautiful enamel at the bottom of the bowl inside: in order to see this you must climb on to a box to look in. The first we hear of it in history is that Jean Duc de Bery gave it to his nephew, Charles VI. of France, in 1391. It afterwards came into the possession of the Kings of England from Henry VI. to James I., who gave it to Don Juan Velasco, Constable of Castile. It was purchased by subscription with the aid of the Treasury. The price was £8000, which, considering the beauty of the work, the material used, and its history, is but a fair value. Both *champlevé* and *cloisonné* enamels had been made in Limoges since the tenth and eleventh centuries, but the kind more generally known by the name Limoges is a painted enamel *en grisaille* chiefly. There is much greater variety in this work than in any other, and greater opportunity for more subtle colour and tone, and greater accuracy of drawing and expression. There are many examples

in our museums, and collectors set great store by it, but there is one form of it which I think is a mistake. That is where black and white only are used. The effect is generally very ugly. The examples I have chosen are both very splendid specimens. The casket is enamelled on silver in colours, the ground being of a very subtle violet blue, warmed by gold stars painted over it. The faces, and arms, and legs are in white slightly tinted, the draperies are of brilliant transparent blue, and green, and violet, relieved with gold. The form in the figures is very bad, yet, the colour being so supremely beautiful, one overlooks the drawing. The subjects are, on the top, a Bacchanalian procession, and a mediæval dancing group at the front. The back is *semé* with monograms, probably of Marguerite de Valois, wife of Henri IV. It is of French make by Limousin, and was bought for £1000 in 1864.

The Crucifixion is a panel of enamelled copper, the sky being of a deep cobalt blue of great beauty, the figure of the Christ in white (too white

to be quite satisfactory), the hands and faces of the other figures, are also too white. The draperies, very deep and rich in colour, are transparent on silver, relieved with gold. It was made by Jean Limousin in the early part of the 17th century, and has been restored in parts. It was bought for £400.

There are also examples in the same gallery at South Kensington, by Penicaud III., who lived about 1560, which are very fine in workmanship. These have all helped me greatly in working out the different methods and processes of enamelling. I have done a little golden wedding casket very much in this manner, the ground being of a transparent peacock blue on silver, with amorini in ivory white, with wings in lilac and turquoise over white. The ground is *semé* with gold stars, and the back with the monograms of the owners. It was exhibited at the Academy in 1895, and is now to be seen in the South Kensington Museum, where it is on loan.

One of the most extraordinary pieces of work ever done in goldsmithery and enamelling is the missal case here illustrated. It is of Italian workmanship, and is said to have belonged to Henrietta Maria, Queen of Charles I. The subjects are the "Creation of Adam and Eve," and the "Fountain of Youth" (?). The figures and parts of the scroll work are in very high relief in gold, and are enamelled in transparent enamels, the brilliancy of which is unequalled by anything in the museum.

Yet, after all the most wonderful workmanship, the effect is rather tawdry, and the whole seems very much overwrought. The story goes that in Mr. Coles' day a lady brought the missal case in a bag and offered it to the museum for £700, to be given to her at once as she was in great need. This, after satisfactory inquiry, was agreed to. Now the most interesting part of the story is, that quite recently the sum of £10,000 was offered by the French Government for it. Which suggests to one's imagination the fabulous, incalculable wealth deposited in our museums.

These few examples, and others of a similar

THE ROCK-CUT CHURCHES OF
INKERMANN: LETTERPRESS
AND ILLUSTRATIONS BY
WILLIAM SIMPSON, R.I., M.R.A.S.

How few people in this country were familiar with Sebastopol till the Crimean War made it famous. Still fewer had ever heard the word "Inkermann," which is now a household word; it is associated with a well-fought battle, and the ideas we have of the spot are only connected with the heroic deeds of our soldiers. Although now known as a celebrated battle-field, the place has great archæological



ROCK-CUT SHRINE, INKERMANN.

DRAWN BY WILLIAM SIMPSON.

kind, were the objects of my most careful study for some years. After some success having attended my efforts, Sir Walter Prideaux did me the honour to ask me to lecture and demonstrate to the City and Guilds of London Institute, Finsbury, where many were initiated into the mysteries of the Art. The Academy, as well as the New Gallery and the Arts and Crafts, has encouraged my efforts by exhibiting my work and some of my pupils'. These enamels are the first which, to my knowledge, have been made in this manner and exhibited in this country for some centuries.

interest from the large number of excavated caves which are found at it. The name Inkermann is said to mean "City of Caverns," and it truly expresses the character of the spot.

The inlet which forms the harbour of Sebastopol is about three miles in length, and Inkermann is at its eastern end. Here the Tchernaya, or Black River, flows into the harbour, separating the principal group of caverns from a smaller group on the side where the battle was fought. The latter we were able to visit at the time of the war; but the larger group, on the north and east, was

occupied by Russian piquets, who were given to firing upon anyone that exposed themselves.

I give an illustration of the principal scarp of the larger group. Its appearance might suggest that the perpendicular cliff had resulted from quarrying at some early date. The monastery in front of the rock has been built since the time of the Crimean War. The old towers and walls on the top are said to be mediæval—supposed by some to be Genoese—like those of Balaklava. The principal church is in this part of the cliffs; it is indicated on the outside by a gable-shaped outline. Most probably there had been originally an architectural front cut in the rock, which has disappeared, and a plain wall erected in its place. There are other chapels or shrines near to this church, and there are stairs and passages cut in the rock leading to them. Close to this cliff on the right, but not seen in this picture, is a projecting ridge of rock, leaving a valley between. It is on the rock scarps of this ridge, and on both sides of the valley, where the greater mass of caverns are to be found.

There had been originally a town or a fortress, probably both, at Inkermann, said to have been founded by Diophantes, the General of Mithridates, whose capital was at Kertch, this monarch had the title of "Eupator," and in honour of his master Diophantes named the place Eupatoria. This name has since been transferred to a Tartar village on the coast, which was formerly known as Koslof, where the Allied Armies landed in 1854. Inkermann has had more than one change of its name, for it was at one time known as Pompeiopolis, and later still it was called Theodori or Doros. These names, we may take it, imply the existence of a town; but when the town disappeared or was forgotten, and the caverns became the haunt of monks and hermits, the character of the spot led to the use of the descriptive word Inkermann, or "City of Caverns."

The churches are in themselves evidence that they are not older than the Christian era; but it has been surmised that some of the caves are more ancient, and were either the habitations or tombs of an early race. This is, of course, mere guess work, but a more careful examination of these excavations by someone having the necessary knowledge, might perhaps lead to a more accurate conclusion.

We have an account of the spot written by an English visitor—Lady Craven—who was there in 1786. She writes that: "The Count Wynowitch commands here, and has a little farm at Inkerman, which must have been a very considerable and extraordinary town; at present the only remains of it are rooms hewn out of the rock. There is a large chapel, the pillars and altars of which are extremely curious. The stone is whitish, and not unlike marble. I climbed up a staircase, and crept

into and out of very extraordinary spaces, large and commodious. I entered at the bottom of these singular habitations, and, like a chimney sweeper, came out at the top; and though it cost me not a little trouble in turning and climbing up so high, I had no idea of having mounted so much, till on looking about me, I turned quite giddy on seeing the Bay of Inkerman and all the Black Sea at least 250 feet beneath the place where I stood."

At the time of the Crimean War the church on what was then our side of the Inkermann Valley could be easily visited; a long rock-cut passage led to it from the foot of the Quarry Ravine. When I made the sketch from which the illustration that appears here was made, it was occupied by a French piquet of the Chasseurs de Vincennes. They had built up a rude wall in front, and thus converted the church into a rifle pit, from which they fired at times when any Russians were visible among the ruins on the other side. From the point my sketch was taken some of the external rock is visible, and it will be seen that arched forms still remain on it. Here, in this case, the outer wall of rock has fallen away, similar to what has been suggested above as having occurred at the church on the opposite side. These external arches would no doubt be over the windows that gave light to the church. No sculptures of figures or ornaments remain. The plan of the church, I suppose, from what remains of it, had been that of a Greek cross. The plan and the circular arch are the only guides we have left to the architectural style that had been followed, and on which the date of the church might be inferred. These features point, of course, to a Byzantine origin, but they leave a rather wide chronological space within which the construction of the church might be placed. The only conclusion we can come to is that it could not have differed much, in its general character, from other early Greek churches which are well enough known.

In 1869 I revisited the Crimea, and was then able to see the larger and more important group of caves. A young monk went about with me as a guide, and although we used two or three languages, we had not altogether a dozen words that both understood; there was thus a very palpable limit to my means of gaining knowledge, and the conditions left considerable uncertainty about what I supposed the monk had said. However, I was able to sketch, and can place some reliance on the knowledge supplied by that means, and I give an illustration of the interior of the principal church. From this it will be seen that it is of the basilica type—a nave with aisles on each side. Fergusson states that it is about 36 feet in length, and the small plan he gives (*) agrees with my

* "Handbook of Architecture," p. 969.



INKERMANN IN 1869: FROM A DRAWING
BY WILLIAM SIMPSON, R.I., M.R.A.S.



ROCK-CUT CHURCH, INKERMANN:
DRAWN BY WILLIAM SIMPSON.

drawing; but the other two illustrations, one being a kind of section from Dubois de Montpereux, which he produces, bear no resemblance to anything that I chanced to see. One of the illustrations given by Fergusson (*) may be that of another chapel in the caves, but it is not the one that corresponds to the plan above it.

At the time of my visit the church had been renovated, everything was new; the iconastasis (†), the pictures, candlesticks, lamps, &c., were all fresh from the ecclesiastical furniture shop. The walls and columns had been painted, and ornamented with colour and gilding. It should be stated here that none of the ornamentation indicated in the illustration—except the capitals of the pillars—represent sculpture. The decayed condition of the other church already described suggest a natural doubt as to the columns in this church being those of the original excavation. The arches and the capitals beneath them being out of harm's way, might have remained perfect as they seem to be, but the base mouldings, with the plinths below them, do not appear to have suffered any damage, which, considering the many years the church has existed, is scarcely credible. It will be noticed that the floor is paved, which implies a restoration, for that is not likely to have been the condition when the place was first excavated, and with that restoration the bases, if not an addition at the time, were most probably repaired. Let anyone contrast the church with the chapel on the left of it, and the drift of what is here expressed will be better understood. The chapel remains unrenovated, and has all the appearance of antiquity, while the church, on the contrary, looks as new as if it had been only a work of yesterday.

My guide led me through a number of passages and up and down stairs, where I saw graves, cells, and spaces large enough to have been chapels or shrines of some kind. In some of these skulls and bones had been collected; and I give an illustration of one of them, where in a recess, a number of skulls were preserved, the space where they were enclosed being covered at the end with a sheet of glass.

From my guide I was able to make out that both the churches that have been here described were dedicated to St. Clement. At the end of the same year on which my visit to the Crimea occurred—1869—I was at Rome attending the ceremonies of the Vatican Council, and at that time the church of St. Clement was a place of great attraction to archæologists and visitors, owing to some discoveries that had been made there. It is the church of the Irish Dominicans, and Father Mullooly was then the Prior of the Order. As I wished to make sketches

for the *Illustrated London News*, I presented myself to him with a letter of introduction, but I soon found that the information I could give about the Inkermann was my best recommendation. Every kindness and attention was shown to me, and Father Mullooly gave me a copy of the book he had written describing his discoveries, and from that source I am able to add some interesting details which are connected with the Inkermann caverns.

While some repairs or alterations were being made at the St. Clementi Church, the remains of an older church was discovered underneath. These were carefully explored by Father Mullooly, and it was found that a previous church, dedicated to St. Clement, had existed, which must have been destroyed either by an earthquake that happened in 896, or more probably during the devastations of Robert Guiscard, who sacked and destroyed that part of Rome where St. Clementi is situated in 1084. On the walls that still remain there are a number of large paintings, now more or less fragmentary, and some of these represent incidents which are recorded in the history of St. Clement during his banishment in the Crimea (*).

In the usual list of Popes Linus is the first, then Cletus, and the third is Clement, with the year 93 as the date when he was raised to the Pontificate. In some lists Clement appears as the second. This confusion is supposed to have originated from the banishment of Clement, and that Cletus, or Anacletus, as the name also appears, took his place and acted for him. There is a picture in the St. Clementi Church, of which only the lower part remains, but luckily the names of the persons are seen distinct enough beneath each of them. From the action of the figures there can scarcely be a doubt that the painting was intended to represent St. Peter placing Clement on the Papal throne. Linus and Cletus, with other figures, are also in the picture, which would imply that Clement was in the chair before and not after them. How far this picture has been accepted as evidence by the Papal authorities at Rome I have not chanced to hear. It may possibly be only regarded as showing that claims had been put forward at the time the picture was painted in favour of Clement having been the first successor of St. Peter.

The banishment of Clement is said to have taken place during a persecution by Trajan. According to the tradition, he was sent to the Chersonese, which is that part of the Crimea including Sebastopol, Balaklava, and Inkermann, and his occupation was that of working in the quarries. This points to the Inkermann, and so far agrees with the tradition of that place. He spread the

* "Handbook of Architecture," No. 805, p. 969.

† The screen that encloses the altar, so called from the *icons* or pictures upon it.

* Large copies of these paintings are to be seen in the South Kensington Museum.



ROCK-CUT CHURCH AT INKER-
MANN, CRIMEA: DRAWN BY
WILLIAM SIMPSON.

Gospel among the natives of the locality, and was so successful that it was reported to Trajan, who sent out his Prefect (Auphidianus) with full powers, the result being that an anchor was tied to the neck of Clement, and he was thrown into the sea. The people mourned greatly for him, and at last two of his disciples (Cornelius and Phœbus) had recourse to fervent prayer, which being heard, the sea retired from the shore, and at a distance of three miles they found a marble temple with an urn containing the "holy Pontiff's body." The spot remained dry for seven days, when the sea returned. Every year afterwards, for two hundred years and more, on the Saint's day the sea left a dry passage, and the faithful visited the shrine.

One of the miracles which has been recorded is that of a widow and her only boy. She had been with him to the shrine, and on returning, she supposed the child was following her, and on discovering that he had been left behind, she attempted to go back, but found that the sea had begun to flow again over the ground, and it was supposed the boy was lost. Next year she went, hoping, perhaps, to discover his bones, but to her great joy, she found him alive and well at the tomb of the martyr. There is a picture of this miracle in the ancient Church of St. Clementi, in which a representation of the tomb appears, but as it is the production of a Roman artist, it affords no clue to the particular style of Architecture that may have been followed in the Crimea.

The relics of St. Clement were supposed to have been found by St. Cyril, the Apostle of the Slavonians, and brought to Rome in the year 867.

These few details, which are repeated here from Father Mullooly's book, unfortunately throw no light upon the probable date of the Inkermann churches. Whether they are as old as the time of St. Clement himself or as late as the period of Vladimir, the end of the tenth century, when the Crimea is supposed to have been fully converted, is a point that must be left for further investigation to determine.

LONDON AS DICKENS KNEW IT: IN THE FIFTIES: WRITTEN BY A. E. STREET, M.A.: PART ONE.

NEVER since the world began has there been such a collection of dun-coloured dwellings as was presented by the London of the Fifties. Nature's parsimony is a valid excuse for much. When the "Nord" express runs into Creil, through all the signs of active quarrying, we realise the advantage which Paris has over us, but that the mere want of stone should have produced such unspeakably humdrum building speaks ill for the artistic vitality of the time. The purely mechanical inclosure of space by unrelieved walling, which seems to have been held to satisfy every canon of good building, was intellectually about on a par with the operations of the nursery; in imaginative qualities it was a poor second.

Those long vistas of monotonous, neutral-tinted fronts, innocent of individuality, and only to be distinguished from one another by capriciously



CANONBURY TOWER.

BY THE SOCIETY FOR PHOTOGRAPHING
RELICS OF OLD LONDON, 1879.

London as Dickens Knew it.

various panages of soot, the result of the decorative vagaries of decades of rain storms, had no parallel outside Great Britain. Nowhere did this morose and splenetic architecture of ours move the building craft to plagiarism: only in our provincial towns was the note of infinite tameness struck again: Even now, as we pass from Birmingham to Glasgow, and from Glasgow to Dublin, we carry a load of this depressing scenery with us: On Kelt and Saxon alike the blight fell and withered the artistic sense. We are doing something now to leaven the mass, but half a century

content. The dingy glories of Bloomsbury had not yet sunk quite below the horizon; still less was the day foreseen when their ancient carcasses should find themselves standing shoulder to shoulder with gay interlopers, trying even to ape the new fashions in their own persons, and assuming somewhat of youth and sprightliness.

Circumstances demanded of us either picturesqueness of form or a large and dignified treatment. Our climate, which, with all its whims and contrarities, has a fairly persistent tendency in the direction of sunlessness, does little to help us. We



OLD HOUSES IN GRAY'S INN LANE.

BY THE SOCIETY FOR PHOTOGRAPHING RELICS OF OLD LONDON, 1878.

ago there were unbroken miles of streets, all as sober as quakers, as austere as a community of Puritans, the embodiment of old-maidenly prudishness, an exquisitely appropriate setting for the chastened joys of the English Sunday, which they at once prefigured and ministered to. Nor were they lacking in a certain smug suggestion of that solid comfort which is the Englishman's peculiar vanity. The outside was discreetly and demurely eloquent of material joys to be found within, the honest English joint, the bottle of crusted port, the capacious sofa to woo Paterfamilias to slumbrous

cannot, like the dwellers in more favoured regions, trust the sun to throw over things mean and sordid that glowing mantle of colour which is a patent of nobility in itself. It is our business to make our own light and shade, but our fathers were unconscious of any such need: a half column on a house front here and there, a rare pediment or two, only emphasised the want, and as for colour, khaki is rich and sumptuous in tone by the side of London brown.

We have never grasped the vastness of our opportunities, but have temporised, as our manner

is, till it is almost too late. London, we are fond of boasting, is the largest and richest city the world has known, but there is little to show for it; it is a mere snowball of humanity, an amorphous collection of villages and townships which have grown together; not so much a big thing as an infinite number of small ones. We cannot say where the heart of this great body is beating: there is no architectural centre, no element of dignity adequate

to express all that should be expressed in the capital of an empire. There is raw material indeed, and to spare, for a Wren or a Haussmann, for a despot with unlimited powers, but the day for such drastic proceedings has passed, and the morning is still to dawn when the citizens shall express themselves in splendid building. When

Regent Street and Stratford Place were built we did indeed lay a tentative hand on the skirts of architectural dignity, but individual taste, if one may use the word in such a connection, soon began its work of defacement, and is pursuing it to-day.

Such as the streets were, deeply and fundamentally dull, they lacked even adventitious relief. For us the feast of flowers is always spread; close masses

of wallflowers passing from deep velvety red to flame colour, daffodils nodding their golden heads, great banks of roses, rainbow-tinted maple leaves, fresh usurpers ever claiming the sceptre and winning our ready homage: The king is dead. Long live the king! Nowadays the throne never stands vacant; but even so little as thirty years ago the flower and fruit trade was a mere possibility dimly guessed at. The lover of colour and fragrance

must make his pilgrimage to Covent Garden, for there alonesuch flowers as then graced us with their presence held court. Little Dorrit might well think of it as "a place where there were flowers in winter at guineas a-piece, pine-apples at guineas a pound, and peas at guineas a pint." Leech's fathers do the marketing as they pass from business, and with how



OLD HOUSES IN ALDERSGATE STREET: 1879.

natural a result. It is enough to recall the dinner-table of the period, its glorification of mere profusion, the unwieldy centrepiece, the weary changes rung on geranium and camellia, packed as though a sum in addition were the decorative be-all and end-all, the surprising pine-apples, the crystallised fruit of massive proportions; and every detail was in keeping. Those were the days when the star of Tottenham Court Road was in the ascendant, when

the concessions to good taste were nil, when mahogany and walnut stood proudly on their own merits without the meretricious aid of design, and the number of cubic feet of wood a piece of furniture contained was the ultimate test of its virtues. One might perhaps admit that a revulsion not wholly unnatural against some of the wilder vagaries of the followers of Chippendale and Sheraton, pseudo-Chinese, neo-Gothic, and other nightmares, was at the bottom of this deification of mere material, but that palliation of the outrages then committed would be criminal. All the upholstery was of a piece; Asia Minor had not

basket of many coloured wools, a tambour frame, some novels, and a magazine or two completed the picture. Everything about our fathers and mothers ran to bulk. Their very scarf-pins and bracelets were so many stilettos and handcuffs, and their rooms boasted none of those "*objets menus*," which do more to clothe and to give them character and individuality than a forest of chairs and tables, for the cult of the arts and crafts was still in the womb of time, nor had old silver, miniatures, the thousand and one forms of *bric-à-brac* with which we are familiar, any general vogue.

Dyspepsia seems to lurk in every detail, yet



OXFORD MARKET.

BY THE SOCIETY FOR PHOTOGRAPHING RELICS OF OLD LONDON, 1881.

yet opened its treasure-houses to the world at large. Oceans of Brussels and Kidderminster covered square miles of floor space. Natural flowers in unnatural colours twined and wreathed about one's feet, hung in garlands on the walls, and, as like as not, reappeared in nosegays on the tablecloths. The inevitable mirror over the everlasting white marble mantelpiece reflected a picture with very little to attract, rep curtains, cumbrous sofas of strange outline, chairs and tables *en suite*, the latter adorned with albums and books of engravings, the cherished refuge of shyness; a

thousands of middle-class houses conformed closely to this type, their owners frankly Philistine, and getting a very fair measure of happiness out of their surroundings withal. It is, perhaps, the one phase to which one can never return. It had neither beauty, refinement, nor even eccentricity to recommend it. It had lost the unconscious and natural graces of earlier days, and had not attained the cultivation necessary to supply a substitute. It was modern life in its first rude, almost savage, stage. It had every failing which attaches to the word *bourgeois*, and to the artist they are

legion; but a less sensitive, less fastidious world lived contentedly enough under conditions which we should find infinitely depressing. Nerves had not reached the acute development of to-day, or the very noises of the streets would have killed their thousands. Heavy traffic rumbled and thundered past over the granite paving; the cries of drovers as they urged on their tired cattle added to the din; organs mingled their wheezy tremolos with the shrill voices of hawkers, and all the cries of the streets, for which, with distance to lend them enchantment, we feel a certain regret. The citizen of London is still an unwilling expert in all that relates to mud: the freedom of the streets seems

ment which our fathers would have regarded as a fantastic dream.

This is the London to which Dickens was never tired of returning. There seemed to be a fascination for him in forcing the contrast between town and country. The bewilderment of the simple country cousin suddenly landed there amid all the disagreeables and dangers of a typical November day was his constant theme. He catalogued with graphic and pitiless particularity the atmosphere, so grimy and moist as to seem only a weaker solution of the mud underfoot, the foot passengers "jostling one another's umbrellas in a general infection of ill-temper, and losing their foothold at



SHOP IN BREWER STREET, SOHO.

BY THE SOCIETY FOR PHOTOGRAPHING
RELICS OF OLD LONDON, 1878.

its inalienable privilege, yet it lacks something of the luscious greasiness of the mud of old, through which barefooted urchins, seen dimly from the windows of the steaming omnibus, turned cart-wheels for their daily bread. The 'bus itself, while the General Company was still in its cradle, heavily built and ill-ventilated, redolent of the straw with which it was carpeted, was little more than a crude suggestion of its well found successor: the evolution of the London gondola was equally incomplete; the sybarite, who rolls along wood paving on rubber tyres, enjoys a luxury of move-

street corners," "dogs undistinguishable in mire, horses splashed to their very blinkers." It is only necessary to place ourselves in imagination on Holborn Hill, and to watch the traffic slithering down into the valley, and toiling up out of it, or to turn aside to Smithfield, with all its sordid brutalities, its babel of lowing cattle and yelling drovers, or to the dismal mud flats of the river that

"Slouches sullen and obscene

Hard on the skirts of the embittered night,"

its rotting wharves, its amphibious sheds and

hovels, its *débris* of old iron and rusty anchors, while the splash of oars as some "Gaffer" plies his dreadful trade, or the dull glow in the window of a waterside drinking-den, are alone in their suggestion of life, to get a fairly comprehensive idea of one side of London as Dickens depicted it.

The city could, indeed, be very ill-favoured, and seemed to know it. Whether in distrust of her power to please, or because the manners and customs of the world outside did not commend themselves to her, she was shy and inhospitable, and did nothing to cater for her guests or give them houseroom. The last half century has seen her throw open her doors, and welcome thousands where formerly she entertained ten. In 1850 the "Golden Cross" of classic associations still held its place. Hotels and restaurants, as we know them, had not yet taught the traveller and the man of discriminating appetite what he has a right to

expect. It was still the day of simple, and not always attractive, plenty; the board groaned under the solid fare; the time-honoured joint threw down the gage to foemen who were worthy to take it up. The contempt for the unrecognisable entity with a foreign title, the kickshaw of ill repute, marked every self-respecting patriot, and self-respecting patriots were in an immense majority. The Englishman might still pass the time of day to Ganymede in his mother tongue and get payment in coin of the same mintage, for Robert had not yet made way for Alphonse and Max, nor were all places of refreshment cosmopolitan and polyglot. Then the Londoner lived in private; his house was his castle, and the feast was spread with closed doors; the men and women who pass from their flats to take their meals abroad as a matter of course seem to belong to a different race, so many barriers have they leapt, so many are the prejudices

they have forgotten, the outlandish customs they have assimilated.

But London need not have been so diffident; the summer sun looked down then on many scenes rich in a quiet charm of their own, which have become a memory to us. We have assumed somewhat more of the air of a capital meantime, but step for step we have lost priceless monuments of that continuity between past and present which, whether our fathers were conscious of it or not, was a real thing in their day.

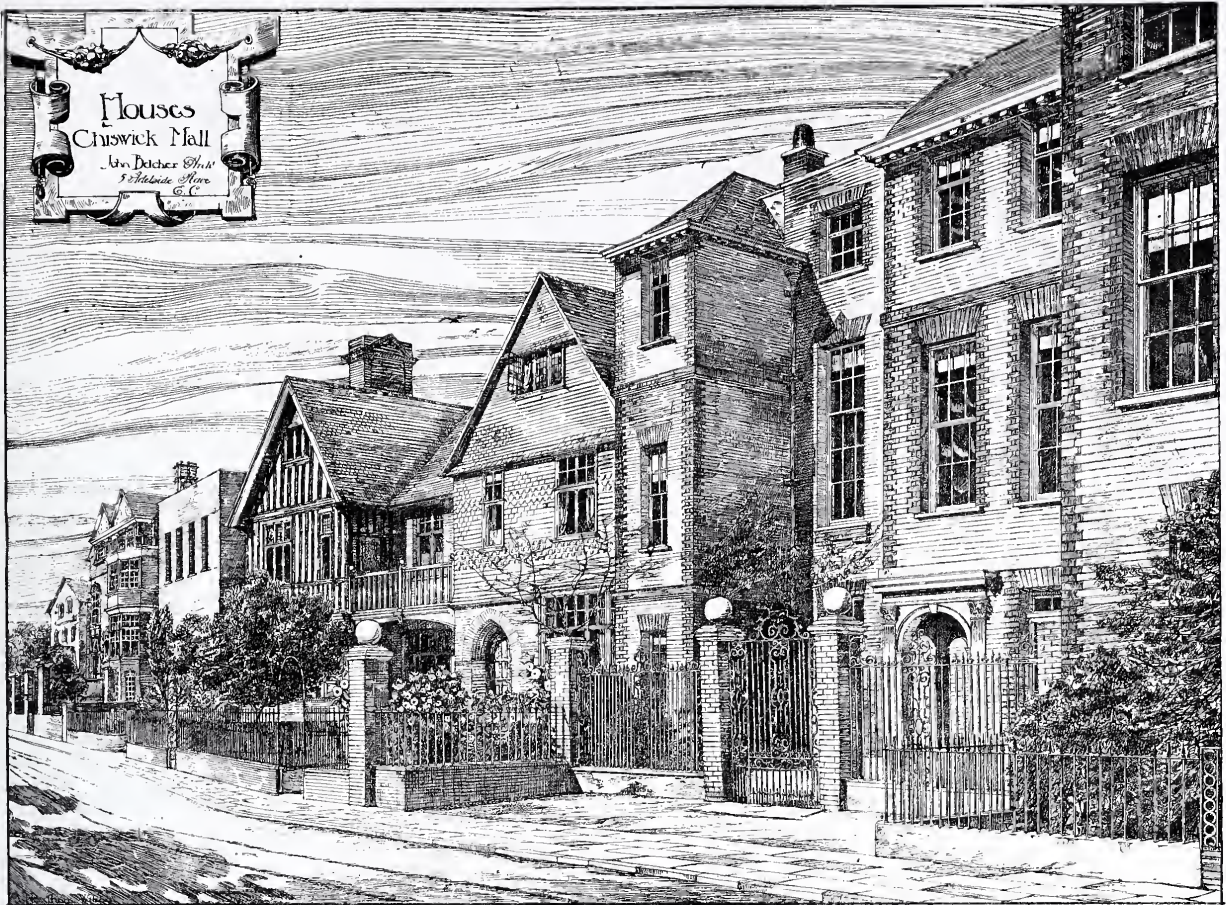
Now the old world is submerged. Like another Zuyder Zee the flood of bricks and mortar has engulfed townships and villages, obliterating time-honoured landmarks, tearing old associations to tatters, grinding whole districts down to a dead level of vulgar pretentiousness, or pure squalor with the stony indifference of a convulsion of Nature.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)



CHRIST'S HOSPITAL.

BY THE SOCIETY FOR PHOTOGRAPHING
RELICS OF OLD LONDON, 1879.



HOUSES, CHISWICK MALL.

JOHN BELCHER, ARCHT. CT.

THE WORK OF JOHN BELCHER,
ARCHITECT: A RECORD AND
REVIEW: WRITTEN BY CHARLES
G. HARPER: PART TWO.

WHEN Mr. Belcher designed the new buildings for Messrs. Rylands and Sons after the great Wood Street fire of some sixteen years ago, they were, with a due regard for the requirements of private firms for lavish decorations, done in the Dutch convention of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The wonderful invention and fertility of resource of those old Hollanders were then exercising an influence over Mr. Belcher's design, and he was passing through a period of enthusiasm in which the old merchants' houses that front the now silent waterways of Dordrecht, Haarlem, and other decayed cities of the Netherlands, seemed most desirable starting-points towards designs for business premises in living London.

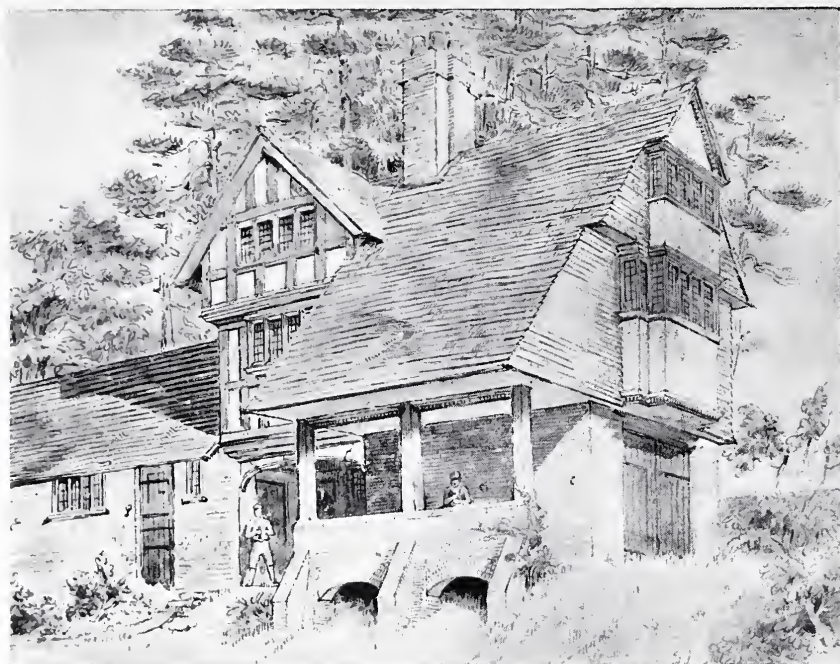
He has produced many works which mark a gradual development from the picturesqueness which then meant so much to him, onward to the chastened severity of his later years. One cannot, without difficulty, in these pages, hope to follow him in restorations of village churches in Warwickshire and Wilts; nor, indeed, were the difficulty less, would one care overmuch for such an adventure in

VOL. IV.—Q.

criticising and appreciating; for in such works—if he be true to the proper canons of restoration—the artist must needs sink his own personality.

It is in his designs for country houses that one finds much work of an interesting quality. Most of these houses are done in what one may perhaps be allowed to call a Tudor convention: Holcombe, near Chatham; Yeldhall Manor, near Twyford, originally named "Bearroc"; houses at Henley; houses on Chiswick Mall; Mark Ash, Surrey; and his own house, Redholm, Champion Hill; stables and studios, Brenchley; house at Royston; cottage hospitals, Norwood and Chatham; and many others. A later development may be observed in such houses as Morden Grange, Blackheath; additions to Court Lodge, Boxley, to Dr. Gandy's house, to that of Mr. De Chapeaurouge, Norwood.

The alterations and additions for the Earl of Eldon at Stowell Park, are on a very large and important scale, comprising some entirely new works and the remodelling of old buildings which hitherto have had no outstanding Architectural character. Terraced gardens, only partly completed, new stabling, and laundry buildings are included in these works. One of the illustrations of these additions is the carved stone fireplace in the "Lower Hall" from Mr Belcher's own drawing, and which we shall reproduce in a future number. The gardens of



STABLES : WEIRLEIGH, KENT.

DRAWN BY JOHN BELCHER, ARCHITECT.

Stowell Park, and many of his houses, have been specially designed by Mr. Belcher. This is a matter which he feels to be of great importance, as it enabled him to link the buildings with the site, throwing out tendrils in the shape of terraces, walls, and hedges to tie it to the ground.

One could wish that Stowell, instead of being secluded at Northleach, a distance of seven miles from Cirencester, in a remote part of Gloucestershire, was more accessible to the architectural student, for the work here, as may be judged from our illustrations of it to be given in these articles, is of a peculiarly interesting character. Mr. Belcher, commissioned to remodel this singularly heterogeneous mass of buildings, found here the relics of a monastic institution, to which had been added a residence in the Jacobean style. Among the features of the place were an ancient tithe barn, the ponds and half-choked up watercourses that were once the fish-ponds of the religious brotherhood settled here before the Reformation, and out-buildings of every conceivable position and date. To an architect who has a reverence for old work, here was an opportunity of a singularly pleasurable kind. There were problems, too, in the way of levels, which, though troublesome

enough, it was a satisfaction to overcome. Stowell Park, being as it is an agglomeration of the building operations of many generations, is a house in which the stranger might well lose his way. The passages zig-zag in every direction, and go continually up and down. Such would not be the modern ideal of a residence, but when you have a house which dates in part from the fourteenth century, then things can well be borne with. These features gave opportunities for some fine terrace works, while the isolated position of the tithe-barn (re-modelled into the semblance of a hall) suggested a gallery connecting it with the house, and designed, as a logical offshot from that Jacobean mansion, in the



HOUSE FOR G. WINCH, ESQ.
HOLCOMBE, CHATHAM;
ENTRANCE FRONT.

JOHN BELCHER,
ARCHITECT.

phase of the Renaissance obtaining at that period of the seventeenth century. The scope and style of these works may be seen by reference to our double-page supplement of last month, while the entirely new feature of the stables—an unusual and highly interesting composition—illustrated in the first part of this article, deserves special mention here by reason of the odd-looking cylindrical columns which support a part of the building. These built-up columns are a common feature in the neighbourhood, but Mr. Belcher has added mouldings found on similar columns at the

Seen from Chedworth Woods, standing on its hill-side slopes, it still retains an old-world air, as of the retreat of some studious brotherhood; and encompassed by the gardens, Architecture and Nature borrow from each other to give to one another an added charm.

But so far, the most interesting of all Mr. Belcher's works is the building for the Institute of Chartered Accountants, with those happily allied features, the decorative friezes of sculpture along the elevations by Mr. Hamo Thorneycroft, R.A. This building is unhappily hidden from



HOUSE FOR G. WINCH, ESQ., AT HOLCOMBE,
CHATHAM: GARDEN ELEVATION.

JOHN BELCHER,
ARCHITECT.

Roman Villa in the Chedworth Villa near by. They were accordingly allowed to influence to some degree the style of that particular side of the courtyard. Certain fourteenth-century fragments of cusplings found in the course of excavations for new works here were allowed to determine the character of the room known as the "Lower Hall"; and the fine old oak and elm panelling found in portions of the house has been used as a basis for extended work of a similar character.

In fine, Stowell is a place of a singular beauty.

the view of the many, behind Moorgate Street. It occupies an awkward corner site in Moorgate Place and Great Swan Alley, both narrow thoroughfares, which render any adequate view of it as a whole an utter impossibility. And yet, strange to say, one does not deplore this so bitterly as one might with many another fine building. The reason of this may readily be found in the fact that the details and the decoration of the main and the return elevations are sufficient for study in themselves alone.

The building by its freshness may remind us

that we are living in the midst of a Renaissance of the arts that will become historic, equally with the New Birth that marked the close of the sixteenth and the dawn of the seventeenth century. We are not all fired with the new ideals. Some know nothing of them; others, knowing, set their faces against them and continue in the beaten tracks of routine; others yet, with enthusiasm, follow the merely commercial side of the art. We have all heard of the Speculative Builder. Many of us have met him. Fewer have heard of the Speculative Architect, and doubt the existence of the type; but

content for the most part to borrow from the work of the past.

Already we may find that in the works of his imitators, in which attenuated entablatures, engaged columns, deep sculptured bands about the middle of buildings, and heavily rusticated ground floor piers, are reproduced with a touching fidelity, if sometimes also with exasperating want of fitness, he has made a considerable impression upon the art of his time. All this is an unconscious tribute to the influence Mr. Belcher's work has upon the minds of some of the younger men.



HOUSE FOR G. WINCH, ESQ. HOLCOMBE,
CHATHAM: THE STABLES.

JOHN BELCHER,
ARCHITECT.

it exists, and those among us who have met the kind know that the only pursuit into which he enters with ardour is that of gambling in sites and concessions. Architecture the "art" is to him unknown. From the "works," so to call them, of these opportunists, this epoch-making building is indeed a change.

We regard Mr. Belcher's Institute of Chartered Accountants, his dignified design for the completion of the South Kensington Museum, and that for the Colchester Town Hall, and the Cambridge Guildhall, as contributions towards the formation of a style in these days when architects have been

This feature of heavily rusticated piers, so freely employed in this building for the Chartered Accountants, gives the proper semblance of a sturdy support of the massive superstructure, and extends the whole length of the ground floor on both elevations, emphasised on the main elevation by the boldly-projecting doorway, modelled on the same lines. The space between this and the first floor is left severely plain, save for the impressive winged terminal figures, sculptured by Mr. Harry Bates, A.R.A., which spring above each pier, and whose outstretched wings break at regular

intervals the monotony of the sill mouldings running continuously beneath the windows of this floor. These windows are particularly plain, and set off with the better advantage of contrast the sculptured band dividing the first and second floors. This band, divided into panels by the engaged columns that rise through it to the entablature, is filled with groups by Mr. Thorneycroft, representing Education, Sciences and Arts, Commerce, Manufactures, Shipping, Railways, and the Colonies. Each of these divisions of human

then, for the remaining half, shorn of its second floor. This is, of course, owing to that bogey of architects, "ancient lights," though positive advantage has been taken of it to obtain new effects. Here then, the engaged columns of the second floor disappear, and give place to a roof sloping at the legal angle of 45 degrees, while the band of sculptured figures continues to the end, unbroken by that rhythmic interposition of the bases of the columns which hitherto has been a feature. Here, too, the cornice is more than ever quaint, reduced as it is



HOUSE FOR G. WINCH, ESQ., HOLCOMBE,
CHATHAM: THE HALL.

JOHN BELCHER,
ARCHITECT.

energy is typified by a conventional figure, flanked by characteristic groups treated with a restrained sense of what recent literary slang would call "actuality." The windows of the second floor have a fine bold romantic feeling, with two strongly-marked and widely-spaced rustications on either side of each, and with a differently designed pediment for every one; this last feature one which gives a sustained interest to the whole length of the elevation.

The return frontage to Great Swan Alley is similar for half its length to the chief elevation;

to a double fillet supported by a long row of carved consoles.

Just where the sculpture ends it is slightly broken into by the pediment of a bold rusticated alcove which fills a blank space of wall on the first floor, above the Great Swan Alley entrance. This alcove is flanked by two larger terminal figures by Mr. Harry Bates, ending in Renaissance leafage.

The interior of this interesting building, after one has viewed the rich but dignified elevation, is severe and restrained, with little to challenge the criticism of the purist, save the peculiar bridge which spans



PREMISES FOR RYLANDS AND CO.,
WOOD STREET.

John Belcher
JOHN BELCHER,
ARCHITECT.

the library and seems to have been designed to directly recall the bridges that span the Venetian canals. It forcibly challenges attention, meeting the eye directly as one enters the room, and more by suggesting an awkwardness of communication between the two galleries it connects than by aught else in the manner of its design, seems thus out of place.

The Council Chamber, occupying a portion of both first and second floors, is a singularly dignified meeting-place. To call it a room seems scarcely adequate to so noble a design. Its plan, contrived to hide an irregularity of the site, is ingenious, consisting, as it does, of an oblong to whose either end is added a semicircle, with smaller semicircles at the four corners. This chamber is 47ft. by 26ft., and extremely lofty. Coupled columns at either end support an entablature carried partly round, and a circular lantern supported by slim short columns gives abundant light.

The great brass corona, which is suspended from the centre of the cupola of the Council Chamber, is one of Mr. Belcher's designs. The interior fittings, in fact, are all his, and this in especial, proclaims its origin in no uncertain manner. This design is whimsical in the extreme. From the chain or rod by which it hangs projects at about half way of its height a representation of the globe, with its attendant satellites in which electric glow lamps have been placed, to figure forth, when lit, a little universe; while below, around the corona itself are lamps of a shape recalling old fashioned oil lamps. The irresistible first impression of which the stranger is in receipt is that they really are old lanterns placed temporarily in this position; and it is an impression which to some degree is present ever after, even although one may always glimpse the pear-shaped bulbs of the incandescent light within.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

EARLY SEVENTEENTH CENTURY PLASTER-WORK IN BARNSTAPLE: BY OWEN W. DAVIS: SPECIALLY PHOTOGRAPHED BY W. G. DAVIE: CONCLUDED: PART THREE.

TWO overmantels from the Temperance Hotel, in the High Street, Barnstaple, are here shown. The subject of one is the Annunciation, "Hail, Mary!" It is modelled in demi-relievo, within a moulded framing, at once simple and uncommon. The Low Country mountings are in elegant proportion, and daintily carried out. The other overmantel has a design of much artistic force and verve, depicting "The Shepherds at Bethlehem," in fine alto-relievo flanked with pierced cartouche work on either side, and *supported* by knights in armour, modelled in the round. A segmental ceiling from the same source is also illustrated. There are many such fine panels, ceilings, and friezes half hidden away in this and other ancient buildings in the town.

There is a real Old English designed and carved oak chimney-piece, dated 1617, at 10, Cross Street. When the writer first saw this example, it was in an oak-panelled room, directly over its present position. The floor of the apartment was removed to heighten the shop below, and the chimney-piece had to be taken down accordingly. The mouldings and frieze are delicately carved. The two panels, adapted from the strap-work of Henri Deux, although much elaborated, are still subordinate to the quaint, but spiritedly carved figures of the pilasters and jambs.

There is much good work in this house. It originally showed a fine half-timbered front to the street, which is now plastered over. It likewise possesses a well-modelled overmantel or two, and an ornamental ceiling; whilst at Nos. 6, 51, and 103, High Street are good ceilings, overmantels,

friezes, &c., more or less perfect. We sketched some years ago an exquisite example of ceiling work in the *North Devon Herald* office; and at 91, High Street is a rare piece of pargetting in a large cove at the top of the house front, extending the entire length, depicting a martial trophy in alto-relievo.

There is, or was, a deal of old woodwork on the Quay, an overmantel at the Castle Inn, and in a house in Potters' Lane is a capital cartouche panel, inclosing the Potters' arms, together with a delicate stucco frieze and quaint cornicings.

The parget examples shown here are executed in fine lime and hair mortar. Stucco was in great request during the Elizabethan era. Says an old historian, "Plaster ceilings are much used in England beyond all other countries, it maketh the room lightsome, is excellent against raging fire



CHIMNEY PIECE: TREVELYAN HOTEL, BARNSTAPLE.

and stoppeth the passage of dust." This kind of work was variously called parge, pargeting, and stucco. Parget work is understood in the present day as the lining of flues; applied also to the plastering between the stud work of half-timbered houses, either plain, or adorned with sgraffito, bottle necks and bottoms, or raised ornament.

Palsgrave writes, "*I wyll perget my walles, for it is a better sight;*" and Spenser says, "*Gold was the parget, and the ceiling bright did shine.*"

Gypsum was known by its present name of Plaster of Paris early in the thirteenth century; but fortunately our old friends did not hanker after casting in those days, and it was far too quick in setting for the manipulation required in modelling. All this decoration was done *in situ*. The ceiling design having been set out on the plain plastered surface, the moulded ribs, straight and curved, were run by means of the ordinary horsed mould, viz., a thin iron or copper reverse templet of the mouldings was fixed in a wooden frame, and drawn fore and back over the wet plaster, precisely in the same manner as they executed scratch mouldings in oak. The ornamental portions were then trowelled up in position on the ceiling, and a wood or pewter matrix, an intaglio of the decoration required, was pressed into the plaster. The work was afterwards completed by much hand modelling, undercutting, and finishing off with the spatula and brush. The art of ornamental plastering was done



FIREPLACE: TREVELYAN HOTEL,
HIGH STREET, BARNSTAPLE.

by specialists, who employed their own designers and modellers. They sent skilled "stuccoers" to all parts of the country; craftsmen who were constantly employed on such work, and equal to any artistic difficulty. Their masters made one design go a long way in more ways than one. The fact that the same exact details may be found in places far removed from one another, and the abrupt manner in which many sixteenth and seventeenth century ceilings abut on the wall, or cornice, is an evidence that the decoration was not necessarily too often designed for the ceiling it ornamented.

The geometrical element might be irregular and the drawing crude and incorrect, but the presence of the old craftsman is there vigorously personified. He threw *so much* Art into the work; anon the cultured mind brings its knowledge to the shrine, and realises that *so much*. Such, we take it, is the charm of artistic reciprocity. It is an error to suppose Elizabethan is a medley of Classic and Gothic forms, Gwilt to the



CEILING, FRIEZE, ETC.: TREVELYAN
HOTEL, HIGH STREET, BARNSTAPLE.

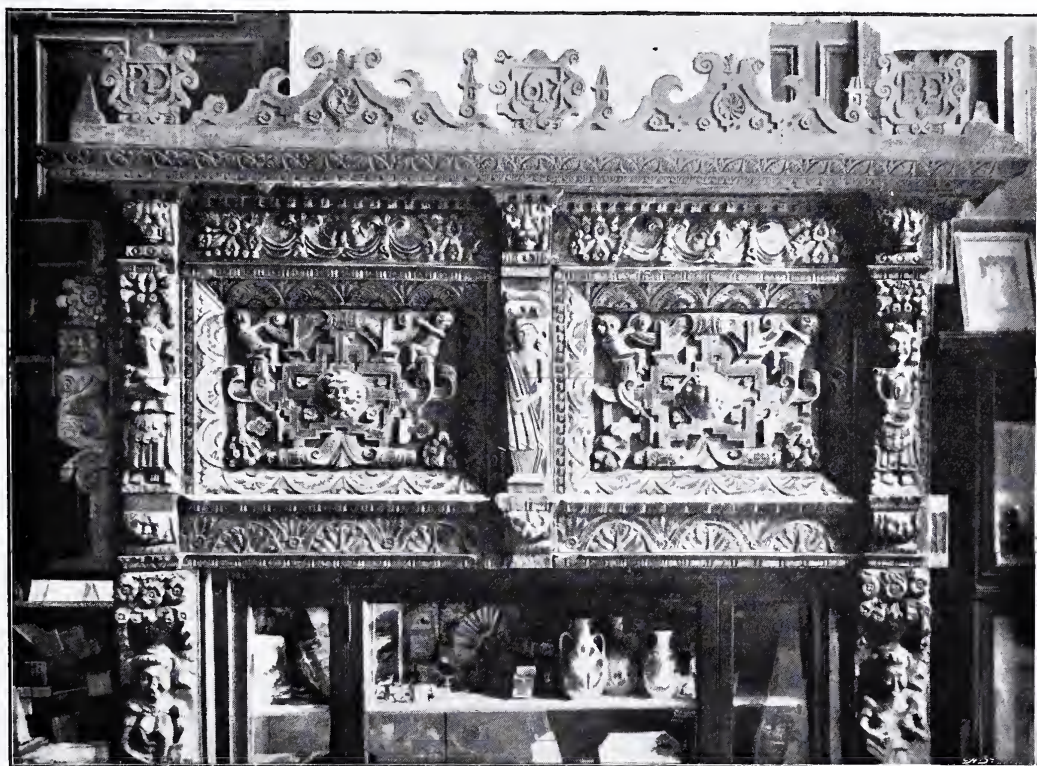
contrary, notwithstanding. When fully developed, the style was devoid of all late Mediæval element. Romanesque examples were adapted, and thus it retained that peculiar Saracenic influence, which found expression in both the Italian and Gothic styles. The source of Elizabethan was from Venice, Germany, and Holland.

The Renaissance was gradually introduced by the Tudor princes; they were apt at comprehending, fiery in temper through their Celtic origin, and possessed the iron will of the Plantagenets, and so were well fitted to inaugurate the new birth of Art in England at that critical period. Although Gothic was in its decrepitude, it died pluckily. Popular taste went in that direction. Guilds of

Later on Sebastian Serlio's works, Zuccherro and John of Padua, together with the Venetians, Salviati, Colaneo, and others, greatly influenced its growth.

Sir M. Digby Wyatt mentions that there were over fifty prominent foreign artists employed in this country during the sixteenth century, many of them being highly skilled in the plastic arts.

Finally, many artists from Holland and the Netherlands seeking an asylum in Great Britain, from persecution abroad, industriously and skilfully practised their crafts in modelling and carving here. Pretruccio Ubaldini, Cornelius Ketel, Mark Gerrad, Vroom (who made the Spanish Armada tapestries), and George Hoefnagel were working



CHIMNEY PIECE: 10, CROSS STREET, BARNSTAPLE.

PHOTOGRAPH BY W. G. DAVIE.

craftsmen could not readily unlearn the art they were born in and executed so instinctively, one might say mechanically, for their tools had got the better of their brains. But Henry VIII. was not a church builder—quite the reverse. He went in for house building and the decoration thereof. At the close of the fifteenth century England sadly needed new blood in the shape of skilled artists and artisans, whilst there was an abundance of contemporary art talent in Italy, Germany, and Flanders to be had for the asking. Torrigiano, Nicholas Modena, and Hans Holbein came to England with other sculptors and designers. Their aim was Italian, but the Renaissance prevailed.

here during the seventeenth century. They assimilated their native art with the Renaissance they found at hand, and gave the final *motif* that developed the so-called Elizabethan, in the reign of James I.

BRIDGNORTH.

WITH this number we give as a special supplement an autograph lithograph by Oliver Hall, R.E., illustrating the picturesque view of the old bridge at Bridgnorth.

THE EDITORS, "*The Architectural Review*."



CEILING: GOLDEN LION
HOTEL, BARNSTAPLE.

ARCHITECTURE AND THE INFLUENCE OF SOME MODERN HUMANISTS: WRITTEN BY G. LL. MORRIS: PART ONE.

The bettering of the conditions, in regard to the shortening hours of work and increasing wages as much as may be, is not a very large or philosophic programme for the immense organisations of the modern Trades Union. Is that to be their only purpose, and are their functions to cease when that question is worked out? I hope not. "The crafts are theirs" and they must see to all that concerns them. They have, in a word, to find out a way in which beautiful craftsmanship will once more become general. Whatever the trade societies do or leave undone, they must ultimately, if they are to continue, take up the overlooking of quality in the common interest.

W. R. LETHABY. (*The Quest*).

THE above, taken from an essay by a member of the Art Workers' Guild, was the seed from which sprang the substance of the following article; and with this quotation as a keynote, it is proposed to consider some of the general influences bearing on the growth of modern Craft and Design, the probable sources from which they sprang, and the possibilities of a more intimate relationship between work and the workman. The crafts, at one time under the supervision of guilds and companies of workmen (*), which were analogous in some ways to the modern Trades Union, are now, for the most part under the

(*) This was the case during the Middle Ages, but it is well to bear in mind that other and equally beautiful architectural periods have flourished under social conditions of a different nature.

questionable care of the manufacturers. A reference to the history of these early guilds, and some knowledge of the architecture of that time, will enable the reader to construct the outlines of the then social fabric; and although it is, perhaps, impossible for the average intelligence to grasp the entire spirit of any one bygone period, we can occasionally, in quiet times and sunlight seasons, in the close of a cathedral, or resting in the inn of some quaint and meditative village, catch fugitive glimpses of the past, shifting and fantastic pictures that haunt the imagination awhile, colouring our mental horizon with scenes and cities of another day—a day when men and women knew more than we of the pleasure of making useful things with beauty wrought in the making of them. Most nations would

seem to have possessed industrial arts, useful and beautiful, prior to this mechanical millennium of the last century, and it is only of comparatively recent years that there has arisen the desire to face the difficulties accompanying the divorce of workmen from their tools and materials. From time to time articles appear in books and reviews on Architecture, under Socialism, imaginary outlines of the city beautiful, mental images, without much reference to time and place, and generally ignoring those forces in our midst out of which will gradually evolve the state and architecture of the future. Winckelmann, a German savant of the eighteenth century, seems to have been the first "to formulate the idea that Art springs up, flourishes and decays, with the society to which it belongs"—a generalisation true in its reference to past civilisations, but only partially so in its application to the social life that has gathered around the triumphs of modern mechanism, with its associated production on the one hand and individual appropriation on the other. The last hundred years has not only witnessed a rise of commercial and individual power, unbridled in its activities, monstrous and overwhelming in its



COFFED CEILING: TREVELYAN
HOTEL, BARNSTAPLE.

extension of machine power, inundating the whole field of Art and work; but has also severed the close connection between Art and Handicraft, a division which in earlier times was almost wholly absent, it being difficult then to distinguish where Art began and Handicraft ended. The civilisation of Egypt under the absolute sway of the reigning dynasties of Memphis, Thebes, and Sais possessed an architecture, bound up with, and expressive of, the national life, but we to-day, greater in many respects, may be said to have no architecture worthy the name interwoven into the weft and warp of modern life.

To attempt an elucidation of this seeming contradiction of Winckelmann's generalisation, and to lead up to the probable reasons for the new life now vivifying Craft and Design, is not an easy task, for if transitional periods in the past history of man be difficult of interpretation, it is still more so when we try at close quarters to gather together, and allocate in true relation one to the other, the forces which are found struggling and striving in our own day; a time having all the characteristics of transition when decaying ideas, customs, &c., seem stronger as they approach their death, throttling for a period the new elements waiting in the womb of time to find later their full expression. The nearness of events either dwarfs or magnifies their significance; this, then, of necessity, is tentative in its endeavour to realise the reasons for this Renaissance of the Crafts and their place in the trend of human affairs. Turning to any great architecture of the past, in which can be traced the life more or less uninterruptedly from its beginnings to maturity and then decline, there is at first a reflection of the thoughts and ideas of a primitive world, expressed through the then present mind medium and the skill in using the tools at that stage in the development of thought and emotion. It is seldom other than sincere and unaffected, and is necessarily unhampered by those conventions which augment in number as an art approaches its apogee, becoming in its decline but the result of an unconscious agreement in the use of a bundle of rules, sacred only by reason of their antiquity. This development may be interrupted from without, or within, occasionally both, and frequently towards the decline or seeming cessation of the nation's activities. Then it is, from many and perhaps least expected sources, the renewal or re-birth of the creative impulse begins to vivify and inhabit the minds of men. At the present time both within and without arise invigorating influences; on every side, in every department of life, can be noted this invasion of fresh life and thought in Literature, Art, social, political, and religious affairs. "To observe," says Addington Symonds, "the connection between the several stages of a pro-

gressive movement of the human spirit, and to recognise the forces at work and still active is the true philosophy of history." It is the application of such an axiom which yokes for good or evil the rise of the modern guilds and Art workers with those larger and more aggressive forces in the social world. To many the movement or school of workers ranging under the Art Workers' Guild, the Arts and Crafts Society, the Art and Crafts School, the Birmingham and Glasgow School, the School of Handicraft, Essex Road, and others with similar aims, is but a passing and ephemeral phase of contemporary art, but these societies are by no means isolated. In schools of Art, both town and country, is found this growing desire for a decorative art and architecture that shall be beautiful and democratic in its essence; to carry, in other words, into every detail of Art and work, insignificant or great, a vivifying and creative energy.

(TO BE CONCLUDED).

THE ROMAN STONES IN THE HUNTERIAN MUSEUM*: ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY PERMISSION OF T. AND R. ANNAN AND SONS.

SOMETHING between an official catalogue (its publication has been sanctioned by the University Court, and the Keeper of the Museum has contributed a preface), a popular handbook, and an illustrated volume of the kind suitable for a

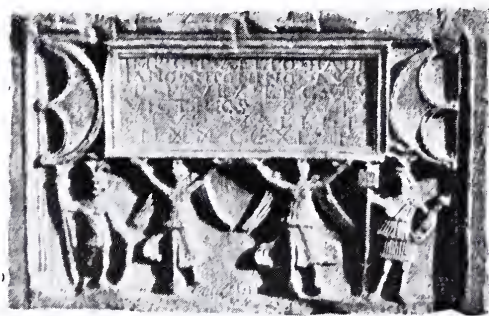


PLATE III., FIG. 1.

drawing-room table, this admirably printed and illustrated quarto should meet with an excellent reception among antiquaries both south and north of the Tweed. Most of the objects catalogued are inscribed stones from the *vallum* built in the reign of Antoninus Pius from the Clyde to the Forth. From an artistic point of view there is, of course, little to recommend them, although their ornamen-

* *Tituli Hunteriani*: An account of the Roman Stones in the Hunterian Museum, University of Glasgow. By James Macdonald, M.A., LL.D., F.S.A., Scot., with a prefatory note by John Young, M.D. Glasgow: T. and R. Annan and Sons. 1897.

tation is sometimes peculiar. The interest lies in the inscriptions, particularly in those which record the amount of work done on the *vallum* by the detachments of the various legions stationed on the line.



PLATE IV., FIG. 1.

All these inscriptions have been already published, notably, of course, by Hübner, in the German Corpus of Latin Inscriptions. The editor has, therefore, had an eminent guide to follow, and, had he still been inclined to stumble, Mr. Haverfield has been close at hand to pick him up. As a matter of fact, Dr. Macdonald has walked most cautiously, too cautiously perhaps, in Hübner's footsteps. The inscriptions offer of themselves more than one difficulty, and critics have, of course, invented others in addition. Let us take a typical instance. One stone reads: "Imp. C. T. Aelio Hadriano Antonino Aug. P.P. Vex. Leg. VI. Victrici P.F. Opus Valli P. MMMCCXL. F." Knowing that memorials of this sort were customarily dedicated to the reigning Emperor, and that distances were commonly reckoned by paces (*passus*), the unprejudiced archæologist would interpret this: "[Dedicated] to the Emperor Cæsar T. Aelius Hadrianus Antoninus Augustus, father of his country; a detachment of the sixth Legion (the Victorious, Loyal, Faithful), made the vallum for 3240 paces." But, no! We are told, in deference to German views, that the Emperor's name is, perhaps, not in the dative, but in the ablative; that the translation therefore is "in the reign of, &c., &c." And this, in the face of two facts: that, wherever the case is expressed without ambiguity, it happens to be the dative; and that, if the soldiers had wished to give a date, they ought to have stated it in terms of the consulship and other offices of the Emperor, instead of leaving us a choice of any year between 138 and 161 A.D. Dr. Macdonald leaves the question undecided in his introduction, but translates the name, when he can, as if it were in the ablative. Again, what I have here translated, "paces," is throughout rendered "paces (*or feet*)". Why? Because the sum of the distances enumerated on the extant stones exceeds the actual length of the wall if those distances are reckoned in *passus*. Hübner suggests therefore that the abbreviation P. represents *pedes*.

But the fortification was composed of a double rampart and a causeway; it would therefore seem much less rash to retain the more usual sense "paces" and understand that no less than three lines of work are represented. When we find three stones (Nos. 10, 14, 15) each recording the completion of exactly 3666½ P., it is difficult to believe that these do not all refer to the three parts (two ramparts and a causeway) of one and the same length of the barrier. It would have been more satisfactory if the editor had either made up his mind in favour of one alternative, or else given stronger reasons than he does for sitting on the fence. I do not for one moment suggest that these questions are easy of decision, but to point out that like most English archæologists, Dr. Macdonald has been too prone to accept anything made in Germany.

In addition to the "distance-stones" described in this volume, I may mention especially a little collection of altars dedicated by M. Cocceius Firmus to various deities (including the "Genius of the British Land"); the tombstone of a youth of fifteen, with the very Semitic name of Salmanes; and a bronze jug found at Lesmahagow, about which the assistance of Mr. R. Carr Bosanquet has enabled the editor to make some most interesting observations.

The illustrations and typography I have already praised. The English reader will occasionally find himself brought up by a phraseology which smacks of the neighbourhood of the *vallum*; as when he is told that No. 5 is "one of the earliest stones gifted to the University;" or that "there has likely been another V." Such traits, however, only supply a local colouring; but "cornucopia" is neither Scots nor English, much less Latin. These very small faults, and the cautelous treatment of difficulties (better, after all, than rash dogmatism), do not prevent the book being almost as interesting as a book on such a subject can be made; and this is not meant for faint praise. To adopt the editor's own quaint translation of a well-known formula, he has done his work "willingly, gladly, deservedly." The few northern antiquaries who do, as well as the many who do not, possess the seventh volume of the Latin Corpus, ought all to add this volume to their libraries.



PLATE I., FIG. 1.

H.



PLATE XVII.: A BRONZE JUG.

(Reproduced from "The Roman Stones in the Hunterian Museum.")

WHAT IS ART?*: BY LEO TOLSTOY.

IT is a painful reflection, but one which from time to time forces itself upon our sober judgment, that the thoroughgoing "Idealist" is often of no more use to struggling and suffering humanity than the most conventional of worldlings. And this is so not because the ideal is in itself undesirable, but because the itching passion to "jump" to perfection in any one department of life, irrespectively of the rest of it, is as mischievous as that condemned by the immortal metaphor, for putting "new wine into old bottles."

With the characteristic views of abstract idealism, with its craving to mark out some particular province of life or conduct ("capitalism" it may be, or "competition," or the consumption of some peculiar species of liquor) as *per se* hopelessly evil, with its passion for treating of human affairs with a precision only applicable to pure mathematics, the essay here offered to the reader is intensely imbued. And the disadvantage is the

greater seeing that (1) Count Tolstoy's essay is clearly addressed not to the educated class of any country, but rather, in a cosmopolitan spirit to the "people," the working-classes, of Europe; and (2) that matters of taste and intellect (such as Art is usually held, and we fear will continue to be held to be) are even less susceptible of precise dogmatic treatment than matters of conduct and morals.

As a prefatory illustration of what we mean by impractical idealism let the reader turn to some elaborate reflections on the Art of Music (page 37) and ask himself what they mean. Music, we gather, is not an "Art," does not "infect" the hearer (as "Art" *must* do) unless it is *perfectly* rendered. Each note—we are assured with a childish emphasis—must be exact in time, tune, quality, timbre, duration, &c., &c. (!) But music is never so perfectly rendered. *Argal* there is no Art in modern music. This sort of criticism recalls the lucubrations of the theorists of the French Revolution whose works, as De Stael tells us, "abounded alike in what it was useless to say and what it was impossible to prove."

Inasmuch as Tolstoy himself has not failed to observe that "Art" in some degree pervades all human life, one would have thought that the attempt to proscribe it from any given area (even of the most offensive phenomena of our diseased civilisation) would be as futile as the attempt to draw a line separating the light and shade in a landscape.

In a similar spirit, after reviewing at length all the various axioms propounded on the subject of Art, the author concludes with disappointment that "no exact definition of Art has yet been constructed." All the definitions, it may be observed, are inexact because they have been "mixed up with the notion of Beauty" (which certainly seems indisputable), and Beauty is "nothing but what pleases"—an essentially fluctuating quantity.

Therefore, putting aside the idea of beauty, "which confuses the whole matter," the three "latest and most comprehensible" definitions of Art apart from beauty are examined. These may be shortly described as: (1) The elementary and physiological (of Darwin, Spencer, and Grant Allen); (2) the experimental ("external manifestation of emotions" of Véron); and (3) the latest of all, the theory formulated by Sully of a "permanent object," a "passing action," giving "active enjoyment to the producer" and "pleasurable impressions" to spectators or listeners.

All these views of the matter are then dismissed as inexact, embracing too much or too little. The author proceeds to his own statement of the matter.

But let us observe the spirit in which he sets out upon the inquiry. Tolstoy's work opens with a detailed description of the (stupidly conducted) rehearsal of a worthless opera in a dingy theatre,

* "What is Art?" By Leo Tolstoy. In Two Parts. Translated from the Russian by Aylmer Maude. Brotherhood Publishing Co., London, 1898.

where mock "Indians" with "tinfoil halberds" perform unreal antics and sing impossible songs, while an irritable stage manager fumes and swears at them. "There never were nor could be such Indians," he laments. . . . It was all "unlike anything on earth but an opera." . . . "Nowhere except in theatres" do people walk about in such a manner, in pairs, waving their arms, with tinfoil halberds and slippers, &c., &c., &c. We spare the reader a string of banal reflections that might have been written by a school girl, and pass at once to the point.

"One is quite at a loss as to what these things are done for." . . . "It is said"—and here we come to the text of the essay before us—"they are all done for the sake of art."

Who said so? It is a thousand pities Count Tolstoy did not inquire of the irascible director, whose "ill-temper" is surely excusable, considering the conduct of the "mock Indians." He would probably have made all clear by explaining that the performance took place simply to amuse ignorant people and to make money.

As it is, the whole illustration is perfectly immaterial. The author may very likely have witnessed a so-called opera fairly describable as "*nasty folly, prepared not with kindly merriment, but with anger and brutal cruelty.*" This, however, does not really affect the practical question, to which he reverts (after his ebullitions on the subject of the degraded actors, churlish directors, and overworked artizans): *Is there such a thing as an "Art" for which drudgery and sacrifice is necessary and justifiable?* And we see already, at the opening of Chapter II., that, in his opinion, there is not.

"For the production of every *ballet, circus, opéra-bouffe*" (we do not see, or, rather, we see only too clearly, why these *low* examples are so emphasised), "every picture, concert, or printed book, the intense and unwilling labour of thousands and thousands is needed at what is often harmful and humiliating work. It were well if artists made all they require for themselves," and so on; but this is impossible, because they lead such "luxurious" lives.

The familiar Socialist fallacies here involved we have not space to discuss. Suffice it to say that civilization being a mistake and a disease, and "Art," tainted by alliance with the "capitalist system," it becomes necessary to whittle down the meaning of the term to something independent of civilization, of organized labour, and even, we should say, of all human interest.

"Art begins," we are first told (page 13), "when one person, *with the object of joining others to himself in one and the same feeling*, expresses that feeling by certain external indications," and (page 14) "so as to compel others to share it."

This result seems at first hardly to justify the sweeping condemnation of all previous attempts to put the matter into words. It amounts to this, that Art is the *sympathetic* and *effective* expression of feeling. We italicize the elements emphasized by Tolstoy as essentially new. Véron, and the other critics, would probably reply that ineffective expression is *not* "expression," and that to be effective it must be sympathetic.

This, we should say, was the view of the ordinary thinker, who would probably summarize the matter by saying that *all* the definitions here suggested slide into and out of one another simply because the subject is, as has been said, not susceptible of that scientifically exact treatment, for which the author exhibits such a morbid craving.

"Art is not," he passionately asseverates, "the manifestation of some mysterious Idea of Beauty." (Who, we should like to know, can be in a position to assert this?) "It is *not* the expression of emotions by external signs; it is *not* the production of pleasing objects; and, above all, it is *not* pleasure; but it is a means of union among men, joining them together in the same feelings," and indispensable to their well-being. Whatever meaning we may discern in this (and undoubtedly all worthy Art is a beneficent social force) is soon washed away in the torrents of dogmatic and petulant abuse of the "existing system" which follow.

Modern Art is a "counterfeit," the diseased product of "professionalism," of consciousness, of Art criticism, of Art schools, and, in particular, of the remuneration of Art. "Critics are the stupid discussing the wise." What can they explain? The true artist explains himself.

The modern poet, for example, who advertises his work, and is paid for it, presents a hideous contrast to the authors, for example, of the Psalms, and the Odyssey, who (as Count Tolstoy assures us, we do not know on what authority) never received a penny for their labours, and did not even care to append their names to their productions.

This counterfeit presentment of Art is carried on with positively diabolical skill (strangely illustrated from a bad performance of Wagnerian opera) by the spurious assistance of (1) "borrowings" (all "poetry," all uses of historical association, is "borrowing"), (2) "*ornamentings*," (3) "*striking effects*," and (4) "interesting-ness" (!) And what evidence supports this comprehensive indictment of modern literature, of the "art by which," as Stevenson observes, "the business of the world is carried on"?

About a quarter of the fourteen chapters of "What is Art?" are occupied with selections from a dozen or so of decadent French and German poets, whose very names will in most cases be quite unknown to the English reader.

With the drivelling verbiage, maudlin erotics, and scarlet fever ravings here collected, the reader may be as thoroughly nauseated as Count Tolstoy could wish, but he will be still more surprised at such a selection of "*pièces justificatives*."

There were, then—he will ask—no sane, no decent poets, or painters—among all the 350,000 now living, whose very number, we are scarcely surprised to learn, proves that they are not "artists"—from whom samples might be culled of "ornate," "striking," or "interesting" work? . . . And the only answer discernible amid this chaos of platitude and paradox is—No. True Art, in fine, rejects all such adventitious and meretricious aids. It is the mere unadorned expression of what any "peasant" could understand at once, and that although it is new and appeals to no existing "associations." It is, in fact, the most elementary and impossible form of "improving conversation." Nay, it is less than that. True Art only exists, if it ever did or could exist, to utter one (un-"ornamental") gasp of original (but un-"interesting") emotion, and then (before consciousness could supervene) to perish for ever more. If so, one can only conclude it must be something even simpler than the "first rude sketch" made by Adam, according to Mr. Kipling's doggerel rhyme, when first:—

"The Devil whispered behind the leaves:—

'It is pretty, but—*Is it Art?*'"

* * * *

In spite of a perfectly gratuitous assurance to that effect by the translator, the five concluding chapters cannot honestly be said to throw any further light upon a subject so much obscured by the previous fifteen. To the reviewer, of course, whose task it may be to wade through this "chaos worse confounded" of proportionless invective, puerile whining, and irrelevant detail, it is, of course, a relief to feel that he now knows the worst. And what does it all amount to? So far as any practical criticism or suggestion is concerned, we are unable to disinter from these chapters anything that has not been *much* better said by Ruskin and Matthew Arnold. We cannot help wondering whether Count Tolstoy has ever read the "Two Paths" of the one author or certain of the "Mixed Essays" of the other. These are both "Idealist" criticisms of the vulgarity, ugliness, &c., &c., of nineteenth century life; but they are criticisms by writers who master and are not mastered by their respective subject matters, still less altogether *désorientés* by the attempted contemplation at one moment, and from one prejudicial point of view, of all the evil in the *soi-disant* civilised world.

"Distracting" is the mildest adjective applicable to this laborious work as a whole, and that, quite apart from the fact that there are in almost every

column three or four glib statements of fact that would cause the specialist to leap into the air with a shriek of contradiction.

For example (p. 65): "We have so perverted the conception of science that it seems strange to men of our day to allude to sciences which should prevent the mortality of children, prostitution," &c., &c. . . . "It seems to us—the present degraded generation—that science is only then real science when a man in a laboratory pours liquid from one jar into another, or analyses the spectrum, or cuts up frogs, *or weaves in a specialised jargon* . . . *of conventional phrases theological, philosophical, historic, juridical, or politico-economical, semi-intelligible to the man himself, and intended to demonstrate that what now is is what should be.*" This, for example, was exactly the spirit that animated Darwin, Tyndall, Huxley, and that doubtless occupies all the scientific schools of London, Edinburgh, and Cambridge to-day.

"But science, true science" (let the reader make no mistake about it) "such science as would really deserve the respect now claimed by the followers of one part of it, is not at all such as this: real science lies in *knowing what we should and what we should not believe*, in knowing how the associated life of man should be constituted . . . how to educate children, how to use the land, *how to cultivate it without oppressing other people (!)* *how to treat foreigners (!)*, how to treat animals." We quote this passage at length not because it is not, even in its abridged form, obscure, tiresome reading, but because it is excellently typical of the whole work, throughout which the author constantly speaks of "art" as he here speaks of science.

For "false science"—the dummy to be logically demolished—anything is good enough. The silliest and most ignorant caricature of the learning of the day, or the jargon possibly overheard from some incompetent provincial quack. While for "true science" nothing is good enough. It embraces the whole sphere of morals; indeed—if we rightly understand the phrase "*knowing what we should and should not believe*"—it means what Mr. Balfour might call the whole science of living, and a good deal more.

And what luminous and profitable argument may be produced from this pseudo-parallel! "Here is a so-called scientist, professor, or what not, who declines to discuss publicly the questions of prostitution and child-mortality (and must therefore regard these evils with cynical indifference), who spends his time in a laboratory (!) analysing and dissecting (!). He calls himself a *man of science* (!) yet—would you believe it?—he defends the English land system, and was positively rude last night to an eminent Russian he chanced to meet at dinner!"

But we must not wander into the trackless scrub

of digression where the main theme is a sufficiently thorny and tangled path. For Count Tolstoy the simple word "confusion" (or its Russian equivalent) has absolutely no meaning.

It is "terrible," we agree—if it is anywhere the case—that underfed children (p. 58) should work for twelve and fourteen hours *per diem* "setting the type for pseudo-artistic books which spread vice, &c., &c." . . . It would be little better, surely, if they were setting up the type for a library edition of the New Testament. The extension of that argument to the condemnation of almost all work done to subserve the aims and demands of imperfect and erring humanity is purely futile.

It is not "terrible" (in the sense and tone of the first proposition) that children should learn to be acrobats, or "that a third set should sing solfeggios"—at least, until we have proved that cultivated voice-production only subserves some evil purpose. In the Tolstoyan world it probably does. For "all Art (p. 60) with very few exceptions is devoted to describing, depicting, and inflaming sexual love in every shape and form."

For Art, in the English edition, we must here read—on the logical principle above suggested—the Art of Leicester Square—of the lowest music halls (before the day of the L.C.C.), shall we say?—and of such shady institutions. Yet elsewhere in the book, when Art is furiously indicted it means the Art popular among the upper classes, the Art of the Academies, the popular novels, and poetry of the day. In Chapter XV., by the way, we are at last, and after infinite trouble and research, furnished with a few "*examples of the highest Art flowing from love of God and man,*" and what does the reader think to find at the head of this brief list? Why, of course, Schiller's "Robbers." Well, well . . . All that we recollect of the hero of this drama is the fascinating manner in which he slammed down the lid of his moribund parent's coffin, with the exclamation, "Will the old man never die?" But it doubtless contains passages more suggestive of "Love to God and man." . . . Again "The Chimes" of Dickens ("The Chimes!") is also an example of the "highest Art flowing," &c., as above.

But even Dickens, at his best, is scarcely "universal" and popular enough for Count Tolstoy, who complains of "Pickwick and his friends" (Pickwick, indeed!) that their feelings are "not common to all men, but very exceptional," which is why their author has surrounded them with "abundant detail of time and place"—detail, after all, difficult to get shut of in an imperfect and serio-comic world. One really would have thought that in all literature—but 'tis no matter, for "it is impossible in modern literature to indicate works fully satisfying the demands of universality."

In our judgment it is at least equally impossible to indicate a more useless species of observation. For what "Idealist" demand, what demand of any kind—commercial or literary—is "fully satisfied?" Everything in a corrupted world is, of course, tarred with the same brush. "The melodies of the modern composers, in consequence of the poorness of the feeling they contain, are amazingly empty and insignificant." Even where the melodies appeal to people properly, they are spoilt by being harmonised, because then "it ceases to be accessible, except to people trained to such harmony"—in fine, only a score or so of selected *scraps* of music satisfy the demand, and Beethoven's "Ninth Symphony" is "most certainly not among these works of Art," at least, the author thinks not, although, as he kindly tells us in a footnote, he really knows nothing very particular about matters artistic, and his own taste has probably been "perverted by false training (!)"

A cheerful and satisfying result truly! But Art in any intelligible sense of the word (and as it is once or twice defined) is not the writer's real theme. It merely forms a phase of the indictment of modern civilization, an excuse for saying what might have been equally well said under any socialist heading. The "conclusion" of the whole matter is vastly simplified by making "Art" (like "science," and probably "religion") a synonym for the whole of social life, politics, philanthropy, brotherly union, and last, but not least, "factory inspection." Science *may* even "reveal to Art," we learn from the last paragraph, "newer and higher ideals." It may; but we devoutly hope Count Tolstoy will not write about them.

With this concluding part are bound up the Prefaces of Author and Translator. The first retails, for British entertainment, the wondrous doings of the Russian censor. Poor man! Had he been the most drastic and competent of editors he could have done nothing for this work, and as his excisions concerned merely matters of faith they certainly did no good. The translator, in a paragraph to which we have referred, warns us that modern artists will probably "read this book (or leave it unread) and go on their former way, as Pharaoh of old neglected what Moses had to say on the labour question." But Mr. Aylmer Maude, whose proper work seems to be excellently done, had much better have occupied his preface with the elucidation of the peculiar position and sufferings of Count Tolstoy as a Russian reformer, and of the question how far the present work, so strongly infected as it would appear to be with experiences peculiar to Russian and French society, can, in any sense, claim to be a pamphlet of cosmopolitan interest. G. H. P.



PHOTOGRAPHED BY FRATELLI ALINARI, FLORENCE

BUST OF MICHAEL ANGELO :
FROM HIS TOMB IN SANTA
CROCE, FLORENCE : BY BATTISTA
LORENZI.

THE ARCHITECTURE OF MICHAEL ANGELO'S ART: WRITTEN BY BERESFORD PITE: PART ONE.

THE modern architectural historian's verdict usually defines the influence of Michael Angelo as destructive of the purity and soundness of the tradition that characterised the Italian Renaissance. His peculiar methods and scale are described as proceeding from an exaggeration of idea which forced him to abandon constructive principles in architectural design and decoration, and, by reliance upon his almost gigantic individualism, succeeded in making a regular development of the Renaissance style impossible. The attraction of his personality, and the almost universal importance of his great work upon the building of the central church of Christendom, so affected the current of artistic thought, and deflected that sensitive compass of taste which directs in every age the ideal of the lover of Architecture, that avoidance of their influences seems to have been a practical impossibility, and we hear of the results of Michael Angelo's influence in the shipwreck of taste and hopeless ruin of true art upon the rocks of the barocco in the succeeding century. Truly a sad picture is drawn for us of the consequences of a bad example, and we moralise painfully upon the weakness of human nature in the presence of strong bad character.

The architectural student, or, rather, the student of current architectural history books—these terms, though radically different, are unfortunately nowadays almost interchangeable, thanks to perverted ideas of the course of artistic education—must avoid the infection by approaching the consideration of the epoch in question duly impressed with its malariousness and armed against its fever with the tonic of recognised criticism. Do not fearful examples exist in every country of Europe of the consequences of imitating the attempts of a giant to achieve impossibilities? And where Michael Angelo failed other men must not expect to succeed.

The cultivation of a proper prejudice is therefore to be maintained in the ultimate interests of sound architecture, and a standard of taste substantially erected which shall prevent the acceptance of false examples as landmarks for guidance, even in an age when we all search for inspiration in the cast-off and decaying garments of past heroes and ages.

We shall have to deal again with this assumed standard guide, none other than that of archæological revival, and may proceed to illustrate the current view of Michael Angelo and his influence by



PHOTOGRAPHED BY FRATELLI ALINARI, FLORENCE.

MADONNA IN THE NEW BY MICHAEL ANGELO.
SACRISTY OF SAN LORENZO,
FLORENCE.

reference to Ferguson's "History of Modern Architecture." Writing of Bramante's Cancellaria Palace in Rome in terms of high praise, he concludes by saying that "we dwell on its beauties with the more pleasure because we feel that we are so nearly approaching the dreadful vulgarities of Michael Angelo, which were perpetuated so soon after the time of Bramante" (p. 140). Again, in dealing with the Farnese Palace, and describing the cornice which Michael Angelo designed for it as "the pride of the building and the grandest architectural feature in modern Rome" (p. 141), he adds the warning reservation "that while we have to thank this great man for this feature, it is feared that we owe to him the upper range of round-headed



PHOTOGRAPHED BY FRATELLI ALINARI, FLORENCE.

MOSES: IN THE CHURCH OF
ST. PETER IN CHAINS, ROME.

BY MICHAEL ANGELO.

windows, which are as vulgar and bad in design as anything that was ever done, and are here totally inexcusable ;" and in remarking upon the design of the cortile he says, "the whole is very grand, and not inappropriate to the bold simplicity of the exterior, but its effect is considerably marred by the vulgar and fantastic details in which Michael Angelo revelled, and which, though excusable with his style of painting, is most destructive to architectural effect." Mr. Ferguson concludes that "it is impossible indeed to help perceiving that the brush and not the square and rule was the instrument with which all his designs were made. All these fantastic contrasts, which may be necessary for architectural decoration painted on a flat surface, are introduced by him both here and elsewhere in hard stone in relief. The effect is not only most unpleasing in his own designs, but was fatal in the school of imitators who with less genius sought to follow his example" (p. 143). It may, indeed, also be possible that there are imitative historians as well as architects and designers, and that a powerful critic's influence in his sphere operates much

as Michael Angelo's did in Architecture.

Mr. Ferguson's character and logical eloquence, as well as his picturesque invective, which answers to his victim's architectural detail, has exercised itself upon and infected his generation, and is reflected in the latest work on the architecture of the Renaissance, where we read as follows: "The qualities in Michael Angelo's work which appear to have led architecture into the dark and devious ways of the baroco corruption, were: first and chiefly, its insincerity, in which may be included not only an absence of truthful construction or logical articulation, but the tendency to employ architectural features as mere scenery, and to introduce false or unnecessary windows, niches, panels, consoles, and balustrades, arising out of an unwholesome dread of unbroken wall surface; second, a quality which from its nature had less disastrous consequences, that of exaggerated scale, well exemplified by the vulgar Corinthian pilaster treatment of the Palazzo dei Conservatori, erected in the seventeenth century from his design, as well as in the gigantic pilaster and attic of the exterior of St. Peter's. It is not difficult now to see that Michael Angelo had not learned so much as the grammar of

the art of architecture; but his enormous reputation as a painter and sculptor, at a time when men were less disposed to restrict genius to a narrow field, led to his architecture becoming the mode, and under the conviction that so great a personality could do nothing wrong, every solecism, vice, and vulgarity was painfully copied by those who came under the influence of his work."

It is, therefore, necessary to shake ourselves free from this influence in order to see fairly from an independent standpoint, and seeing, to form a just and useful estimate of this great man's architecture.

The standard which has been set up for our guidance in modern architectural design, and for the cultivation of taste, is mainly based upon what is really an archæological study of the works of the past, whether, indeed, national or individual. It is the "historic estimate" rather than the "real estimate," the respective spheres of which are so aptly compared by Matthew Arnold in a passage in his essay on the Study of Poetry that it may well be quoted here:

"Everything depends on the reality of a poet's



PHOTOGRAPHED BY FRATELLI ALINARI, FLORENCE.

PIETA : IN ST. PETER'S, ROME :
BY MICHAEL ANGELO :



PHOTOGRAPHED BY FRATELLI ALINARI, FLORENCE.

DANIEL : SISTINE CHAPEL CEILING,
ROME : FROM THE PAINTING BY
MICHAEL ANGELO.

classic character. If he is a dubious classic, let us sift him. If he is a false classic, let us explode him. But if he is a real classic, if his work belongs to the class of the very best (for this is the true and right meaning of the word classic, classical), then the great thing for us is to feel and enjoy his work as deeply as ever we can, and to appreciate the wide difference between it and all work which has not the same high character. This is what is salutary, this is what is formative, this is the great benefit to be got from the study of poetry. Everything which interferes with it, which hinders it, is injurious. True, we must read our classic with open eyes, and not with eyes blinded with superstition; we must perceive when his work comes short, when it drops out of the class of the very best, and we must rate it, in such cases, at its proper value. But the use of this negative criticism is not in itself, it is entirely in its enabling us to have a clearer sense and a deeper enjoyment of what is truly excellent. To trace the labour, the attempts, the weaknesses, the failures of a genuine classic, to acquaint oneself with his time and his life, and his historical relationships, is mere literary dilettantism, unless it has that clear sense and deeper enjoyment for its end. It may be said that the more we know about a classic the better we shall enjoy him; and, if we lived as long as Methuselah, and had all of us heads of perfect clearness and wills of perfect steadfastness, this might be true in fact as it is plausible in theory. But the case here is much the same as the case with the Greek and Latin studies of our schoolboys. The elaborate philological groundwork, which we require them to lay, is in theory an admirable preparation for appreciating the Greek and Latin authors worthily. The more thoroughly we lay the groundwork, the better we shall be able, it may be said, to enjoy the authors. True, if time were not so short, and schoolboy's wits not so soon tired, and their power of attention exhausted; only, as it is, the elaborate philological preparation goes on, but the authors are little known and less enjoyed. So with the investigator of 'historic origins' in poetry. He ought to enjoy the true classic all the better for his investigations; he often is distracted from the enjoyment of the best, and with the less good he overbusies himself, and is prone to over-rate it in proportion to the trouble which it has cost him."

"Constantly in reading poetry a sense for the best, the really excellent, and of the strength and joy to be drawn from it, should be present in our minds and should govern our estimate of what we read. But this real estimate, the only true one, is liable to be superseded if we are not watchful, by two other kinds of estimate, the historic estimate and the personal estimate, both of which are

fallacious. A poet or a poem may count to us historically, they may count to us on grounds personal to ourselves, and they may count to us really. They may count to us historically. The course of development of a nation's language, thought, and poetry, is profoundly interesting; and by regarding a poet's work as a stage in this course of development we may easily bring ourselves to make it of more importance as poetry than in itself it really is; we may come to use a language of quite exaggerated praise in criticising it; in short, to over-rate it. So arises in our poetic judgments the fallacy caused by the estimate which we may call historic. Then again, a poet or a poem may count us on grounds personal to ourselves. Our personal affinities, likings, and circumstances, have great power to sway our estimate of this or that poet's work, and to make us attach more importance to it as poetry than in itself it really possesses, because to us it is, or has been, of high importance. Here, also, we over-rate the object of our interest, and apply to it a language of praise which is quite exaggerated. And thus we get the source of a second fallacy in our poetic judgments—the fallacy caused by an estimate which we may call personal."

There can be little doubt in our own minds as architects, that the greater part of the charm of a mediæval building lies not in the real estimate of its essential architecture in the true beauty of its proportions and forms, but in its associations and suggestiveness of antiquity, the charms and interest of which affect in some direction or other all classes of minds. Maybe unconsciously, to us certainly, the beauty of ivy-clad age and lichen-grown stone enters into our estimate though it does not into our specification. Suggestive romanticism lurks in the battlemented parapet and machicolated cornice as well as in the leaded light, half-timber, and other crude forms of construction. This historic suggestion is not confined to our enthusiasm to English architecture, antique piquancies are imported from Provence, Venice, the Netherlands, and any strongly developed antique characteristics are available, a powerful old Spanish flavour having of late effected some influence upon public taste.

Perhaps conviction is not required upon the anachronisms of historic revivals in Architecture, or of the inadequacy of the historic estimate in criticism, but if it were not so, the inquiry, not infrequently pressed upon us by the uninitiated as to the possibility of distinguishing ancient from modern buildings when the hand of time has marked the new as it has marked the old, may relieve us of any suspicion of presenting the subject cynically, as so much has indeed been necessary, in order to suggest the desirability of a new and



PHOTOGRAPHED BY FRATELLI ALINARI, FLORENCE.

DÉLPHIC SYBIL: SISTINE CHAPEL
CEILING, ROME : BY MICHAEL
ANGELO.

more real estimate of the architectural works with which we are to deal.

The study of the designer in the design, of the motive and spirit of the building rather than its chronology, of the poem and sense rather than the style of the type with which it has been printed, is the present object of our inquiry. The influence exerted by the example of Michael Angelo, by the novelty of many of the forms and proportions that he employed, the contagion of his love of scale, and the immense influence of his gigantic building, the largest church of Christendom, are all definite subjects for historical inquiry, tempting especially to our present frame of mind as architects, but the pursuit of which, whether in each or all particulars, would not necessarily benefit the practice of our "every-day art" or give us a new direction.

But on the other hand, the consideration of what artistic ends he had in view, of the motives that led to the invention and employment of the forms of his buildings and of their details, cannot but be full of interest, as well as instructive to practical designers. And this will be found to be of more value in such a case as that of Michael Angelo than in many others. St. Peter's, the Farnese Palace, and the new Sacristy and Library of St. Lorenzo, at Florence, are important enough as buildings to make the study of the motives of their designer and his ideals and aims interesting; as, indeed, would be equally the case with such works of Brunelleschi as The Duomo, San Spirito, or San Lorenzo, at Florence, or with the works of Alberti, or Bramante, or of any great builder, for, in the case of the works of Michael Angelo, we have the extraordinary instance of a man whose works in Sculpture, Painting, and Architecture, have a similar expression of power of design, and whose practised faith in the unity of all Art laws gives a real interest to an analytical study of his conceptions. Professor Cockerell's statement that "the sublime, the majestic, and the terrible predominate in his designs in all the three arts," may be relied upon as the verdict of a competent authority as to his power in them.

The architectural structure and decorative character of Michael Angelo's painting and sculpture, as well as the sculptural and decorative qualities of his works in Architecture, are not to be considered as the remaining trammels of an archaic period in art; their judged value and powerful service in each work is designed, and is neither traditional or accidental. Any undue nervousness as to the value of this similarity of principle, or the applicability of its doctrine, is dispelled by his well-known dictum that he knew but one art. The imitative realism that passes as Art in more modern times involves an intellectual descent to a much lower plane, with an horizon cramped by a gilt picture

frame, and an incapability of discerning more than that cleverness of manipulation which may have no power to strike that sympathetic cord of impression which is true art.

We can draw from such an example as the sculpture of the Madonna in San Lorenzo at Florence, simple and direct illustration of the operative laws of design which we recognise as entering into his more purely architectural, that is, building works.

The massive and coherent grouping of the forms, the accentuated outline of the crowning feature, the subtle, restrained, and most carefully modelled outline, as well as the obviously familiar motive of ingeniously balanced support, in the case of the child's figure suggesting the contending forces of an arched construction, the whole pyramidal form, the concentration of detail in the group formed by the hair of the child with the drapery of the mother's bosom, the breadth of handling in the main surfaces where the largest dimension of width occurs, as well as the interest of the composition of line, and the majestic beauty of the features, are all described, not only in terms common to an analysis of a fine work of Architecture, but are examples of the operation of the same laws, of the same art in all constructed beauty. This subject instance cannot, however, be passed without remarking the pre-eminent poetry with which it expresses a wonderful meaning, as well as the value of an original treatment of so constant a subject with painters and sculptors.

The Pieta in St. Peter's, which first established Michael Angelo's fame in Rome, conveys, as forcibly as simply, expressiveness of support, not only as a matter of necessity complying with the laws of gravity, but with a pathos that belongs to the highest realm of poetry, expressing in the supporting masses by the composition of surfaces, as well as by the unmatched wonder of the lines of the body and limbs of the dead figure, the idea of lifeless weight. This emphasis of constructive law and fact is characteristic of good architectural expression, and is pre-eminent in these works of Michael Angelo's. The other qualities of this group speak clearly of sound design, the concentration of detail in the dress, the contrast of line in the hood, the continuity of form and idea conveyed by the crossing band, the largeness of line and form, and the grouping of the whole within a consistent pyramidal outline, might each be instanced and dwelt upon.

Other well-known groups will occur, as the Moses or David, which convey the same sense of individual power of design, and many valuable lessons to the architect, apart from either what we may call the literary poetry of idea, or the technical and anatomical interest and beauty of the figures.



PHOTOGRAPHED BY FRATELLI ALINARI, FLORENCE.

LIBYAN SYBIL : SISTINE CHAPEL
CEILING, ROME : FROM THE
PAINTING BY MICHAEL ANGELO.

In painting, we can only refer to some of the panels of the Sistine Chapel ceiling. How large is the grasp of mind, how full of power and continuity is the drawing, how satisfactory to its purpose and situation is the horizontality of composition in each figure, conveyed with equal skill and originality by books, drapery, and limbs, in the series of Sybils and Prophets! In these wonderful works, power of imaginative poetry, power of drawing, and power of design, combine, and secure their recognition as the masterpieces of intellectual art in a combination which is beyond the reach of the less didactic art of Architecture.

The architectural conceptions, their composition, and execution, of such a master, therefore, possess a relative interest to his other works of design of especial value. We can but suggest, in a succeeding article points of relation in a few examples, to assist us in the study of the mind of the designer, rather than of the traditions and precedents which have been founded upon, as well as formed, his architecture.

"NOVEL" ARCHITECTURE.

THE gross ignorance exhibited by many writers of fiction in matters architectural, seems a sad reflection on the apathy displayed by their readers; and is a cruel blow to those who have been hoping to see an advance in general education. Is it in England alone that this public indifference to Architecture is so manifest?

Law, science, literature, and all other branches of Art receive proper attention, and may be more or less studied; and woe betide the unlucky author who commits a solecism, for the critics pounce upon him with glee. But when dealing with Architecture a novelist apparently may write what rubbish he chooses; may confuse terms, use wrong ones, or mis-apply them, and no one knows or cares. That the architectural education of the public has not advanced since the days of wonderful "Martin Chuzzlewit" seems only too apparent, as the following instances may show. It is not necessary to give the various writers a gratuitous advertisement, but the quotations are taken from popular works.

It may be thought that the architectural reader can look for blunders in the fiction of thirty years ago; but these seem to arise mainly from the "flamboyant" style of the authors. The novelist of that period, I believe, revelled in "storied windows" and "dim aisles." Indeed, one lady seems to see nothing else in Winchester Cathedral.

With her these aisles are sometimes "dim," often "glorious," and once "pillared"; and are lighted by "storied casements."

She is so led away by these glories, that she sees the choristers "vanishing in the gloom of the venerable cloisters."

There *may* have been cloisters at Winchester thirty years ago, but there are none now, I think. But have we advanced in knowledge since? One would hardly think so, when a very popular writer makes such a remarkable blunder as this. He is describing how an invalid is conveyed in his wheel chair, down the steps leading from his front door; and the method is by sloping planks laid from the *lintel*! After this it is not surprising to find a sentimental magazine writer gush about "the quaint gargoyles that grinned down upon the passers-by from each stone mullion."

The merely absurd is common; as for example the popular lady novelist, who says "she knows nothing so conducive to love-making as lancet windows and Early English Architecture," though this, I think, was actually condemned by a reviewer.

But the height of ignorance is reached by an American writer, in a book that was a good deal read in this country a few years ago. In it we find a wonderful mansion in the wilds, with a Gothic "*rotundo*," wherein the villain's mirthless laugh re-echoes. We meet with a marvellous old priest who "totters across the altar," and is so overcome by this outrage, I suppose, that he "takes a seat in the altar." We read of cemetery monuments lifting their heads 30ft. into the ambient air. But what can one expect of a writer who makes duellists obey the signal, "*Fire! one—two—three!*"

Instances might be multiplied, but every architectural reader must meet with them.

There are writers who err in over-technicality, and revel in terms bewildering to the untrained mind. I take this passage from a book by one of our foremost writers now before me. One of the characters, speaking of a stone rood screen under repair, says: "if it bears the strain of this new plinth, the rest is a matter of detail. Your idea of the brace was capital, and the dovetail will never show at all." Here evidently a little knowledge is a dangerous thing. This kind of technicality is not required; only simple accuracy.

There are writers who can describe a building and its parts in simple and picturesque terms, and who are correct at the same time; and who know the thing because they love it and admire it; and surely such books must have a real educational value.

But with regard to the general mass of blunders, I suppose it is as I was told when I grumbled at seeing an act of "Richard III." take place in a late Renaissance hall—"Nobody notices it."

A. N. W.



SIC TRANSIT GLORIA MUNDI.

FROM THE PAINTING BY G. F. WATTS, R.A.

THE WORK OF GEORGE FREDERICK WATTS, R.A., LL.D.: WRITTEN BY W. E. F. BRITTEN: PART TWO.

AN artist desires no more than full scope, with opportunity to express himself; the scope Mr. Watts had, the opportunities (with but few rebuffs) he met with on all sides, and had but for a break here and there from illness, not from loss of patrons. He lived, too, at a time when (unlike the present) competitors were few. It is true that some ambitions were frustrated, and that the halcyon days of Mr. Watts as a fresco painter were of short duration, in spite of his munificent offer to decorate the great hall at Euston terminus with a work representing the "Progress of Cosmos," without remuneration for either execution, time, thought, or the expense of models, desiring only that the company should supply him with the requisite scaffoldings and colours. The offer was declined with truly Philistine and inartistic instinct. The Architect also, much alarmed, protested at this Art invasion. The study of the design for the first panel has since been finished. Much as I deplore the truly English phlegmatic want of spirit that it showed for an artistic enterprise, I cannot regret the refusal of the company. The room is not well lighted, the air is fully charged with fine coal dust and smoke, and with the breath of engines, the very worst enemies to fresco; besides, there is always the perilous risk of alterations and enlargements. The subject, too, "The Formation of the World," seems too solemn and majestic for such a place. Mr. Watts erred on the side of over-generosity. In the endeavour to kindle all that is best in humanity, one is apt to forget that, after all, the commercial mind of the average

Englishman respects—if he does not love—that which he has paid hard cash for.

We must pass on now to the pictures and studies, some of which are here introduced with a double purpose. For instance, the study of a nude woman, was itself a protest in method against the stippling business carried on in the life school of the Royal Academy and elsewhere. This study of unrestrained natural form should also put to the blush the ignorant tight lacer, on whom Mr. Watts has already poured forth most painstaking reproofs, in an article on "Taste in dress," in the January number of the *Nineteenth Century* of 1893. He remarks, the dainty waist, described by the poets, is precisely that flexible slimness destroyed by the tight lacer; the form resulting from abuse is not slim, but is like a piece of pipe and just as flexible. Mr. Watts has written clearly, minutely, and fearlessly, against all abuses of the human form, and also against the absurd and cruel practice of docking horses. Indeed, he has written well on many social subjects, "More thoughts on our Art of to-day;" "What should a picture say," answered by G. F. Watts; "A defence of Haydon, the painter;" an article on "Women's dress," appeared in *Aglaia*: in these, and in other pamphlets, "essays," private letters, by other means in fine than his pictures, he has endeavoured, and still endeavours, to show that Art should be didactic rather than entertaining for the future. By a singularly happy arrangement Mr. Watts has solicited the sitting of many notabilities and celebrities, with a view to making a National gift of their portraits, hence the retaining so many familiar faces in Little Holland House Gallery, a noble idea nobly executed. We cannot help attempting some detailed criticism on these portraits of celebrities. Some critics claim for Mr.

Watts the power of drawing the inner life of his sitters. They pretend to read the result of his soul-searching gift. They only succeed where the sitter is well known, his politics, his poetry, his travels, his playing, his writing, or his fighting, so that their task is an easy one. The view of the soul within was known to them before. Of course, they see a future of passionate unrest in the eager subtle self-conscious features of Gladstone. Of course, in Arthur Stanley, they see the sensitive lip almost trembling with its message of goodwill towards men; of course, in Lord Lawrence, the man of thought and action, they see the able servant of his country, the soldier and statesman in one. We should like to see heads, fine in character and beauty indiscriminately selected from the masses, and painted by Mr. Watts, and with fictitious names attached, and thus test the acumen of the critic, and see how far he would then guess the "soul within." The fact is that there is a prodigious amount of affected insight in these criticisms; the faithful expression of any head, given by a master hand, has just so much soul in it as the painter has—and that is its worth. We are indebted to this interesting enterprise for many valuable portraits, which will be a great gift to a nation, now over-burdened with a host of unnatural effigies. The National Portrait Gallery is, at present, a disgrace, and wholly a discredit to our country, for the ratio of excellence is, perhaps, one in fifty. In spite of Mr. Watts' kindly praise of the collection as an interesting historical record, I still feel that many of the performances there, could scarcely be like anything that ever drew breath. Of course, we except Sir Peter Lely's show, those wondrous pieces of colour and decorative arrangement in which the painted, powdered, rouged beauties of the early 17th century are somewhat levelled to a distinct type of the age. But these and a few others apart, the main interest of the collection must always centre in the various and wonderful contribution by Mr. Watts himself. This series in itself will give great dignity to our permanent collection, and will go far to neutralise the ill-effect of the present arrangements of the National Portrait Gallery. Yet intense and enthusiastic as our admiration is, we must not shrink from pointing out the wide gulf between the best performances by Mr. Watts, and his second best. His achievements have been so great that he makes of his deepest admirers his keenest critics. Their love sharpens their intelligence and whets the edge of their judgment.

A survey of his work is like a glance over a glorious landscape, picturesque with the peaks and valleys of the various achievements of the sixty years during which these great things grew. If all the

artists were to give their vote for the works by Watts they most admired, I cannot help thinking that the result might stand thus:—1, "Orpheus and Eurydice;" 2, "Fata Morgana" (the 1889 version); 3, "Ophelia;" 4, "Sir Galahad;" 5, "Esau;" 6, "Sic Gloria;" 7, "Love and Death;" 8, "Justice: A Hemicycle;" 9, "Chaos;" 10, "The Childhood of Jupiter;" 11, "Una and the Red Cross Knight;" 12, "The Rider on the White Horse;" 13, "Life's Illusions;" 14, "Diana and Endymion;" 15, "The Dove that returned in the Evening;" 16, "The All-Pervading;" 17, "Charity;" 18, "Clytie," in bronze; 19, "Love and Life." And of the portraits, "The Lady Garvagh;" "The Right Hon. Russell Gurney, Q.C.;" "Walter Crane;" "Joseph Joachim;" "Isabella Somers Cox;" "Sir Edward Burne-Jones;" "Earl Brownlow;" "Lady Henry Somerset." To the artist, and to the country that bred him, these works do high honour as masterpieces, they form the English contribution to the art of the century. Their inequality may, perhaps, be partly accounted for by the fact that his wide experience has caused the artist of late, little by little, to forego the practice of close reference to Nature during the progress and completion of his designs. He has said, we believe, "that is the part of my work that I care least about." It is, of course, important that the form should be as perfect as possible, but only in the sense that a well-written book tells its story with greater strength than a badly-written one; yet we may be forgiven for believing the painter comes before the prophet, when standing before one of his paintings—are, perhaps, pagan enough to care less about our destinies than his design, and to be less affected by his pictured revelations, than by the power of his painting. He will live more as the painter-poet than the poet-painter, more by draughtsmanship than divination—crowned for his masterly style, not less than his grand forms. In the first sketch of a design incompleteness is excused, the spirit and composition are alone of import, and should be retained for further workings out in the completed picture, where we expect all incompleteness to disappear. If Mr. Watts painted for the masses, or the nation, this might not matter. This nation's conscience is of small account—at least as yet—in its knowledge and love for Art; but Mr. Watts really paints for a community of accomplished artists and thinkers. The lovely "Fata Morgana" of Bojardo's "Orlando Innamorato," the version painted in 1889, was presented by the artist to the City of Leicester, in recognition of the services rendered to English travellers in Egypt, by Mr. John M. Cook, a native of the town. This masterly performance quite surpasses all his other 1889 achievements.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)



FATA MORGANA: FROM THE
PAINTING BY G. F. WATTS, R.A.



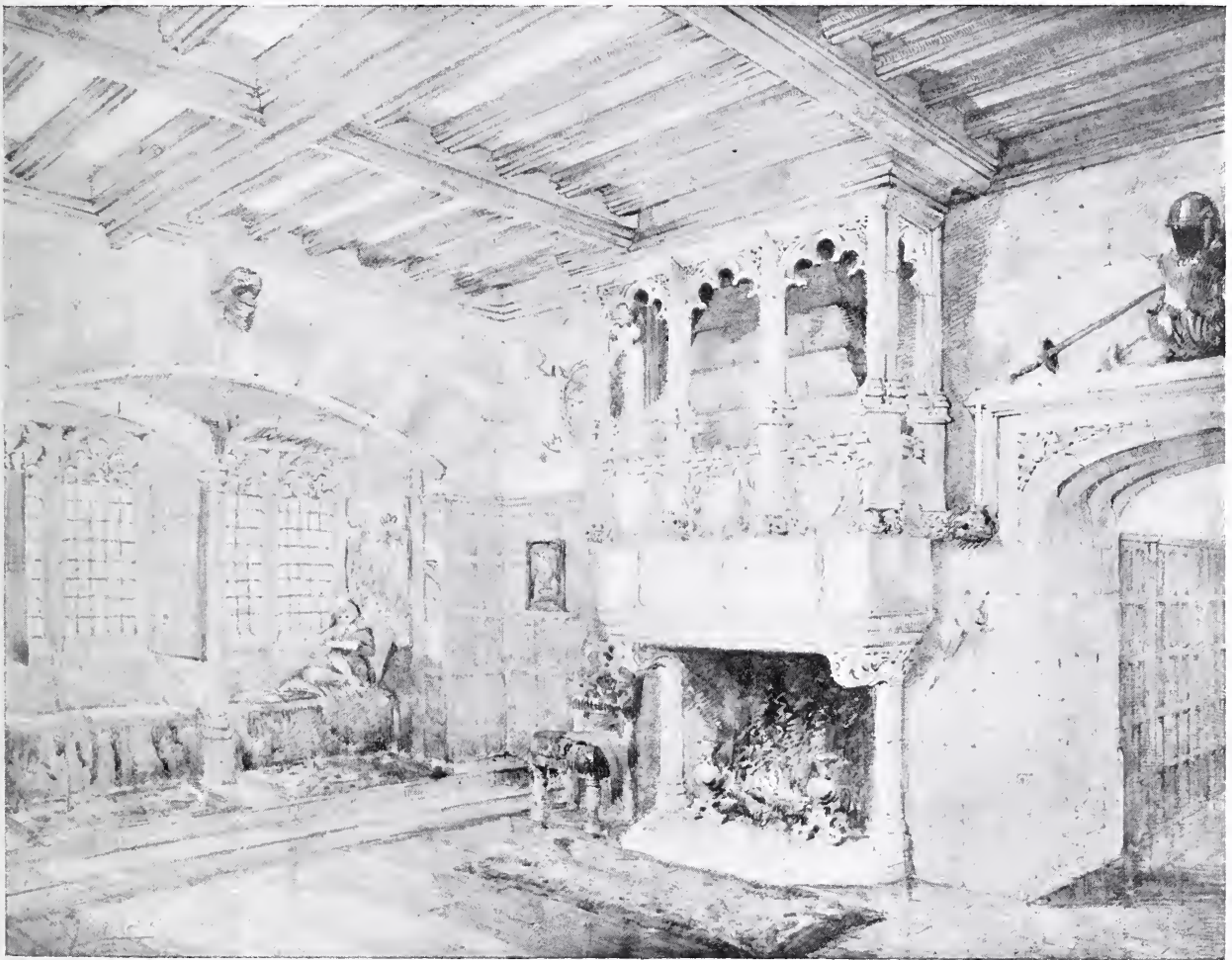
STUDY FOR BRITOMART :
BY G. F. WATTS, R.A.



THE WORK OF JOHN BELCHER, ARCHITECT: A RECORD AND REVIEW: WRITTEN BY CHARLES G. HARPER: CONCLUDED: PART THREE.

THE Council Chamber of the Institute of Chartered Accountants, with its coupled columns, broad white distempered walls, and general air of a

the artist, Mr. Mouat Laudan, has already designed. To turn now to his designs for the completion of the South Kensington Museum. The chief features of the extensive elevations were the lower of the two orders, and the great Renaissance domes. In this lower order Mr. Belcher's revival of the classic idea of a "union of hearts" between Architecture and Sculpture was treated differently from his Institute design, consisting in this instance of



THE NEW LOWER HALL, STOWELL.

DRAWN BY JOHN BELCHER, ARCHITECT.

severe classicism wears an almost ecclesiastical aspect, not lessened by the look of the seats for the council. The whole of the interior of the building is in white or grey, with sparing use of Pavonazza marble. Of course, this severe aspect of the chamber is designed to be tempered to some degree. Mr. Belcher's proposal was that the pendentives should be painted in fresco, with groups of emblematic figures, and the large panel provided for similar decorative treatment it is hoped may be executed at no distant date. The subject will be the Trial Scene from the "Merchant of Venice," which

groups occupying the upper half of the wall space between tall engaged columns. The colouring of this design would, in the execution of it, have been not the least interesting part, the walls being red brick, and affording a very wealth of colour in contrast with the white sculptured stone. The entrance to the Arcade, however, seems scarce worthy of the design as a whole, being stilted and characterless when compared with the force and majesty of the beautifully decorated order flanking it.

Mr. Belcher's Colchester Town Hall design is fresh in the memory of most of us, that competition

having been decided in his favour only last year. The building will shortly be begun.

But while the plans and elevations of what will be a very striking municipal edifice are quite familiar to us, there are some additional details which have not been widely published to which we

the borough, justly known locally as "Jumbo." "Jumbo" is the first thing the stranger sees on entering Colchester, and the last on leaving it, and it will be a relief unspeakable to have that incubus masked from some points of view by Mr. Belcher's Town Hall Tower. The lower stages of this will

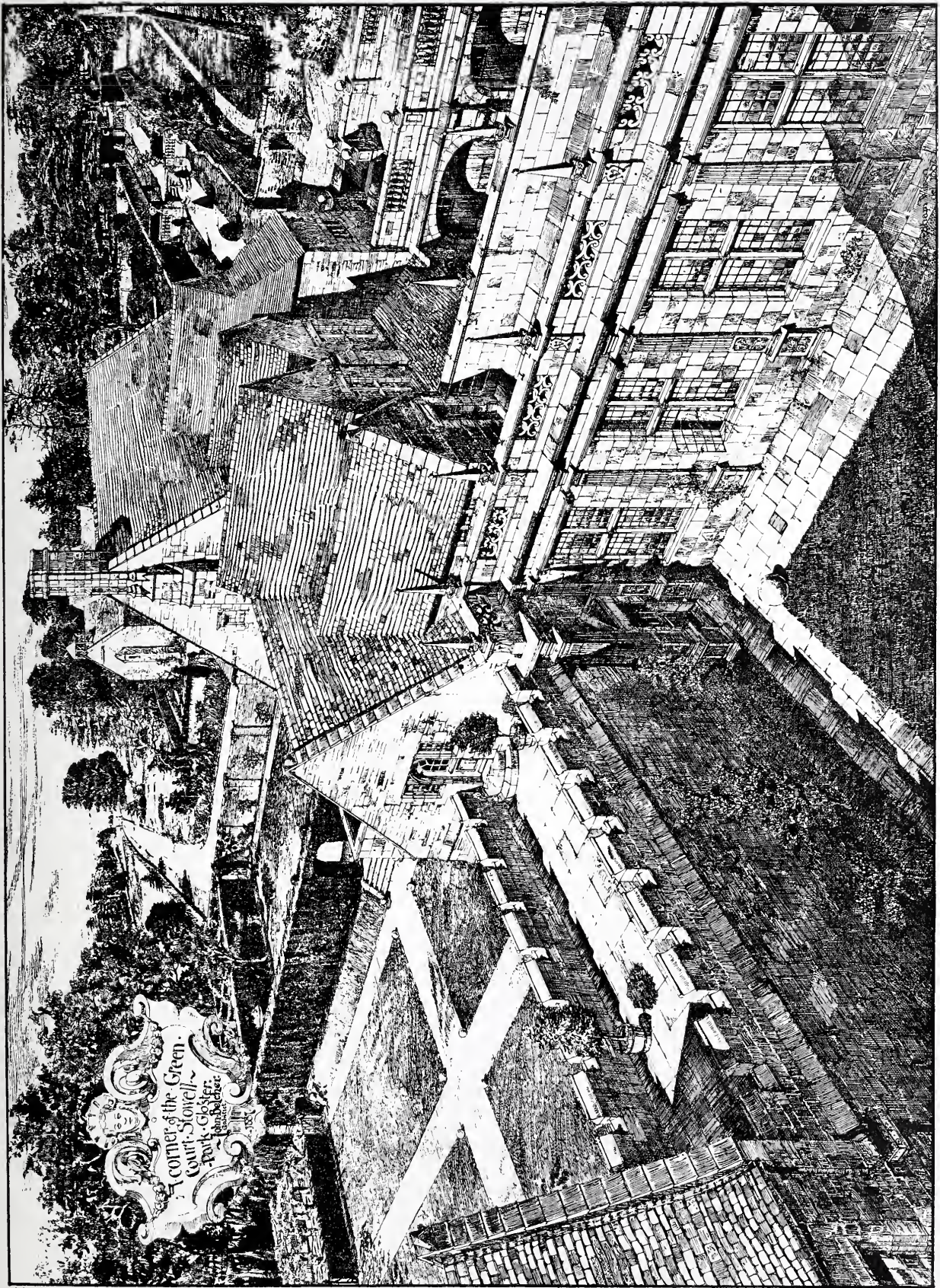


THE HALL: MORDEN GRANGE.

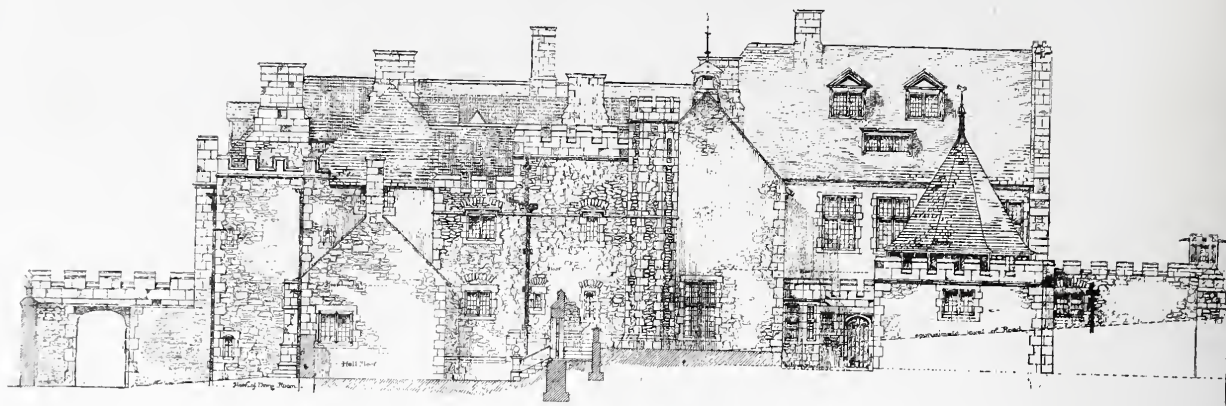
JOHN BELCHER, ARCHITECT.

may now call attention. The proposed Victoria Tower to be built will be given by the Mayor, Mr. James Paxman, and will be an effective landmark in the centre of the ancient town of Colchester, which has hitherto been dominated from all points of view by an elephantine and singularly hideous red-brick water tower on the highest point within

be in red brick, while the upper part will be of Portland stone, adorned with statuary. The figure of the Empress Hellena crowns the whole, while at the angles beneath will be conventional figures alluding to the military, agricultural, engineering, and fishing occupations and traditions of the town. A carillon of bells will be hung, and an elaborate



A CORNER OF THE GREEN
COURT, STOWELL PARK :
JOHN BELCHER, ARCHITECT.



SOUTH ELEVATION.

STOWELL PARK: FOR THE RT.
HON. THE EARL OF ELDON.

JOHN BELCHER,
ARCHITECT.

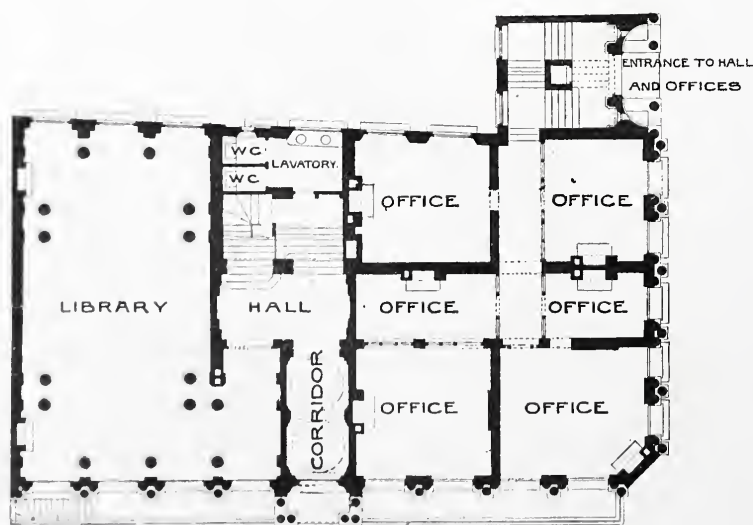
bronze clock face is proposed, to bear the sculptured forms of the Signs of the Zodiac.

From a reference to the Colchester Town Hall to a mention of the Guildhall which Mr. Belcher has designed for the City of Cambridge is an easy transition. This important work will probably be begun next year. His elevations, which are cast in the convention of the late Renaissance, are restrained and simple to a degree. We feel when studying them that he has been solicitous to preserve a very large wall space entirely free from ornament, concentrating the artistry that is an essential part of himself in the delicately-contrived mouldings and pediments of the range of first floor windows. This elevation, entirely in Portland stone, will, however, not be without its strong individuality, evidenced, perhaps, rather by the great projection of its not unusual features than by the introduction of any new elements. If no comparison is challenged with the florid and boldly

carved festoon ornamentation of the "University" Library—that building to which the weathering of two centuries has given an appreciable portion of its beauty—at least the boldly outstanding parts of Mr. Belcher's Guildhall, although simple in themselves, will serve to command attention, and in a manner which will not call forth our resentment, as does the really fine but something too braggart and competitive elevation of the Fitzwilliam Museum, whose huge scale and very striking features put the older buildings arrogantly in the background.

As regards the planning of the Guildhall, a grand entrance hall, with a top light and a staircase, has been provided as a central feature of the interior, around which will run a frieze, to be decorated with sculpture. The council chamber and municipal offices will occupy the first floor, while the ground floor will be devoted to suites for the office of Weights and Measures, and the other departments of every day municipal business.

A highly interesting outcome of Mr. Belcher's study of and admiration for the works of the Later Renaissance is the elaborately illustrated work he is now engaged upon, in collaboration with his friend, Mr. Mervyn Macartney, a work which, it is hoped, may help to bring about a more subdued and quieter manner of building, and perhaps influence modern design by examples of a proper restraint and dignified treatment. The influence of this period is visible in Mr. Belcher's work, and he is erecting at least one large house in the manner of the later Renaissance (house at Pangbourne, for Mr. J. Donaldson), not as imitating a "style," but as endeavouring to carry it on to further developments, following the principle which dominated the old work, but avoiding



GROUND PLAN

INSTITUTE OF CHARTERED
ACCOUNTANTS.

JOHN BELCHER,
ARCHITECT.



INSTITUTE OF CHARTERED
ACCOUNTANTS: SIDE ELEVATION:
JOHN BELCHER, ARCHITECT.

the stereotyped methods and inevitable lack of interest resulting from a mere academical treatment. It was this which brought into contempt the work of the so-called "Classic Revival." The freshness which betokens life is sure to be seen in the putting forth of new forms unfettered by the trammels of "style."

Localities may influence methods. Thus, in building in France, Mr. Belcher has taken up the local traditions and embodied them in his work at the Villa Maria Thérèse for M. Ulcoq, the gardens, with terraces, fountains, and arbours, all being designed by him in accordance with French types.

Again, in a house on the Isle of Wight, which he is carrying out, the prevailing types of the last century furnish the *motive* to be advanced.

The work of the Renaissance period has long been admired and studied by Mr. Belcher. At the present moment, when endless experiment, wild extravagance of design, open and indiscriminate

copying prevail—all the result of an improper centralising of creative effort; all the result of separation of art and craft of the designer from the maker—it may be well that the feverish searchers for the new, the unusual, should have their attention directed to the quiet dignity of these buildings of the later Renaissance, of which such beautiful examples are given in the book before mentioned, that they might there learn to impart something of the restfulness, the solidity, the sternness of those monuments to the sober qualities of our predecessors. It is obvious to the observant eye that the desire for the attainment of these qualities underlies the work we illustrate, despite the hindrances of the building system; despite the thousand and one obstacles that lie in the way of the modern architect, blunting the edge of the keenest idea. It is not a small achievement to have done this, and the slightest advance is a great one in an age of marking time.

ENGLISH CONTEMPORARY ART*: BY
ROBERT DE LA
SIZERANNE.

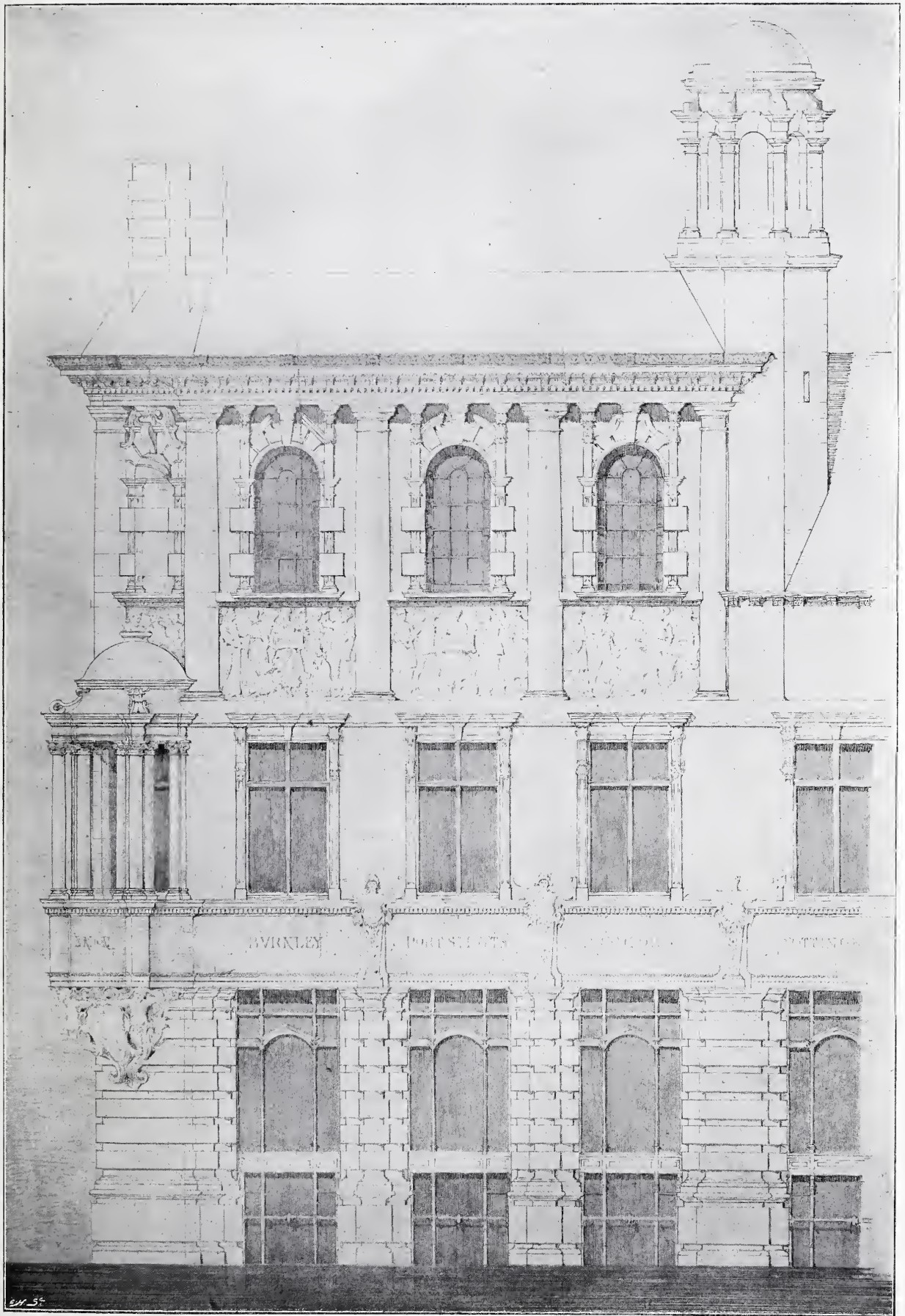
THIS is an able book, and what makes it especially pleasant reading to an Englishman is the tribute it pays to English Art. And this tribute—not blindly gathered, but carefully distilled from samples admirably and discriminatedly chosen—is ungrudgingly given by a writer from an alien shore, in an alien tongue, educated, so far as regards the aims of painting, on alien models, and nourished on hostile conclusions as to what the ends of painting should be. The text reads easily, or rather would do so, but for the punctuation, which is whimsically incorrect. There are times possibly when the Frenchman's brilliant antitheses seem almost to call for something out of the way in stops, but it would be a mortifying reflection to have to admit that the English grammar cannot do justice,



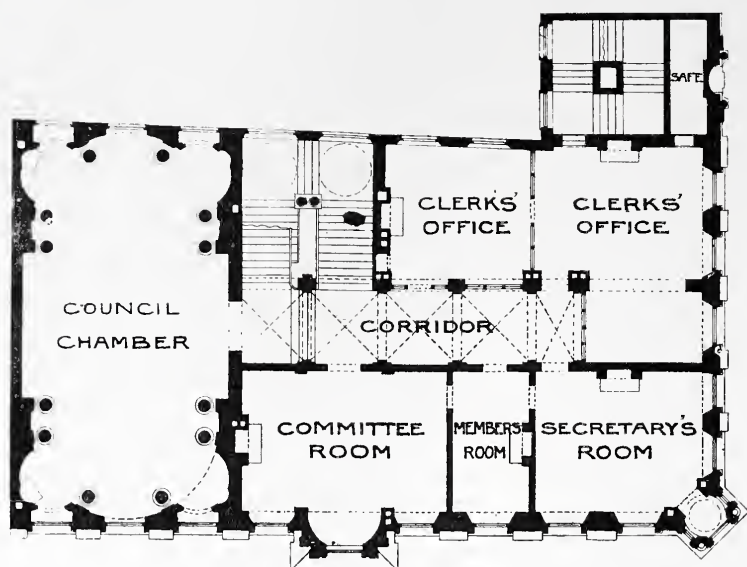
VESTIBULE, BOXLEY
PARK.

JOHN BELCHER,
ARCHITECT.

* English Contemporary Art: Translated from the French of Robert de la Sizeranne by H. M. Poynter. Westminster: Archibald Constable and Co.



STUDY FOR INSTITUTE OF
CHARTERED ACCOUNTANTS:
DRAWN BY JOHN BELCHER,
ARCHITECT.



FIRST FLOOR PLAN

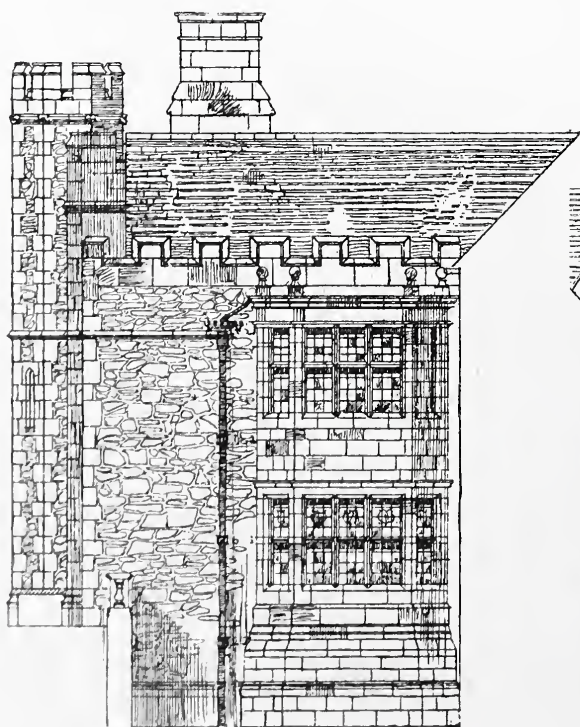
INSTITUTE OF CHARTERED
ACCOUNTANTS.JOHN BELCHER,
ARCHITECT.

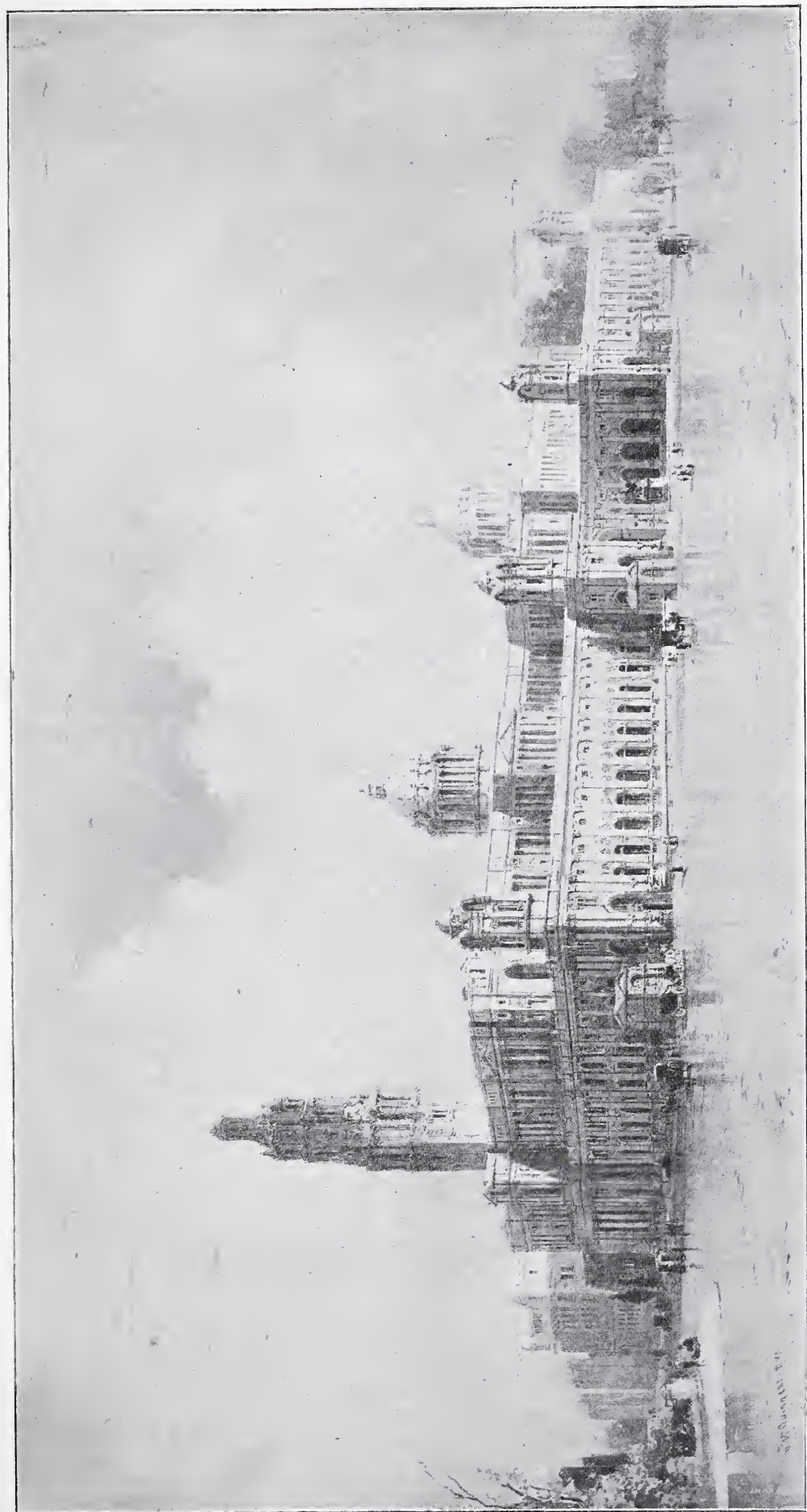
after all its drilling of late years, to M. Sizeranne. Here and there are a few obscurities, a few awkwardnesses in translation, a few clerical errors, such as Corelli for Crivelli, and a few notes wanted. Fame, flying with her trumpet, has blown unequal blasts, and we seem to have but an echo here of some of the pæans that are ringing on the shores of France. Who was, or is, Mrs. Ackermann, of the "famous verse" (p. 104)? Who is Mr.

Boot of the *Thetis*, whose "voyages are famous amongst English artists" (p. 303)? Bating these little blemishes, the translator's work has been well done. Not so the illustrations. With the exception of the frontispiece, they are badly executed, and chosen apparently much at random. Herkomer is described as "the great portrait painter of the United Kingdom," but no taste of his quality is given; for the water-colour of a labourer's head is a study only. M. de la Sizeranne relies much on the confidence of his countrymen that their trust in him will survive the damage of his illustrations.

"There is an English school of painting. This is what first strikes a visitor to any International Exhibition of the Fine Arts, in whatever country it may be held. Passing through the galleries set apart for Germany, Austria, Italy, Spain, Belgium, Holland, even for the

United States or for Scandinavia, you might imagine yourself to be still in France, and you are, as a fact, always amongst artists who live in Paris, or who have studied in Paris, or who follow, at least from afar off, either the discipline of her school or the revolutionary movement of Parisian Art circles . . . therefore it is profitable for us to tell of this Art, of its birth, of its chief masters, and of their great

STOWELL PARK: FOR THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF ELDON:
ELEVATIONS IN COURT YARD LOOKING NORTH AND SOUTH.JOHN BELCHER,
ARCHITECT.



DESIGN FOR THE COMPLETION OF
SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM :
JOHN BELCHER, ARCHITECT.

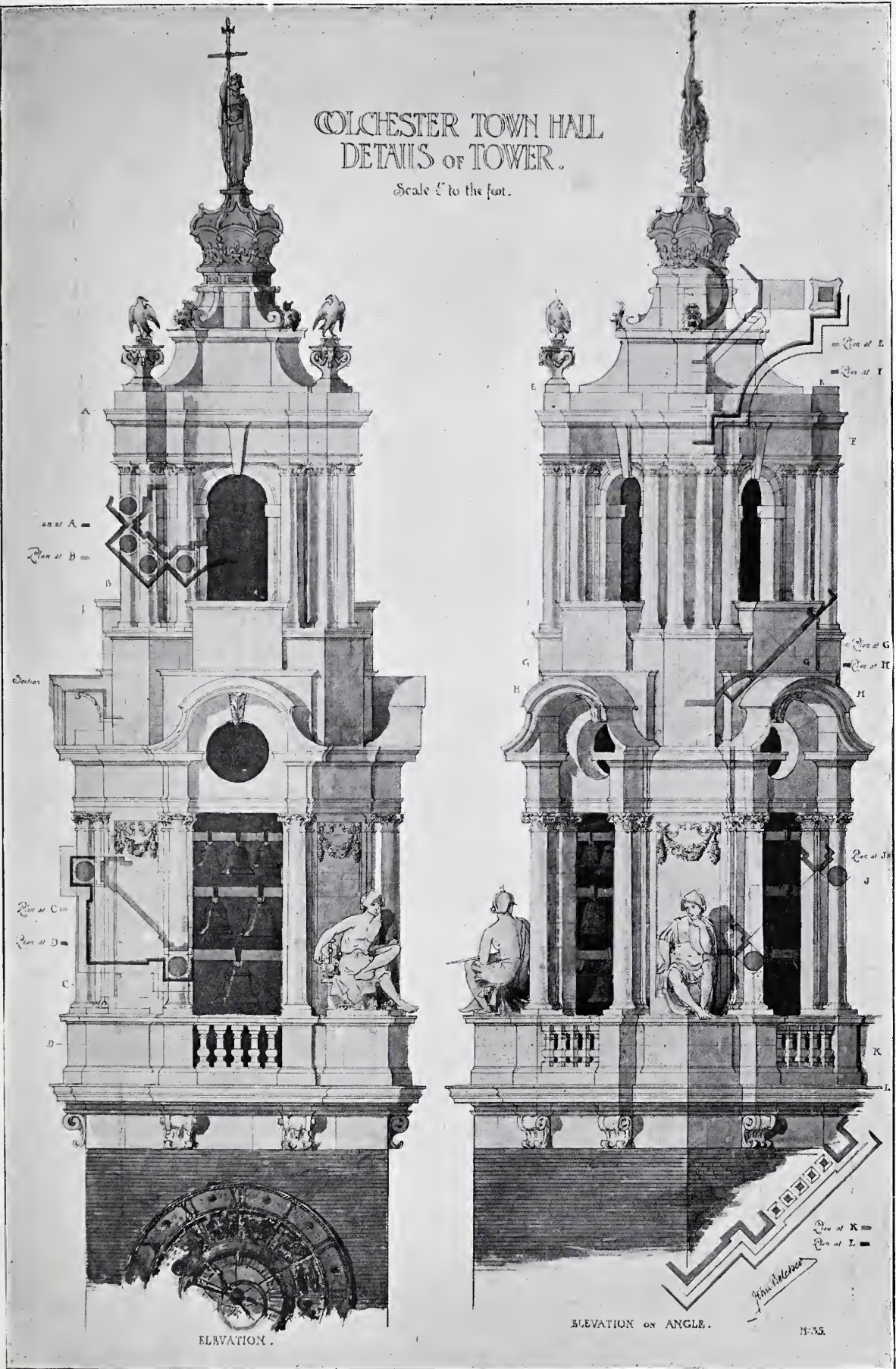
works, of the nature of its supreme originality; and to draw from such a study some conclusions as to what is to be hoped and to be feared from it in the future. This is the aim and the plan of this book." Its birth, says M. de la Sizeranne, took place some fifty-five years ago, its chief masters Madox Brown, Rosetti, Watts, Holman Hunt, Sir J. E. Millais, Lord Leighton, Sir E. Burne-Jones, Alma Tadema, Professor Herkomer, and last, but by no means least, John Ruskin. The nature of its supreme originality is due to the fact that "it came into the world to ennoble life, to instruct life, to better life. It did not come to live its own free joyous life, to blossom out with all the verdure and luxuriance of the vineyards of the south, without any moral or philosophical guide. . . . English Art is connected with everything: with science by its details, with psychology by its gestures, with patriotism by its independence . . . it is the outcome of national life and national thought, at least of what is most serious and most contemplative in them; it draws its inspiration from the ideas, the feelings, and the prejudices of the most intellectual class in the nation." This should satisfy the hungriest vanity, and the verdict



WINDOW RECESS,
BOXLEY PARK.

JOHN BELCHER,
ARCHITECT.

is arrived at after a sympathetic study of each artist and his life; so that before swallowing the pudding of such praise, one can say that it has been carefully and soundly compiled, kindly given, and honestly earned. Nor is the digestion difficult or unpleasant. We are all agreed that the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, fathered by Madox Brown and championed by Ruskin, awoke the conscience of our day by appealing, not to the high and dry formulist connoisseurs, but to such of the nation as had a heart to feel and eyes undimmed by convention to see. Art, for them, was not merely easel pictures addressed to virtuosi, which conformed to the academic rules, which were, as pictures, ends in themselves. Such things, they held, were merely the by-products of something much greater and more universal. Art was man's humanity to man, and wherever men were, there Art should be. Of the brilliant band of enthusiasts, the two greatest artists were William Morris and John Ruskin—neither of whom are known to the public by their pictures. But M. de la Sizeranne cannot digest his own conclusions. The English idea of Art fails in the result. "Ought this great effort, then, to be despised or imitated? Neither the one nor the other. Not merely is it free from reproach, but, thinking on the noble career of men like Watts, Hunt and Burne-Jones, it must be regretted that breadth of design should not be the natural reward of breadth of ideas, and that harmonious colouring is drawn from other sources than nobleness of life. It is to be regretted that it thus affords a proof that the intellectual and moral culture of man, the most thorough understanding of a subject, unwearied labour, the sentiment of the high mission of Art, are not enough to produce a good picture, and that the English should demonstrate it. It is sad to see that nation which is most independent in its views, most national in its conduct, inimitable in the part it plays in the world, tries in vain to express itself in the *fine Arts*. If it has not yet attained to the delicate eye of the colourist, and the sure hand of the draughtsman, it produces, perhaps, some interesting, but never any beautiful works." And, as a conclusion, "Let us beware, above all, of theories which pretend to ennoble the mission of Art, by making it the mere interpreter of ideas and feelings, of affirmations or doubts, and which give the artist another function than the expression of the Beautiful—the Beautiful alone, free from figures of speech, from purpose, from preaching; as if there were anything in the world that could deserve to have the Beautiful for its servant, its interpreter or its herald. Let us beware of the error of believing that Art can be widened by wandering, deepened by the overthrow of its foundations, ennobled by servitude." Cluck,



TOWER COLCHESTER TOWN
HALL : EXHIBED AT THE
ROYAL ACADEMY, 1898: DRAWN
BY JOHN BELCHER, ARCHITECT.

cluck, cluck, 'tis the very language of the hen that has hatched out ducklings. So long as M. de la Sizeranne ladles out praise, I am content to endorse it without much question; but this adverse and surprising conclusion, being adverse, wants looking into. What is this Beautiful, with the capital B, so supreme and free? As an exact entity, there is no such thing. There is no standard of beauty in men's work that is permanent and defined. Each work of art modifies our conception of Art and enlarges its boundaries, and these additions to the domain of Art, when we look back on them, we call beautiful. The objections that M. de la Sizeranne makes to-day have been made by pundits in all ages. Take our own time and recall the outcry against Browning's poetry and Wagner's music; all sorts of merits and intentions were recognised and valued in them, but in the end they were condemned, because of the want of beauty. We see beauty in them now. A generation ago the same story—Turner and Beethoven were discountenanced because they had broken through the then canons, and had failed in consequence of beauty. Their contemporaries bade Keats "back to his gallipots," and ruled that Wordsworth "wouldn't do." The parallel in music runs close. The objections made by the French critic against pictures cited are that they sin against pure art, they try to express more than is permitted to the material, they are ungraceful, inharmonious, un-beautiful. Precisely this was urged against the C minor and Pastoral Symphonies. The angular and lawless progressions of consecutive fifths—the violent and exaggerated discords—the want of artistic feeling in attempting to make music transcend its sphere in its description of nature—the want of beauty in consequence. It is a homily against the use of that dangerous epithet "beautiful." Nor were these objections raised by bigoted or undiscerning men. Robert Schumann was the kindest critic one could name—pure artist in word and deed—full of generous, impetuous sympathy, eager to hail a rising star and cherish him to a sun. He attended a performance of "Tannhäuser" and waved Wagner to limbo as decisively as Jeffrey did the Lake poets.

The C minor symphony is accepted now as "fine art," the sins of the "Pastoral" symphony have been more than condoned, and the "Ring des Nibelungen" is a four days' deliberate debauch of musical riotous living. In its long length it has collected, I suppose, every possible outrage, and flung every possible delighted scorn on the canons of Musical Art as enunciated in the schools when Beethoven was a young man. M. de la Sizeranne, in the passage quoted, talks of Art for Art's sake—not "the mere interpreter of ideas and feelings," but "free," &c. "Sir," said Dr. Johnson, "what

stuff is this!" Every picture, statue, poem, opera, is the outcome of man's passionate utterance to his fellow men—what he has to say is the measure of its artistic value. According to the nobility of his thought is the nobility of the result, the qualities that he has form his "style." The moment that he relaxes, or that passion fails, at that moment he loses touch of Art. The result may be cultured—academic—and, in the language of the schools, artistic—but so long as you treat your picture, poem, or music as an end in itself and not as a message to your fellows, you are not creating Art. Turn back to page 11 and look at the "Last of England." It is noble sorrow and noble indignation in colour. Turn to Ford's "Broken Heart," and recall the story there. The vehicle is words, not colour, but the emotions are the same. What gives the charm to those intense utterances—those linked cadences long drawn out—those phrases that fade into music—the melody that stirs into action—the actions that freeze and quicken our pulse—what but the same that beats throbbing behind those wistful faces in Brown's picture—the large, full, human heart, big with the desire to share its sorrow and its happiness with its fellow hearts; and it is the embodiment of these yearnings that is Art.

ROMANCE IN SCULPTURE: PART TWO *: SPAIN: AT BURGOS, TOLEDO, VALLADOLID, AND SANTIAGO: LETTERPRESS AND ILLUSTRATIONS BY THOMAS R. MACQUOID, R.I.

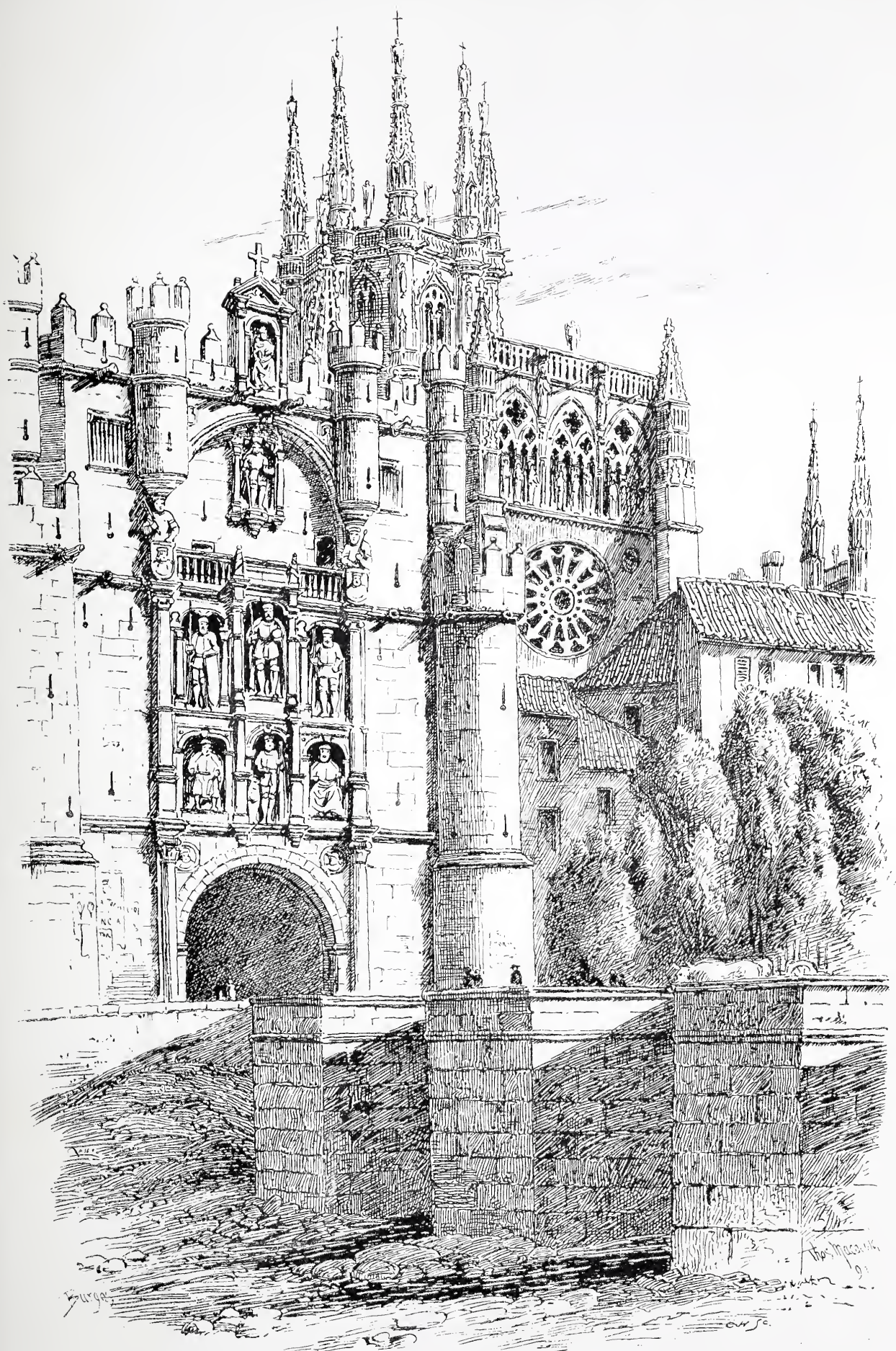
I DESCRIBED in my first paper the beautiful tomb of the Infante Alonzo, at Miraflores. The companion tomb of the King and Queen, Juan the



Second and his second wife, the parents of Isabella the Catholic, is even more beautiful than the Infante's; it is also in alabaster.

The drawings given, show, in some measure, what an original and elaborate piece of work it is. The figures of the kings and saints are some of them of great beauty. The angels, the naked

* Part One of this series of articles appeared in Vol. II., pp. 179 to 185.



THE GATEWAY, SANTA MARIA,
BURGOS: DRAWN BY THOMAS
R. MACQUOID, R.I.



KING DAVID: FIGURE ON THE
KING'S TOMB, MIRAFLORES.

DRAWN BY THOMAS
R. MACQUOID, R.I.

boys, the quaint animals, the birds and foliage, the patterns on armour and costumes are sculptured with wonderful skill and delicacy. The recumbent effigies of the King and the Queen with their canopies are divided by a richly ornamented parapet: the King has a sceptre, the Queen holds a book. The two monuments are the work of Maestro Gil de Siloe, he being commissioned by Isabella the Catholic, daughter of King Juan. El Maestro Gil began them in 1489, and finished the work in 1493. I do not think more magnificent monuments have ever been executed. The character of the work is German of the best sort, and they are truly a romance in stone. When one considers the delicacy of the carving, executed more than four hundred years ago, it is marvellous that they have sustained so little damage.

About a mile from Burgos, in an opposite direction from Miraflores, is the beautiful Cistercian convent, Santa Maria la Real, called Las Huelgas,

because it was erected in some pleasure gardens belonging to Alfonso the Eighth, the husband of Eleanor of England, the king having founded it at her instance. It was begun in 1180. Its church is remarkable, and well deserves study. The details of the interior are excellent Art. There are two cloisters, the inner one being unroofed, and otherwise damaged. Its round arches rest on coupled pillars, with boldly carved capitals of rich and varied design, and altogether it is very picturesque.

Many noble persons took the veil, and Kings crowned and knighted themselves, in this nunnery. In 1367, after the battle of Navarrete, Edward, the Black Prince, was lodged here.

The cathedral of Burgos has already been described, and there are other churches in the city worthy of study, and possessing many objects of interest. I may single out San Esteban, as next to the cathedral, even in its mutilated condition. The pulpit, uninjured, is very remarkable for its ornamentation.

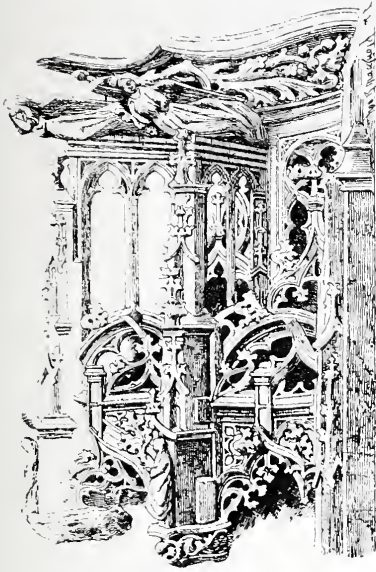
It is interesting to find that Francis the First of France stayed at Burgos on his return from captivity in Madrid, after the battle of Pavia; it was from Burgos that he sent Biron with despatches to his mother, the Regent, requesting her to furnish him with money — he wrote, "I am without a crown piece."

TOLEDO.

The journey by road from Madrid to Imperial Toledo used to be very tedious and uninteresting, except that it passed through Illescas, which, though a miserable place, possesses a very picturesque church.



THE INFANTE'S TOMB,
MIRAFLORES: ONE OF
THE STATUES AT SIDES.



THE QUEEN'S CANOPY:
TOMB OF THE KING AND
QUEEN, MIRAFLORES.

Now the railway makes the journey in less than two hours; but it has no more interest than it had when one went by road, it traverses a treeless plain. There is only one green spot in the dry and dusty journey, and that is at the beginning of it, Aranjuez, close to Madrid; this spot, thanks to

decorated, the colour of this portion being a rich red orange. It is a gem of Arabian architecture, and probably dates from early in the thirteenth century.

Toledo, full of narrow streets, so narrow that many of them are little more than alleys twisting and turning in labyrinthine fashion, is a most difficult town to find one's way about in; this intricacy being no doubt intended for defensive purposes. Without a guide, the stranger soon loses his way in Toledo.

There are houses, Moorish or Gothic, or some fragment of the past to interest in all these streets and lanes. Most of the windows have iron bars over them, above as well as below, through these lower bars, many a woman's hand, *faute de mieux*, has been kissed by her cavalier. Some of the heavy oak doors are decorated with immense headed nails, and with quaint old knockers, within these doors being often a picturesque *patio* (court-yard) full of flowering plants, orange trees, and bird-cages, and this is the general sitting-room of the family. From one corner of the *patio* a staircase mounts to a gallery. An awning is strained over at the top to keep out sun and rain.

The wonderful charm that holds one, as one walks about this old rock-town, is its universal quaintness and old world atmosphere. It is a city apart; I have seen no other to compare with it.

The only street, of any width, leads out of the Zocodover to the cathedral. The old houses full of windows of all sizes, and at all levels, its ranges of balconies one above another, its birdcages and striped curtains, make this great Moorish square most picturesque. This wonderful jumble gives variety and



ORNAMENT: TOLEDO.

judicious use of the water of the Tagus, is a place of gardens and water-brooks, elms and other trees thriving here from the constant irrigation given. The Spaniard is very boastful regarding it, and, indeed, it forms a great contrast to the desert plain around it.

The first view of Toledo from the railway, at some three miles distance, is wild and magnificent; no place in Spain, and perhaps out of it, can equal the solemn and imposing effect of mingled buildings and black precipitous rock, rising from the river; the vast mass of the Alcazar dominating the whole. Unfortunately the cathedral stands on so low a level that it does not appear in the picturesque group:

The yellow Tagus winds nearly round Toledo. The city is entered from the railway by the bridge of Alcantara, one wide and lofty arch spans the river. Two gateways decorate this bridge; that on the further side is of the time of Charles the Fifth, the other is Moorish.

A terraced road leads from the bridge into the town and passes under the remarkable Moorish gateway, the Puerto del Sol. The lower part is granite, and the upper portion of stone is elaborately



PORTION OF THE TOMB OF THE KING
AND THE QUEEN AT MIRAFLORES.

DRAWN BY THOMAS F.
MACQUOID, R.I.



ORNAMENT FOR THE TOMB OF THE KING AND THE QUEEN, MIRAFLORES, NEAR BURGOS.

colour. The best view is obtained of the tower and spire of the cathedral from the point where the aforesaid street issues from the Zocodover. The tower is square for nearly 200ft., it then changing to an octagon with turrets and pinnacles. The spire is not lofty, and is decorated at intervals by three rows of projecting metal rays which have, from a distance, the appearance of crowns.

The glory of Toledo is its Cathedral. In point of picturesqueness the exterior cannot vie with that of Burgos Cathedral, and it has been much defaced and altered. Its notable feature is its grand and imposing interior. It is a very fine example of thirteenth century Gothic. When the city was captured by the Moors, they turned the then existing church into a mosque, but there are no remains of this building. The first stone of the existing cathedral was laid in twelve hundred and twenty seven by the King, Don Fernando the Third, the monarch who also laid the first stone of Burgos Cathedral.

From time to time, constant additions have been made till the end of the seventeenth century. It is

ful Gothic work. The general effect is heightened by exquisite stained glass of the fifteenth century; ruby and sapphire, emerald and other colours pour their rich and mellowed light on floor, columns, and arches.

The old stall-ends, date fourteen hundred and ninety five, are covered with tracery, and quaint animals sit upon them. An upper range of stalls is dated fifteen hundred and forty three; here certain



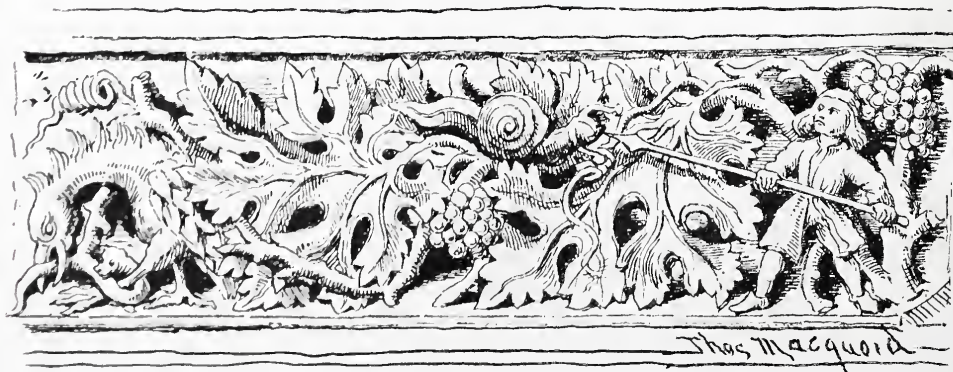
ORNAMENT FROM THE TOMB OF THE KING AND THE QUEEN, MIRAFLORES.

DRAWN BY THOMAS R. MACQUOID, R.I.

spaces are filled with fine bas-reliefs illustrating the campaigns of Ferdinand and Isabella. Besides the character which these carvings display they furnish valuable records of costume of the period.

The great retablo, or screen behind the high altar is perhaps the finest in Spain. It is filled with subjects illustrating the life of our Saviour. It is richly gilt and coloured, and is an example of what gold, freely and successfully applied can

do. The whole effect is most harmonious. This screen reaches from floor to roof. I have not space to describe this noble cathedral, or to detail its treasures of architectural art and Sculpture. It takes high rank among the remarkable cathedrals of the Christian world.



ORNAMENT FROM THE TOMB OF THE KING AND THE QUEEN, MIRAFLORES.

DRAWN BY THOMAS R. MACQUOID, R.I.

The most notable church in Toledo, after the cathedral, is San Juan de los Reyes. Its position is commanding, close to the edge of the steep cliff which overhangs the Tagus. The French almost destroyed the convent to which this church belonged, and they only spared the church that they might stable their horses in it.

San Juan was built by Ferdinand and Isabella (who in all ways did so much for Spain) in fourteen hundred and seventy six, to commemorate their victory over the King of Portugal at the Battle of Toro; they meant to be buried here, but changed their intention, and left directions for their interment in a chapel they built at Granada.

The exterior of San Juan de los Reyes does not excite admiration; and the outside wall of the south transept is dismally decorated with the chains of Christian captives rescued from the Moors.

The Cloister is very beautiful. It is richly groined, and the ornamentation is most elaborate, much of it as fine as lace. The saints in canopied niches, the foliage, amid which grotesque animals and birds disport themselves in romantic fashion, are carved with exquisite skill, and make a whole of infinite variety. When I saw this cloister, the general effect, from the picturesque point of view, was

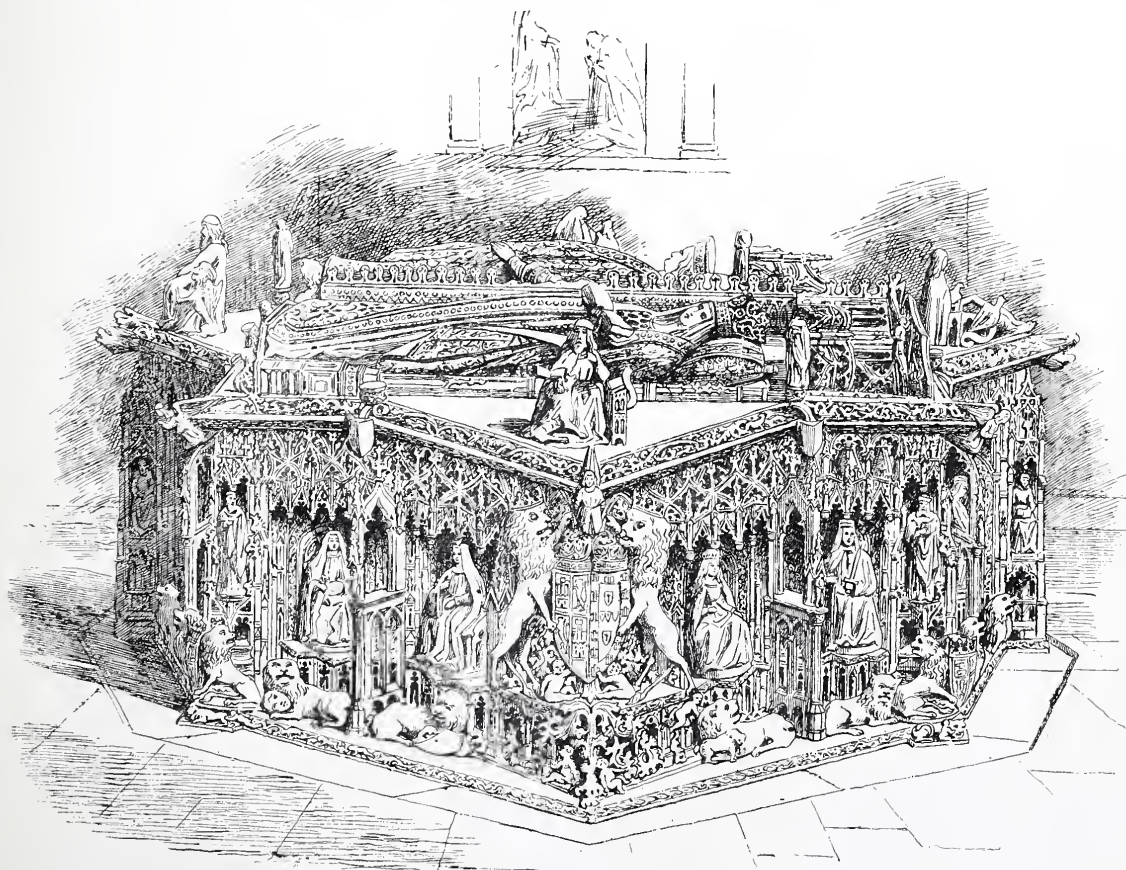


ORNAMENT: THE TOMB OF THE INFANTE, MIRAFLORES.

increased by luxuriant vines outside, which were climbing round the columns and sending out graceful sprays in all directions.

I hear that additions and restorations have lately been made in this fine old cloister. I own it was in a damaged state, and needed much looking to, but to add a Moorish building to it, is simple Vandalism—a disgrace to the city authorities.

Near this lovely cloister, and close to the bridge from the town leading to the Vega, the bridge of San Martino, are the ruins of the old palace built by Wamba. This spot is connected with the famous legend of Florinda, the daughter of Count Julian. Don Rodrigo, or as Scott and Southey call him, Roderick, the last of the Gothic kings of Spain, while enjoying the evening air on the terrace of his palace, saw (as King David saw Bathsheba) the beauteous daughter of Count Julian, La Cava, as she is called, bathing in the Tagus.



THE TOMB OF THE KING AND OF THE QUEEN, MIRAFLORES.

DRAWN BY THOMAS R. MACQUOID.

The king sought her, courted her, and betrayed her. When the news reached Count Julian he revenged his daughter's ruin by betraying his country to the Moors, and helping them in their invasion of Spain.

A delightful story is told about the first bridge of San Martino. Too late to remedy the fault, the architect of the bridge discovered a serious defect in his work; he was in despair, and he told his wife that when the scaffolding came to be removed, he was sure the bridge would give way. His wife bade him take courage, and, to save his reputation, she that night set fire to the scaffolding, and the bridge was destroyed with its supports.

The entrance to the Hospital de la Cruz is a choice example of Renaissance. The ornament on it is almost as delicate and elaborate as fine silver-smith's work. The staircase just within is also rich in ornament, and original in treatment.

VALLADOLID.

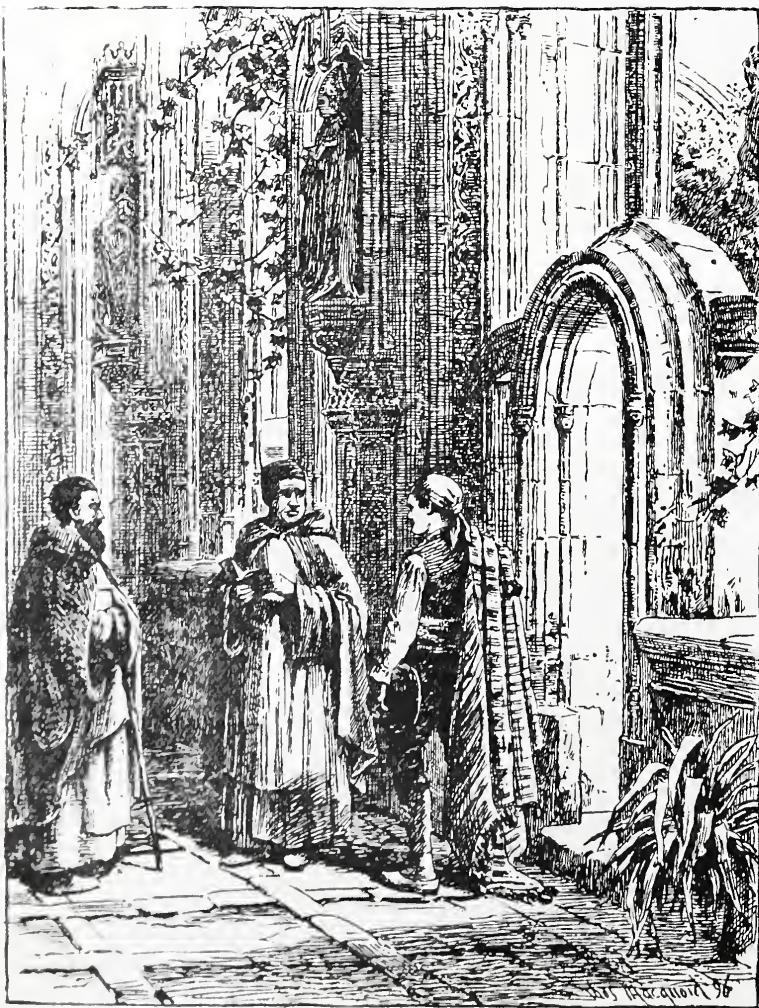
"How are the mighty fallen!" Early in the fifteenth century King Juan the Second resided here; the city flourished under Charles the Fifth,



ORNAMENT FROM
MIRAFLORES, BURGOS.

and was the birthplace of Philip the Second; it had fifty thousand inhabitants, and now only possesses half that number. The rise of Madrid caused the decay of Valladolid. Then came the French invasion (Bonaparte lodged here), and many of the best buildings and choicest works of Art were destroyed. The tomb of Hernandez, the famous sculptor, perished, and so did the burial places of Velasquez and Murillo. The façade of the Dominican Convent of San Pablo escaped the hand of the destroyer; the Gothic tracery and ornament of this are most elaborate, covering the wall. It was rebuilt in fourteen hundred and sixty-three, by the wicked Torquemada, the confessor of Isabella the Catholic. At his instigation the terrible ceremonies called the *auto da fé*, were held in the vast Plaza Mayor.

The great convent of San Gregorio is near San Pablo: its façade is long and lofty, finished by a pinnaced parapet. The central doorway is square, below an arch, the ornament excessively quaint and romantic in character; the illustration gives an idea of this work, which is more fanciful than beautiful. Four hairy wild men with clubs and shields stand in canopied niches on pedestals on either side of the door; the Gothic details are very florid, they are German in character. Extraordinary skill is shown in the execution of the very elaborate details of these two façades.



PART OF CLOISTER: SAN JUAN DE
LOS REYES, TOLEDO: SPAIN.

DRAWN BY THOMAS R.
MACQUOID, R.I.

Valladolid is rich in examples of late Gothic and Moorish, enough to

show what the city must once have been, before invaders played havoc there.

SANTIAGO.

I cannot end this article without a reference to the western doorway of the cathedral of Santiago, the entrance called La Gloria. The freshness, skill, and invention displayed in the sculptures of these three beautiful doorways are marvellous, alike in figures, foliage, and animals; the central shaft is especially admirable. The execution is clearly that of a master hand; it is believed to be chiefly, if not altogether, the loving work of the Maestro Mateo, the master of the works whose name is inscribed on the under side of the lintel of the door: he was a true artist. He was at work for twenty years on this masterpiece, having begun it in eleven hundred and sixty-eight, and finished it in eleven hundred and eighty-eight.

SAN JUAN DE
LOS REYES,
TOLEDO.

There is a remarkable courtyard in Zaragoza, the patio of the house called Zaporta. It is in the Renaissance style, date fifteen hundred and sixty. It is surrounded by a gallery, the front of which is elaborately and fancifully ornamented with figures, foliage, and medallions, and is supported on quaint pillars. It has suffered much from ill-usage. Another most ornate example of Spanish Renaissance or Plateresque work is the Town Hall of Seville, the great variety of sculptured detail makes it very attractive; date, 1515-1564. This style of Architecture is little seen in the south of Spain, the best examples are to be found in the northern and mid-provinces. Spanish Renaissance possesses more merit in its sculpture than in its Architecture. It holds a place between the Renaissance of France and the Elizabethan of England.

I have by no means exhausted the examples of "Romance in Sculpture" in Spain, but I think I have given the cream of them

LONDON AS DICKENS
KNEW IT: IN THE
FIFTIES: WRITTEN
BY A. E. STREET,
M.A.: ILLUSTRATED FROM
PHOTOGRAPHS PUBLISHED
BY THE SOCIETY FOR
PHOTOGRAPHING RELICS
OF OLD LONDON: CON-
CLUDED: PART TWO.

TIME was when the outskirts of the great town were something more than disused brickfields, varied with tun-bellied gasometers, the gaunt forms of railway signals, and all the monstrous paraphernalia of advanced civilisation.

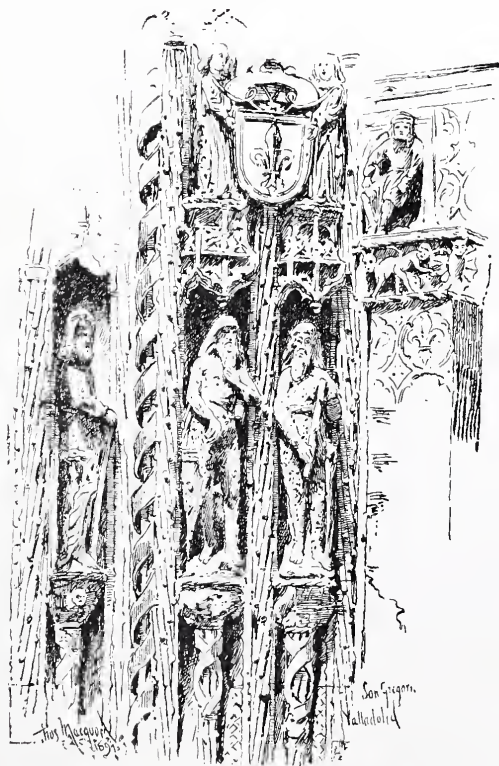
Other capitals might point to natural gifts more obvious and more lavish; the genius of their sons might have done more to adorn them, but our English villages with their old coaching hostelries, their white-posted greens, their Kate Greenaway cottages, and their clumps of storied elms, which circled the city like a garland, had a homely beauty, hardly to be matched elsewhere, and sweeter to English eyes than anything more forceful.

The days when Kensington should have become a mere geographical expression were still far off; orchards and market gardens hedged it round, and kept the giant city at arm's length. "In those days the lanes spread to Fulham white with blossom in the spring, or golden with the yellow London sunset that blazed beyond the cabbage fields. In those days there were gardens and trees, and great walls along the high road that came from London, passing the old white turnpike."

To the north, Muswell Hill, Finchley, Highgate, Hendon, and Hampstead, were still in a world of their own; the scent of the country was in their nostrils; even to-day there are sleepy hollows in Hampstead, creeks and backwaters into which the stream of modern life has not yet made its way, but they only add poignancy to our regrets, and hold a



SAN JUAN DE
LOS REYES,
TOLEDO.



SKETCH OF "WILD MEN":
DOORWAY OF SAN GREGORIO,
VALLADOLID.

DRAWN BY T.
R. MACQUOID.

new menace over us, for the hand which is already being laid on Church Row is the hand of the god of dividends, and as sure as that of Fate.

Southwards, only a quarter of a century ago, Tooting was full of pleasant rambling houses with gardens, and orchards, and paddocks. Life in the suburbs seemed to combine in fortunate proportions the better qualities of country and town. Now the neighbourhood, like twenty others, is a wilderness of cheap building. The tram line, as its habit is, tore away the last shred of a self respect which had dwindled rapidly for years, and turned a lyric into sorriest doggerel.

Now we must go farther afield, to Mitcham, to Carshalton, to East Sheen, for beauties which to our fathers were too familiar to be adequately prized. We look at them as Admetus looked at Alcestitis, for death hangs over them, and not mere extinction as

of another Herculaneum or Pompeii, but the slow torture of desecration. The forest tree and the stately cedar will be cut down to make room for the araucaria; mellow brickwork and ruddy tiling will give way to raw terra-cotta and blue slates; modest grace to the blatant finery of the speculative builder's stock patterns. Happy the man who saw none of these things! who lived while there was still some room to move, some air to breathe in this great agglomeration of humanity, when the struggle for a livelihood was less keen, the individual not wholly lost in the

mass: and the average man *was* happier then, more full-blooded, and merrier than his sons and grandsons. Laughter was not among the lost arts, nor had discontent been perfected. The small shopkeeper, the yeoman of commerce, who is being crushed by trusts, and companies, and universal providers, had fewer anxieties then. He kept good things because there were still people to ask for them—the day of “cheap lines” was still

to come—had no ambition but to pay his way and put by a snug provision for old age. He stuck to his counter cheerily, and when he went abroad on pleasure bent took it heartily, and the pleasure-seeker's bill of fare was plain, and there was not too much of it; his play-houses were comparatively few, the upholstering less luxurious, and the pieces as a general rule were staged with simplicity and even with naïveté, but

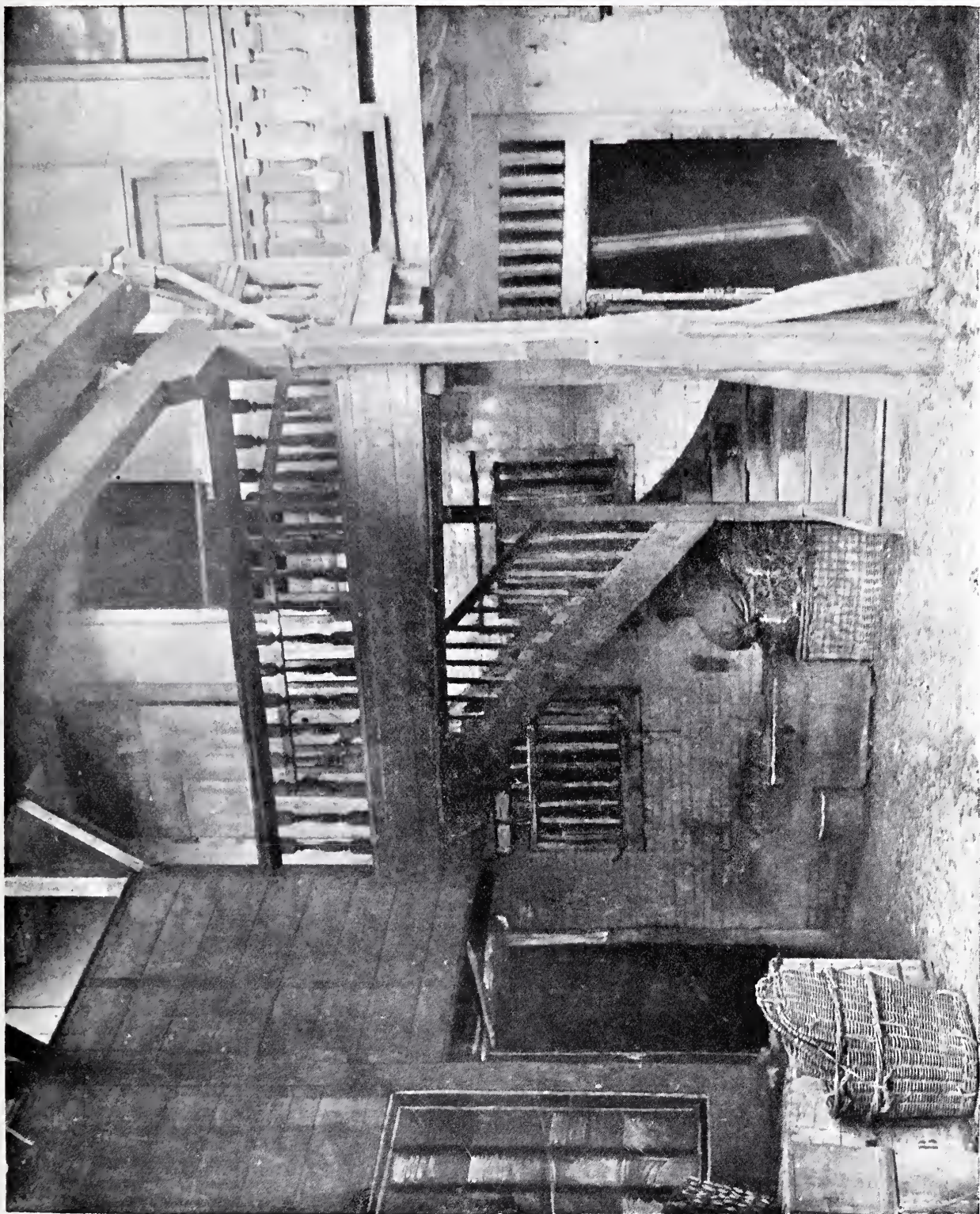
he paid less for his seat, and could afford it oftener. Nor was the staging a vital matter; the humour and pathos of Robson, the rich and unctuous comedy of Buckstone, the last of a long line, were independent of their background. The pit was a power in the land then; the music-hall had not drained it away, nor had the management thrust it back into the nethermost darkness. The pittite was still the backbone of the concern, the arbiter to whom the actors looked for judgment, and he knew it; judicial but appreciative he came to appraise them, and kept strictly



GEORGE INN YARD, SOUTHWARK.



THE OXFORD ARMS,
WARWICK LANE.



THE OXFORD ARMS,
WARWICK LANE.

to business; to the furniture and costumes as such he was relatively indifferent.

When Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft set the Haymarket stage in a frame, and abolished the pit, they did not alter facts, they only marked their sense of the change which had taken place in a practical way. Henceforth the stage is to be an actual picture of life, thought out to the smallest detail, and not a convention; the people in the stalls are to see their doubles set in the surroundings which are familiar to them in their own homes; choice pieces of furniture are there for their delectation; smart frocks and rich costumes in kaleidoscopic series renew for them the fascinations of the shop window. Henceforward the actress doubles her *rôle* with that of fashion plate, and the practice of her art is not the easier for it.

Innocent as our fathers were of the power of stagecraft to reproduce with accuracy the world outside, perhaps they were, after all, more fortunate than we who have learnt the lesson so thoroughly.

And if man was happier because life itself wore a more cheery face, he was also better able to enjoy it, because, physically, he was our master. It is only now, in our own day, that we are coming to know what a real town population is — men and women whose parents and grand - parents were town-born and town - bred, weedy, sallow, narrow-chested mortals, who seem to cry aloud for fresh air, for some revivifying, blood-making elixir. It is the inevitable result of enlightened legislation, which enables the unfit as well as the fit to survive. In the bad old days the weakly simply died off; the town was chronically emptied

by epidemics, and filled up again from the country. But now the weak live to propagate children weaker than themselves, blood gets thinner and thinner, and so, in gradual progression, the degeneration of the race must go on, till legislation shall take a step further, and, in the interests of the nation, move to the country for their schooldays those weaklings for whose existence she is responsible.

It need not surprise us that the average man of the fifties had little appreciation of æsthetic refinements, for it is mainly an affair of conditions. Pleasant sights smote his eye as he took his walks abroad. He could turn into the galleried yard of an old inn—a "White Hart," a "George"—where we find a gaunt warehouse. Quiet squares and corners eloquent of old times lay across his track; half a hundred towers and spires which were his familiars are lost to us. His river had still some-



ST. MARY OVERY'S DOCK, SOUTHWARK.

what of a natural beauty left to it; it surged through the clustered piles of wooden bridges, and lapped lazily over reaches of mud which flashed to the setting sun. We have put a bit in its mouth and broken it to harness. We have disfigured it with iron bridges, and made it hard and formal, so that one must wait for night to give it back its charm. Fifty years ago it was a theme for the poetry of Turner; now Whistler is its happiest apologist. There were valid reasons why we should no longer tolerate that no man's land from which the river retired at every ebb to take possession of it again at the flow; the embankment was a necessity, but our vague hope of incidentally making the Thames an integral part of our street scenery, as the Seine is in Paris, has proved utterly illusory. We have had to sacrifice picturesqueness without any sufficient return. The river is so big a thing that it refuses to stand in relation to the buildings on its banks; its independence is absolute, and given the general flatness of the shores, nothing short of the proportions of Brobdingnag could ever establish any common measure with it. Thus the Embankment seems fated for all time to suffer from that sense of being at the back of creation, which is its leading characteristic.

One half of the world pursues ugliness by preference, and the conditions of this half-century have been, and are, so favourable to the quest, that the other half is forced in self defence to cultivate a more delicate apprehension of the beauties which remain to it, and to do what personal effort can to make the triumph of the enemy less complete. This is why the crust of bread which our fathers disregarded is so sweet to our palates, but it is far from being a complete excuse for their insensibility, for they were more than indifferent, they were perverse. Except in isolated cases and among small groups, the members of which aimed at beauty as they understood it, Philistinism was rampant. In the art of Painting and Sculpture, in that of Architecture, and in the religious exercises to which it is so closely wedded, in the cultivation of beauty in all the smaller circumstances of life, in furniture and dress and decorative design, almost the lowest point of bad taste or indifference was touched; the sacred fire had almost lost life, but new enthusiasms were beginning to glow among the embers; the Gothic revival, the Oxford movement, the formation of the pre-Raphaelite brotherhood, were so many manifestations of an awakening to which we are indebted for the position in which we stand now. It may be that we have kicked down the ladder by which we climbed, but the Impressionism of the present day is only the search for truth along another road, the impulse to which was given by the microscopic elaboration, and all the unrealities of lighting and treatment of atmosphere which

marked the revolutionists of the fifties, and if the Gothic revival is dead so far as its somewhat rigid and self-righteous exclusiveness is concerned, our broader and more liberal sympathies are the direct result of its partialities. The germ of better things was there, but it was not to make itself felt till the memory of those who had looked forward to the dawn of the new order should have become lost for most of us in the multitude of the unenlightened.

ARCHITECTURE AND THE INFLUENCE OF SOME MODERN HUMANISTS: WRITTEN BY G. LL. MORRIS: CONCLUDED: PART TWO.

To enumerate here the characteristics of each individual group is unnecessary, but they have a common purpose: The return to Nature for inspiration and suggestion, the study of the past as a means only to acquire a knowledge of the phenomena that accompanies the best and most natural periods of Architecture, and the application of their methods through the sources open to us. If we would learn wisely from the archæologist and the historian of Architecture, it will be by assimilating the idea that every vital growth of Art depends, not upon the use of certain formulas, but the wise use of methods handed down from time to time, supplemented by others occasioned by new conditions of life; each and all interpreting Nature afresh through their own idiosyncrasies and personality, and yet having, as Mr. Perrot observes, "a great resemblance, which the Arts of a single time and country bear to each other, accounted for in that their creators look upon the external facts of life through a glass tinted the colours of the national genius; they bring to their study the same transient prejudices, the same pre-occupations, the same desires." Of the work which lies stretched away in front of these Societies or Guilds, there is one aspect of increasing importance as the movement extends, and influences considerably the industries of the country; that is, the relation in which the worker (inside and outside the Trade Unions and Socialist bodies) will stand to their Crafts. So far they are doing but little comparatively to identify themselves with the "overlooking of quality, and the finding out of a way in which beautiful craftsmanship will once more become general," concerning themselves almost exclusively with the organisation of their trades, of strikes, and the awakened interest in the political and social whirlpool. "The Craft Guilds of the Middle Ages," so Brentano tells us, "contended in strife with kings, city authorities, and the like," just as the modern Trades Union is to-day grappling in somewhat

isolated groups with the problem of organised industries and their control. And yet the early craftsmen found opportunities to examine the manufactures and "watch over the maintenance of craft customs and the care of the workmen, considered the use of proper tools, and the application of well-adapted processes of manufacture. No member of the Guild was allowed to possess tools unless the same were testified to be good and honest. The Statutes contained directions and prohibitions, entering into minute details with reference to method of working. It was specially forbidden, in the strongest terms, to mix inferior materials with a better sort, to the detriment of the buyer, and to sell patched up articles as new." These regulations are sufficient to show that the modern Trades Union, splendidly organised in many ways, has nothing approaching the power of the Mediæval Guilds. The reason for this is not far to seek. The last hundred years of mechanical development, and its corollary, the ever-increasing division of labour, has practically so divorced the workman from association and contact with material, that he has lost his cunning in workmanship, physical health, and, to some considerable extent his joy in life, in his struggle with organised capital and machinery. It may be noted here, parenthetically, that as society evolves from its primitive conditions to a more complex life, there is apparent, and it would seem an inevitable tendency, to specialisation of thought, work, and social life; in illustration of this, the differentiation that takes place in the development of the early village Church, affords a good example. At first it is Church, parish hall, school, fortress, and, probably, inn, the several functions or attributes becoming, in process of time, separate and distinct institutions. This is admirably summed up in another way by Elie Reclus, in his work on "Primitive Folk." He says:—"The natural inclination of the very faculties themselves drives them towards specialisation; the incessant progress of division of labour ever tends to pen the worker into a narrower corner, the exigencies of production, the cruel necessities of life fit the proletarian into the end of a crank, reduce him to one single function, hypertrophy one limb, and atrophy the other, sharpen a faculty and weaken the whole being." From this it would seem that any further improvement towards the beautifying of the common things of life and Architecture; towards a reasonable reinstatement of intelligent handicraft; towards the control of industry and the use of the machine within its legitimate sphere, must first clearly and sanely, if possible, realise industrial life as we see and know it to-day, and with the knowledge of its curtailing conditions—based on facts, unfortunately difficult of refutation, because rising out of the

very nature of our modern mode of production—endeavour, as W. R. Lethaby would tell us, "out of the critical use of past tradition, built up a tradition of our own," travelling along those paths prepared by the already numerous associations of workers. To add the "Quest for Beauty" to trades union endeavour is, perhaps, of as much importance as the penny rise in wage, which, necessary as it is, will hardly bring beauty into the cottage, into the environment of the modern, and those that come after him. Signs, however, are not wanting of a nascent desire amongst the skilled Craftsmen for a more intimate association between Art and work. In that interesting little volume, "Workers in their Industries," some of the writers—indeed, the majority—wish for a more effective control of the various industries than is possible to them at present, and a more complete knowledge of one Craft. There is little room for doubt that the trades unions, and other bodies of workmen, should wage unceasing, persistent, but intelligent war, against the complete monopoly of machinery in the field of industry. Mere fulminations against the use of the machine is comparatively useless; it is by the individual and collective action of many working towards a desired goal, that the machine area has been, and will be, gradually encroached upon, and so increase the demand for personal handiwork: when the workmen realise this to the end that they and *their Crafts* shall once more become a dominating factor in industry, then, and then only, will they bring the use of machinery into true relation with other sides of human life. Having epitomised some of the tendencies of modern Craft and Design, I would suggest their probable origin, and the position they occupy to other phases of modern thought. The trend of humanity inspired with those ideas, which Mr. Havelock Ellis has aptly named "the New Spirit"—a quickening, as it were, of thought—searching criticisms of too readily accepted dogmas in Art, religion, and sociology, have become a commonplace in the modern world. That the accepted canons on Architecture of the last generation should receive rather late in the century a criticism, which had already been applied to other departments of life, is not altogether surprising. At first, and even now, the result of that criticism was met with derision, but finds now supporters even in Academic circles. The thaw has set in, and the cocksure school (so called by the learned) will probably in the future be surfeited with the knowledge of their own labours and research. There is, apparently, as Addington Symonds wrote of the Renaissance in Italy, at the present time:—"A new birth of liberty, the spirit of mankind recovering consciousness and the power of self-determination, recognising the beauty of

the outer world, and of the body through Art, liberating the reason in science and the conscience in religion, and also that work which yet remains to be accomplished, the organisation of society in harmony with democratic principles," towards the realisation of which the poetry of a Whitman, the social economics of a Marx, the dramas of an Ibsen, the philosophy of a Spencer, and the writings of men like Ruskin, Wm. Morris, and others are but the pioneers. Marx and Ruskin, so far apart as they would seem to be in thought and work, have both made considerable impressions on the thought life of our day. To Ruskin we are indebted for his destructive and negative criticisms of present day Architecture, his denunciations of the race for riches for their own sake, and his insistence on the fact that every epoch has its particular expression in Art, his labours not being without their significance in the rejuvenescence of Craft and Design. Marx, the scientific pioneer of that chameleonic and extending movement Socialism, has, in his complete and triumphant analysis of capitalist production, laid bare the genesis and growth of capital; the position held by machinery in its accumulation; the evils accruing from the unlimited freedom of action, and the consequent demoralisation of workmen during the rise to power. Both Ruskin and Marx have been destructive in their criticism, but while Ruskin, loud in denunciation, remained but a reactionary in spirit, Marx carried his operations into the camp of regnant industrialism, considerably modifying the unrestricted and individual ownership of industries, and also the writings of the orthodox political economists who followed, and laid the foundation for the workman's return to his position as a determining factor in the social life of the nation. Whether his theory of surplus value be entirely discredited or not in the near future, he stands with Buckle and Darwin as one of a triune of revolutionary thinkers; few equal him in his wonderful marshalling of facts; his book "*Das Capitol*" teeming with facts arranged and illumined by an insight into the workings of modern industry in a manner unsurpassed. With the exception of one or two chapters, his work is a clear and forcible exposition of the beginnings and subsequent rise of capital. Ibsen, with his almost too clear and critical insight into the bypaths of the human heart, has made some havoc with the shams and feeble moralities that actuate and motivate the builders of the suburban villa. His social dramas enunciate ideas and truths that are beginning to sway the minds of the younger generation "who come knocking at the door," clamouring and shaking their fists "at the Halvard Solnesses of to-day," shouting "Make

room! make room!" With quickened imaginations they see the "ghosts," standing behind the office stools of the purveying architect, ready to shout at them, "Make room! make room," my master builders? Ibsen has, in a sense, prepared the way for the indomitable and cheerful spirit that emanates in full and ample measure from the personality of Walt Whitman, the love of Nature, of the seasons, of the various sides of meek and militant humanity. These men closely related to their immediate precursors, and with them are the representatives of the modern with his wish to face the facts of life and still find that joy in existence which is the birth and life of all real and living Art. The connection between Whitman, Marx, Ruskin, and other great thinkers, whose ideas are informing the modern world, and the trend in Art, may perhaps be the same as that which we see between the early thinkers of the Renaissance and the Arts of that time, or more justifiably considered as a quickening of that same spirit. "Whether," says Addington Symonds, "the Utopia of a modern world, in which all men shall enjoy the same social, political, and intellectual advantages, be realised or not, we cannot doubt that the whole movement of humanity from the Renaissance onward has tended in that direction. Comparatively unimportant as these guilds and societies may appear to be at present in their relation to the more extensive movements of to-day, the origin of the ideas at the basis of them, and the younger school of Architects and Art workers that have contributed intelligent, individual, and sometimes absurd work in our time, must be, I think, accounted for from some such standpoint. In every age probably there are found men who vitalise thought and work, and to them, in some degree, may be attributed this present quickening of life and thought. That a John Ruskin seems to see nothing good, nor the possibilities of good, arising out of modern civilisation should not be altogether startling; he has the artistic temperament which too often, like that character Wildeve in Hardy's novel, "yearns for the difficult, is weary of what offers, cares for the remote, and dislikes the near." Great as has been the influence of John Ruskin, he has not, I venture to think, the qualification or the temperament to do justice to sides of life with which he was out of touch. It is only given to Buckle or Gibbon to grasp the civilisation of an epoch in all its manifestations, to approximately gauge the relative importance of the different factors in its universal life, and to seize amid the ebb and flow of human affairs the current of thought that runs through all, connecting one period with another.

WELBY PUGIN: A COMMENT.

SIR,—During a recent visit to Derby, I made the accompanying sketches of the reredos and a sanctuary lamp in Pugin's church there, which may be of interest to readers of Mr. Waterhouse's admirable series of articles on Pugin's work, that have lately appeared in the *Review*. St. Marie's, Derby, did not strike me as one of its author's most successful works, for, in spite of a certain inevitable grace in its proportions and details, the building is rather thin and flimsy looking as a whole. Outside, the effect is better than within, and the church groups prettily with its "Presbytery" of red brick and with the interesting "Revival Gothic" church of St. Alkmund. By the way, the spire of this last looks remarkably like a piece of Pugin's work. The interior of St. Marie's is certainly very garish and frivolous looking in its present condition, but, as Pugin left it, it must have looked very different, the greater part of the wall surfaces having then been left in grey stonework. This has now been entirely painted over a "pleasing" salmon colour, and decorated with very commonplace stencilling.

Pugin's colour has been left in the spandrels of the Nave arches, and in the chancel dado. A good deal of the furniture of the church is also Pugin's. The reredos of the high altar is a wonderful piece

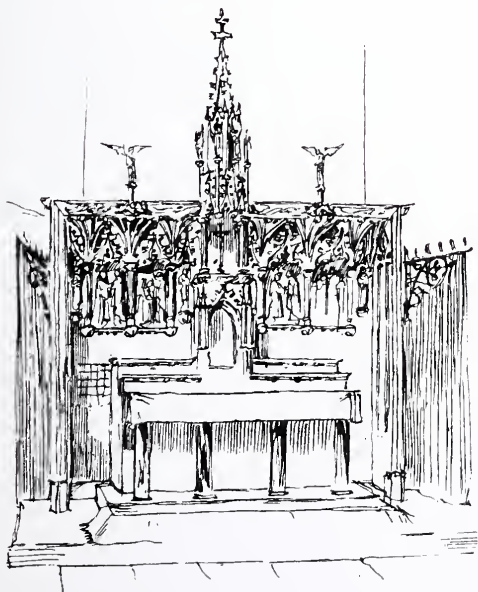
finest thing in the church is the niche, containing a statue of Our Lady on the Gospel side of the chancel arch. It is a fine and delicate piece of tabernacle work, the details full of freshness and life, and in the lower portion is a corbelling of naturalistic lilies and roses, treated much in the manner of J. D. Sedding's work.

The corresponding tabernacle and statue of the "Sacred Heart," on the opposite or Epistle side of the arch shows how much Roman Catholic ideals (in art) have been changed since the days of Pugin—and if further evidence of this is needed, one has only to look at the new Lady Chapel and the south-east chapel in St. Marie's. There is a wonderful grace and dignity about Pugin's sculpture, and an entire absence of the mawkish sentimentalism of the modern purveyor of man-millinery. What is more, there is a technical beauty in the craftsmanship of his work, done, it must be remembered, some half century ago, that it would be difficult, if not impossible, to match nowadays. All this makes it seem the more a pity that Pugin's work should now so often be neglected and despised, rejected or destroyed, for the sake of some fancied improvement.

CHARLES A. NICHOLSON.



BRASS LAMP: ST. MARIE'S, DERBY.
DRAWN BY C. A. NICHOLSON.



REREDOS OF HIGH ALTAR:
ST. MARIE'S, DERBY.

A SKETCH BY C. A. NICHOLSON.

of detail, and the charming little brass sanctuary lamp, with its cluster of four angels, is a characteristic piece of Pugin's design. But perhaps the

SPECIAL NOTICE.

WITH this Number is given the first of a series of lithographs of Old Village Inns of England: "The Sun," at Kelvedon: Drawn by Patten Wilson. The photogravure plates of the series on "Coming-Down London" will be continued in future numbers, Mr. F. L. Emanuel having prepared drawings of many interesting bits of Old London, both on the route of the projected road from the North to the Strand, and elsewhere.

THE EDITORS, *The Architectural Review*.

GREEK BRONZES*: BY A. S. MURRAY, LL.D., F.S.A.

THE lectures annually delivered at the Royal Academy by distinguished architects or art critics are often lost to the world, but in the case of the present work we must be grateful to the enterprise of Messrs. Seeley in persuading Dr. Murray to enshrine his utterances in a monograph of exceptional interest amid a wealth of excellent illustrations. In some hundred pages our author discourses of classical sculpture in bronze, illustrating his remarks by statuettes found in Greece, Italy, Gaul, and England, most of which are preserved in the department of the British Museum over which he presides. To those who are familiar with his other archaeological writings

* The Portfolio Monographs: No. 36: "Greek Bronzes": By A. S. Murray, LL.D., F.S.A. London: Seeley and Co., Limited.



BRONZE STATUETTE:
APOLLO OF MILETUS.

BY PERMISSION OF SEELEY AND CO., LTD.
NOW IN THE
BRITISH MUSEUM.

it will be hardly necessary to observe that this monograph worthily upholds his reputation for artistic taste and wide erudition.

Originally delivered in three lectures, the subject is now divided into six chapters, four of which are devoted to the study of Greek bronzes properly so called, *i.e.*, those which have been found in Greece, or which bear the stamp of Greek influence, it being possible in many cases to connect them, either in excellence of style or in treatment of subject, with the great sculptors of the fifth and fourth centuries B.C.: Pheidias, Myron, Polycleitos, Praxiteles, Lysippos. Chapter II. deals with archaic Etruscan statuettes, and the capacities of Etruscan artists as compared with those of Greece; while the final chapter is concerned with bronzes found in Gaul and Britain, which illustrate in a remarkable manner the effects of a barbarian element in classical art.

The first chapter is in the main introductory. It deals with the reasons for the number of bronze statuettes now existing in our museums, and for their popularity in antiquity. As a text for his remarks on Greek bronze work of the archaic period the writer takes two specimens in the British Museum, which are specially interesting for their connection with well-known art types. The first, which we reproduce here, is a statuette of Apollo holding out a small figure of a deer in one hand. A statue of a similar type is known to have been made by the sculptor Canachos for the Temple of Apollo at Miletus, and it is reproduced in miniature on various coins of that city. That this figure is a copy of the statue is a recognised fact, but certain difficulties are involved in the identification. The statue was carried off by Darius at the sack of Miletus and restored in the third century B.C., to which date Dr. Murray would assign the copy. It is an interesting reproduction of the archaic Greek style, as represented in the treatment of the hair and the proportions of the body.

The other figure is a winged victory, dating from the sixth century B.C., which can be connected with a marble victory made by Archermos of Chios, who is said to have been the first to represent her with wings. It is to be noted that, though worked in the round, the figure is practically a relief.

In Chapter II. several specimens of Etrus-

can bronze statuettes are illustrated and discussed. We give here a figure of Herakles, which is a typical specimen of Etruscan individuality. The proportions are inexact and exaggerated, but the effect is forcible and arrests the attention. Dr. Murray points out as a common failing of Etruscan work the inability to treat drapery with taste and accuracy, a point in which the Greeks are never at fault. The chapter concludes with some interesting remarks on Etruscan engraved work as exemplified in the designs on their mirrors, and the reason why they failed in vase-painting, which yet requires similar methods. In each case, as he points out, success depends on beauty of line; the discrepancy he attributes to the difference between the flat surface of a mirror and the curved outlines of Greek vases.

The light thrown on the work of the best Greek sculptors by the bronze statuettes is discussed in the three following chapters, which deal with Myron and Polykleitos (Chap. III.), Pheidias (IV.), and Praxiteles and Lysippos (V.). Polykleitos is well known as an "academic" sculptor, who worked on the lines of a "canon," or set of rules, which he had himself elaborated. His favourite attitude for statues, *ut uno crure insisterent*, throwing all their weight on one leg, is well illustrated by marble copies, and many fine bronzes can also be recognised by this attitude and by their general proportions as reflections of his work. Myron was more of a realist, and loved variety of movement. The British Museum possesses a bronze statuette of Marsyas, which is a fairly close copy of one of his best-known works.

The two great statues by Pheidias, the Athena Parthenos and the Olympian Zeus, though both have perished, have yet left a legacy to Art in the perfected conceptions of those two deities. The type created for Zeus has few representatives now remaining, but many small bronze Athenae reproduce the creation of Pheidias, even though it be in no marked degree.

We are more fortunate in regard to the two fourth century sculptors, Praxiteles and Lysippos. Both possess a strong individuality, and from the hand of the former we possess the matchless Hermes at Olympia, as well as other statues in copies. His graceful, if effeminate, forms, with the S-shaped curve of the body, are recognisable in more than one bronze of merit; two from the British Museum, an Apollo, here reproduced, and an Aphrodite, possess these characteristics, and may be products of his school, to which the exquisite head of Hypnos (Sleep) undoubtedly belongs.

The last sculptor here treated of is Lysippos, who introduced a new system of proportions, with a small head and apparent increase of height. Dr.



BY PERMISSION OF SEELEY AND CO. LTD.

ETRUSCAN
HERAKLES.

NOW IN THE BRITISH
MUSEUM.

Murray rightly points out that he must owe much to Praxiteles. Many Greek bronzes are to be traced to his school, including two of the finest specimens in the British Museum, the heroic figure from Lake Bracciano and the Siris bronzes. In the book is reproduced a Poseidon found at Dodona, in Epirus, which is one of the earliest specimens of a type created by Lysippos. Its date is probably early in the third century B.C.

We cannot be too grateful to Dr. Murray for the extremely interesting final chapter, in which he discourses of Gaulish bronzes, a subject hitherto almost ignored by writers on classic art. The Herakles, from Cumberland, is a good instance of the survival of Greek art after its disappearance from Greece itself. Most of the statuettes found in Gaul display a study of Greek originals; but in all the barbarian element manifests itself; details are misunderstood, and proportions strongly rendered. Two of the most interesting points brought out by this discussion of the Gaulish bronzes are (1) the details of national costume often introduced, the long close-fitting coats or shirts, and the trousers worn by all barbarians in classical times; and (2) the light thrown by these figures on the religion of ancient Gaul. The Celts had their Zeus and their Herakles; but

both were transformed and supplied with additional attributes. The figure reproduced on p. 97 of the work is accompanied by a most curious arrangement of small barrels or mallets, radiating from a large one in the middle, supported on a pole. This Dr. Murray explains by suggesting that Heracles in the wine-growing districts of Gaul was looked upon as a wine-god. We are, however, more inclined to see in it a connection with Thor and his hammer. Gaulish bronzes are mostly of late date, but some may be anterior to the Roman Conquest; and there is no doubt that, as the writer points out, the influence of Greek art was derived through other than Roman channels—through commercial intercourse by land and sea.

H. B. W.

THE BOOK OF GLASGOW CATHEDRAL.*

SOME sort of compilation like this must have been in King Solomon's mind when he said "Of the making of books there is no end," for one

does not see why books like these shouldn't be made—or should be made—indefinitely. Why should they be made? one asks the question. "At" whom are they dedicated—who reads them? Charles Lamb discriminated between books and things in that shape which cannot be allowed as such. "In this catalogue of books, *which are no books—biblia-a-biblia*—I reckon Court Calendars, directories, pocket-books (the literary excepted), draught boards, bound and lettered on the back," &c., &c., in fact, books as shelf or table furniture, and it is under this latter category it seems to us that the "Book of Glasgow Cathedral" comes. It is aimed at the drawing-room table, and for parade purposes would look not amiss. It is large, heavy, fairly decorative in treatment and colour, and as table furniture has a possible career before it, but it will not be greatly read. To the amateur the subject is not sufficiently interestingly treated, nor are the illustrations sufficiently good to stand on their own merits and support the book. To the expert the matter is not sufficiently thoroughly handled. He has access to the sources from which these

chapters are drawn, and he will naturally turn there when occasion requires. Indeed, on the terms prescribed, the task of making a real book on the subject would seem hopeless. Anything that even remotely may be said to touch the Cathedral has been seized and incorporated, provided that it lay to hand, and the collection is without any sense of proportion; indeed one might almost say without any real appreciation of its subject. It is true that the subject of the cathedral glass is referred to with a discreet cough and a subdued grin, but the attempt to say a kind word for what is unredeemably abominable, shews either want of appreciation or insincerity.

The book is compounded of four papers on the Church history of Glasgow—one on "The Cathedral and Municipality," followed by a catalogue of bishops, archbishops, and ministers. An essay on the architecture of the Cathedral by an architect, and four others also architectural, by an archbishop, who also contributes a paper on the episcopal seals. Several of these papers, by the way, were written for other purposes,



BRONZE MARSYAS.

BY PERMISSION OF SEELEY AND CO. LTD.
NOW IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

* "The Book of Glasgow Cathedral: A History and Description." Edited by George Eyre-Todd, with special chapters written by Archbishop Eyre, D.D., LL.D.; J. F. S. Gordon, D.D.; P. M'Adam Muir, D.D.; John Honeyman, R.S.A.; James Paton, F.L.S.; A. H. Millar, F.S.A. Scot.; and Stephen Adam, F.S.A. Scot. Illustrations by David Small, Herbert Railton, J. A. Duncan, and others. Glasgow: Morison Brothers.

and are reprinted here—there is a paper on the Bishop's Castle, and one on the Prebendal Manses—a paper on the stained glass windows, and another on the monuments and inscriptions. The writer of this latter feels constrained to apologize for the *omnium gatherum* he has made. "The stranger who pauses to read the epitaphs is probably unacquainted with many of the names;" and the paper reaches its size by making the reader acquainted rather intimately with the owners of these inscriptions. It is significant of Scottish humour that when recounting at length the incidents connected with that worthy divine, James Durham, no mention is made of the artful use of his name by Lord Auchinleck, when Dr. Johnson challenged him to point out any theological works of merit written by Presbyterian ministers in Scotland. "My father," says Boswell, "whose studies did not lie much in that way, owned to me afterwards, that he was somewhat at a loss how to answer, but that luckily he recollected having read in catalogues the title of *Durham on the Galatians*; upon which he boldly said: 'Pray, sir, have you read Mr. Durham's excellent commentary on the Galatians?' 'No, sir,' said Dr. Johnson. By this lucky thought my father kept him at bay, and for some time enjoyed his triumph."

It is also significant of an attitude of mind, not uncommon, to single out for commendation the different features of the cathedral and to fail to tell us the one thing that is of any real consequence about it, and that is, who made it. The organ for instance; we are told that it is magnificent, are told when it was erected and by whose gift, but not who built it. The marble floor of the chancel "was given," &c.—the reredos "was erected," &c.—"the richly-carved communion table was given," &c.—but of the hand that made them, not a word. If the marble floor is on the same level of excellence as the reredos and table, this reticence is a piece of pure and most Christian mercy. The only memorial of which the name of the artist is given is a bronze by Alfred Gilbert, who is described as A.R.A. in this year of grace 1898!

As to the glass windows, we are relieved to hear that time is doing what is possibly not permitted to human agency—removing them. It is pure comfort to read that "some of the windows have already begun to fade, and many of them, it is to be feared, are likely to present little more than faint traces of design before they are a century old." The writer, as we before stated, has to make the best of a bad job with his paper—but some of his remarks betray unsound distinctions. He differentiates between ecclesiastical and secular art. There is none. If there is any difference discernible between the ecclesiastical and secular Art of to-day, it is because the Art of to-day is not



BY PERMISSION OF SEELEY AND CO. LTD.

APOLLO: FROM
THESSALY.

A BRONZE NOW IN THE
BRITISH MUSEUM.

genuine Art. It was not so at any other period where Art was alive and in action.

About the other papers we might make various comments, but we will confine ourselves to the paper on the cathedral church, written by Mr. Honeyman, R.S.A. At the outset, we protest against the illustrations. The paper is addressed to readers, who are assumed to have had sufficient training to understand drawings of sections of buildings to scale. One sees at a glance how little it is expected that anyone will take any interest in the cathedral itself by the character of the illustrations. Free sketches, like those by David Small and Herbert Railton, are quite out of place in a critical essay on the structure and the history of the structure of the cathedral: Measured drawings and photographs of the utmost distinctness are what should be used. Such a drawing as that on page 238 is an insult. The ground plan—to be of service—should be at least twice the size,

and show by colour, or variety of hatching, the date of the different parts of the masonry. The plan of the lower church, though larger in scale, is still so much reduced that the figures are quite indistinguishable and the lines rotten. This rottenness of line is apparent in the geometrical elevation of the bay of choirs. The cross section is a disgraceful blot. One would have thought that with a book of this pretension as to seriousness of aim, proper drawings to one or two uniform scales would have been prepared, to illustrate the history of the buildings, and the points of the essay, showing the various parts referred to—there is no elevation, section, or photograph showing the north side of the cathedral, though reference is made to the north aisle windows in the text—and showing the building as it actually is, not with fancy jointing of the stones and conjectural dimensions above the clerestory. The photographs are far below, in the matter of distinctness, the present standard of architectural illustration, and are dispersed through the book so as to leaven the lump equally, and though specially taken, are far from deserving the praise given them in the letterpress. They don't show at all clearly the special features they were specially taken to show—nor is there on Mr. Railton's drawing at page 308 any trace—on the rood screen—of the corbels referred to on page 264.

On page 170, there is a reproduction (the lines all ruined by the process used) of an interesting engraving of the choir in 1822, giving quite a different form and size to the windows to the east aisle as compared with the photograph on page 261. The engraving, though not accurate in its perspective, seems faithfully drawn, and the discrepancy surely deserves some explanation or comment. So again, the weathering to the buttresses of the chapter-house are dismissed as "curious and picturesque," and the singular unfinished treatment of the arcade to S.E. doorway of lower church without a word. Again, the cap mouldings to the nave arcade, as shown on photograph, page 268—are so poor in contour and in effect that one wonders whether they are not restorations. But in truth, the mouldings appear to be (judging from the details of the choir) ignorant and laboured. Compare the caps to the triforium arcade, the string course immediately below and the base moulding to piers. Take the arch-mouldings both to pier arch and triforium. The profiles look aimless and the general effect from the photograph makes no justification for the profusion of contours. We are not told where the stone came from, of which the cathedral is built—the mouldings argue a stone easily worked.

Our age has not been kind to Glasgow Cathedral—we have torn down her towers, patched her sore

places with compo, meaning to be kind; but the true act and the true word have not come yet. How the deliverance may come, we cannot tell, but probably not in the shape of a book.

H. R.

JOHN BELCHER'S AND MERVYN E. MACARTNEY'S "LATER RENAISSANCE ARCHITECTURE IN ENGLAND:" PART IV. SECOND NOTICE.

THE same qualities of the plates that we noticed in the earlier numbers are still maintained, although, as was probably inevitable, there is something of a decline in the interest of the subjects chosen. There is still in the *Architecture* the same breadth, the same quiet, the same unobtrusive self-confidence, which, in these days of restless locomotion, have a pathetic charm—pathetic and wistful to our eyes only, for to the owners these buildings merely expressed man's place in the world, not the dreamland of their wearied age, "the haven where they would be." But, in these later examples, especially as the Renaissance begins to get "later," we begin to notice a stodginess in the "*Architecture*." The vernacular still remains artless and un-selfconscious, such as the Lucas Asylum, Wokingham, and the house at Highworth, Wilts. England is still rich in innumerable examples of such work. The doctor's and the lawyer's house in nearly every country town is as good as—and often a great deal better than—the Highworth example chosen. Built without effort, and without pretension—more than its importance called for—as regards design; these houses, descendants of the great man's house in the park close by (for the general lines, the spacing of the windows, the breadth of the front and the position of the cornice are paraphrases, in good homely English, of the cultured classic periods of my lord's mansion, and the interior details came from the common stock—common to mansion and house alike, of which the local craftsmen were heirs). Warm with the life that has resided in them, they contrast strongly with the frigid academicism of the important buildings of the time. Take Stoneleigh Abbey for an example—what a cold, formal, heartless building is that! Conscious of its culture, obstinate in its correctness, it is a monument—man's final prison—rather than a house. One asks oneself, what relation has this stark inhuman envelope to the beings who reside therein. Procrustes racked and lopped his victims—but at least they got a bed to lie on—here there seems to be nothing given in return, adapt yourself how you may. It is a mask, forged somewhere in the cold brain of a "superior person," sitting somewhere apart on the icy throne of knowledge, rigid with

the canons and rules of Art. The house at Barford is a great contrast to this—

“The little more, and how much it is,
The little less, and what worlds away.”

Mere words hardly suffice to define the distinction between the two houses—one seems as severe and rigid as the other: in the matter of ornament, Stoneleigh Abbey has the advantage: but in Art, “the half is greater than the whole,” and bare Stamford is more gracious than bedizened Stoneleigh. To like the one is easy; the other, like dry champagne, is an acquired taste. Not that any ignorant palate should pronounce on the vintage—the palate should be cultivated—cultivated but not sophisticated.

Any clean, honest, wholesome eye can find much that is lovable, and lots that's respectable in the formal street front of the “superior” houses in a country town—but what is there to love or respect in the affected and empty superiority of the large house that dominates it? No wonder the discomfited owner tries to endue his walls with some mitigating qualities, get them where he may, and clothes them with those pernicious weeds, ivy, ampelopsis, and the like, anything to round off and soften the implacability of the masonry.

Looking at these plates, there is one noticeable quality running throughout the buildings, and that is their endurance. Life was meant to be spent in them and not one life only, but succeeding generations. In the “general post” of to-day, this quality seems hardly required—for many, the day-time is spent in the city and the night in the country—one roof to work under, another under which to sleep. Houses are temporary shelters, quickly run up, with hastily planted surroundings. Nor are the office and the dormer-house sufficient: there is the shooting-box on the moors, and the winter villa on the Mediterranean. Life dribbles away in the discomfort of change—for all these houses, there is no home. For vagabond architecture one must seek the tent, the hut, or the wigwam. Materials have their rights. Carefully compiled, they should be allowed to endure their own proper time, and this horrible lust for overthrowing bricks and mortar is as hateful to see as the frantic haste in which buildings are run up in dexterous agony of acrobatic construction, to serve the pleasure of the present owner, whose successor, unknown to him, he can confidently rely on, will alter and re-cast whatever he has done.

H. R.

THE LEGAL MIND IN CRITICISM.

THE first canons of criticism were laid down at the point of the sword, but the first criticism that was useful to mankind was that which treated the personal taste of the critic as merely the basis

for the expression of the reasons which impelled him to that sentiment of pleasure or pain.

If in the expression of those reasons the speaker allows himself so much as to hint the tone of Sir Oracle, the value of his words is considerably deteriorated. But what, it may be asked, is the test of the value of a criticism? This is difficult to define, but that which would seem to be the most satisfactory, is that that criticism is most valuable which leads most men to the expression of a decided opinion on the subject under discussion, after consideration of the reasons given. Whether that decided opinion be agreeable to, or dissentient from the sentiment on which the criticism was based is absolutely immaterial, for indeed it is not essential that that sentiment be formed at all definitely; are not the most searching inquiries of this nature those which we hold with ourselves, directed to the very end of settling our own opinions?

Of the difference between the critical faculty and technical knowledge it would be almost needless to speak, were it not that one constantly sees confusion of the two, leading to criticisms based on no other ground than the excellence or defects of the means employed irrespective of the result attained. No statement of the causes which produce an emotion can be adequate which does not take into account not only the means and instruments employed, but also the circumstances among which the subject of inquiry has been evolved. What one particularly admires in a picture by Giotto is the simplicity which, in spite of difficulties with which he had to struggle in the matter of means and prejudices marks his work, not the rich colour, the realism of pose and feature which makes us look up to Raphael as a painter. Intolerance in criticism is more than a vice: it is a quality which absolutely nullifies the effect and validity of the opinion which is tainted with it.

We laid down a few lines above a definition, or rather a test of value of a criticism: the resulting expression of a decided opinion in the person to whom the critic addresses his remarks. But we would not be understood to mean that the expression of opinion must follow immediately on the consideration of the reasons given, but rather that that critical faculty should itself be aroused, which leads sooner or later to the expression of opinion to which we refer.

For the full value of the object criticised is not to be realised, and consequently not expressed, without comparison with those objects which are capable of being placed in the same class of causes of emotion. It seems to the present writer a very great disadvantage to the critic, no less than his fellow men, that the word criticism should be almost synonymous in ordinary usage with depreciation. That it is not in the least incompatible with a valuable criticism, that it is based on praise which may at

first sight seem extravagant, one example will be enough to show. The value of Mr. Ruskin's exposition of Art in "Modern Painters" lies solely in the fact that he has never assumed a step in the carefully expressed argument, but has always appointed stopping places at the branch roads of his reasonings, at which he says "If you cannot agree with me in my future course, here is the point where our divergence must start." In a word, Mr. Ruskin's criticism is valuable because it shows throughout the possession of the legal mind in the very best sense of the word, not in the carping, petty sense in which it is often applied, of a mind which finds distinctions where none really exist, but in the true sense of the mind, blessed with the faculty of seeing an existing distinction, and with the boldness to declare its existence to the other party to the argument. J. FULTON CARR.

A N ITALIAN ARCHITECT ON RESTORATION IN ENGLAND.

CAVALIERE GIACOMO BONI, Honorary Corresponding Member of the R.I.B.A., Architect to the Italian Government Department of Antiquities and Fine Arts, has published a pamphlet on Westminster Abbey, which is worthy of attention as embodying the views of an unprejudiced observer with regard to the treatment of our public buildings, and especially of our cathedrals.

Cavaliere Boni commences by praising what he calls, and rightly calls, the Cathedral of Westminster (it having been a seat of a See during a portion of the reign of Henry VIII.), as being "the most precious monument of Mediæval Architecture of which England can boast, of true Architecture, that is to say, the sovræn of the Arts whose productions are the spontaneous blossoming of the social plant, as is also religion and its derivatives." And proceeds:—"With regard to the present use of the Abbey, it may actually belong to a Dean and Chapter, but as a public building it belongs to the nation, which has the right to make it respected by itself, and the duty of making it respected by posterity. Instead of this being the case, the ecclesiastical dignitaries who have succeeded each other at Westminster, and not a few of the architects to whom the preservation of the fabric has been entrusted, have done their utmost to leave a shadow of their personality upon this essentially impersonal building, and still worse have claimed to do what was not done in the thirteenth century, and to remake that which, not having existed, cannot be brought to life again."

After describing the western towers Cav. Boni remarks: "The rebuilding of Henry VII.'s Chapel, carried out by Wyatt in the beginning of this

century (1809-1822), shows to what a pitch academic frigidity can be carried. Gilbert Scott, appointed architect to the Abbey in 1849, carefully restored the chapter house, that is to say, he converted it into a modern building, imitating the work of the twelfth century with as much success as usually attends similar attempts. The chapter house has no longer any right to be considered a work of Art—it is an architect's Architecture, a work in which the actual executants had no part." He then goes on:—

"Mr. Pearson, the present architect to the Abbey, resolved to make a conjectural restoration of the north transept. Admitting, for once, that the seventeenth century work was of little value as an independent architectural work, it was carried out by men who had put into it something of their ideas, however little that may be; besides which they had not learned to counterfeit the work of the thirteenth century, and had preserved the outlines of the original work, so together with that which the eighteenth century had preserved, and that which it had produced, what remained had a certain historical value."

After quoting (from Mr. William Morris's "Concerning Westminster Abbey") "It may seem strange to some, that, whereas we can give some distinguished name as the author of almost every injury the Abbey has received, the authors of this great epic itself have left no name behind them." Cav. Boni remarks: "In like manner the Fondaco dei Turchi, a sumptuous twelfth century building (at Venice), had no personal emblems, but the restorer had his own arms carved upon it. At the Ducal Palace, the architectonic embodiment of Venice in the thirteenth century, and equally impersonal, the opportunity was not overlooked of putting modern medals and parchments under the columns which were displaced to remove the rusted cramps; and on the paintings in the School of San Rocco, while you may search in vain for the name of Giacomo Tintoretto, who considered it unnecessary to sign his pictures, you will find the name of the restorer who bedaubed them."

Cav. Boni might have quoted in this regard Pope's celebrated line on the monuments in Westminster Abbey:

On poets' tombs see Benson's titles writ.

In conclusion, adverting to the proposed wholesale restoration of the interior of Westminster Abbey, with which we are now and again threatened, Cav. Boni suggests the appointment of a commission to inquire into the condition of the interior in the same manner as was done by the advice of Signor Luca Beltrami, the superintendent of public buildings for Lombardy, with regard to the stability of the piers carrying the dome of the cathedral at Milan.

J. H.



"THE TOWER," PANGBOURNE: SOUTH
FRONT: FOR J. DONALDSON: DRAWN
BY C. E. MALLOWS: JOHN BELCHER,
ARCHITECT.



*EXHIBITED AT THE
ROYAL ACADEMY,
1898.*



THE COLLECTOR: Number Two.

IN HONOUR OF QUEEN WILHELMINA'S ACCESSION:
THE REMBRANDT EXHIBITION AT AMSTERDAM:
Specially Written by Harold Rathbone.



REMBRANDT: FROM A PEN AND
INK DRAWING BY HIMSELF.

THE
REMBRANDT EXHIBITION AT AMSTERDAM:
IN HONOUR OF QUEEN WILHELMINA'S ACCESSION:
Specially Written by Harold Rathbone.

THE giants of genius in painting, as in the other Arts, hold a spell over the human heart, despite the particular school or country to which we or they may belong. Raphael, Titian, Rubens, Dürer, Van Eyke, and Rembrandt are names which none of us may gainsay—each a mighty master in his own particular direction, but all of them stylists in the best sense of the word, and irresistible in the effect which they have and will hold, as long as the record of their works exists, over the human intelligence. It is interesting, however, to investigate what qualities constitute the particular attraction which draws some one of these individualities to us more than another. Frequently it is a matter of tradition and association in ourselves, or of our education, or sometimes an assimilation of racial affinity, may form the basis of the sympathy which attracts us.

If we are inclined to be sufficiently Catholic, quite the best way to appreciate any great master who may, through the accident of circumstance, be still a comparative stranger to us, is to repair to his native place and study for ourselves the influences by which he was surrounded, the special characteristics of his kinsmen, and his architectural and social environments. If we are then so fortunate as to see a number of his collected works, this is perhaps the best history of the man that can be rendered us, a history far more graphic and trustworthy to those who possess a penetrating purpose than can be supplied by a great deal of the written gossip of so called facts.

Such an exhibition, containing 120 or so of finished works in oil, all of undisputed origin from Rembrandt's brush, has just been thrown open in Amsterdam, in honour of the coronation of the young Queen Wilhelmina, a most seemly moment to emulate, I had almost said to reinstate, the solemn and awe-inspiring genius of their greatest Dutch master. It is an opportunity which rarely occurs, and we would strongly advise those who are in a position to do so, and especially portrait painters, to take advantage of it.

The first object of my remarks should be to induce those who can, to make the pilgrimage to the city of the water roads, where the rightful pleasure and dignity of life may be temporarily restored to the

victim of over-pressure from our common sense, but, withal, slave-driven, country, by the silvery and enchanting peel of the carillons of ancient and the modern belfry. But for those who cannot avail themselves of this feast, we must endeavour to reflect some tithe of the impression created by the different phases of the life work of the great realist and the imaginative poet of light and shadow. For the first thing that strikes one is that Rembrandt's earliest aim was to be a distinguished craftsman. He first sought, by the byeways of arduous study, to attain the scientific control of his brush, which was to enable him later to penetrate the most abstruse and mysterious paths in those valleys of shadow, and in contradistinction in the realms of brilliant light which his inventive and romantic faculty chiefly delighted in, as one may see even from the earliest works. His next claim to distinction is that he is one of the few of the great band of luminous flesh painters of which Titian and Rubens are the champions, whilst amongst the more modern exponents one might cite Rossetti, Etty, or the French Henner. All these take a special delight in the—to them—sacred interpretation of flesh portions of their pictures, in contrast to the other textures, and Rembrandt not infrequently shows this respect by bathing his flesh in a golden, or, at times, a silvery light, whilst he complements these precious surfaces of gleaming colour and tone by the glinting flash of precious jewels and brocades, by which channels he carries off the light, either by method of line or accent, and in the exact proportion and direction desired for the effect and concentrated beauty of his canvases. With regard to Rembrandt's evident determination to become a realist painter, or, at all events, a complete master of his craft, it is interesting to see amongst the collected works several canvases containing nothing but still life; such, for instance, as the large canvas, No. 49, which consists of pheasants strung up and painted about twice the size of life, in varying degrees of light. This study is a marvel of dignified realism, though the painting itself is of the simplest nature, direct, and what is known in France as "premier coup," *i.e.*, done without retouching. It is interesting here to note that the French, who are immense admirers



GERRIT HARMEN VAN RIJN
(REMBRANDT'S FATHER):
PAINTED BY REMBRANDT.

of Rembrandt's art, are strong advocates for encouragement of still life painting, kept hand in hand with painting from life, and any amount of drawing from the nude. Whilst giving himself this practice in the "swordsmanship" of the painters' craft, it is only fair to state that Rembrandt seems to have kept himself in a good temper by lighting these studies with unusual and interesting effects. How precisely he arrived at these effects it is difficult to surmise, but it seems in many cases as if he arranged his figures under the concentrated focus of a lamp, and then shut off what lights he thought desirable for the artistic effect of the canvas in quite an arbitrary manner, realising by nature's assistance just so much as he needed to fall within the motive of lighting thus decided. This method seems to be one of the great secrets of Rembrandt's art, and a large share of the irresistible attraction of the great painter's canvases is due to this power of design and arrangement, quite as much as his marvellous handling.

The only other master whom the Dutch painter calls to mind in this respect is the Italian painter, Tintoretto, who is said to have frequently sketched out his figures in wax and suspended them, in the incidental order of his compositions, by threads from the top of a box which he would light from one point by assistance of a candle whilst peeping through another hole to record the exact position of the light and shadow arrived at by such means. I do not think for a moment that any such abstruse method was employed by Rembrandt, but take it that he was, by habit of thought, what one must call, for want of a better term, a poet and romantic inventor in the mysteries of light and shadow. It is chiefly this fact which affords to his canvases the æsthetic quality which has been attained by other masters, either through rhythm and grandeur of line or consummate glory of colour, which distinguish the works of a great painter, apart from any didactic or historic motive which it may or may not contain. Add to this a mastery of subtle and noble expression both in pose and countenance, which seems to have come to him in later life, as, for instance, in that marvellous little canvas of Simeon and the infant Christ in the Temple, to be seen in the museum of the Haag. Standing before this work, one must admit that there is nothing in the whole realm of Raphael's, or the most exquisite art of depicting expression, which could exceed the ecstatic and completely satisfied look on the face of Simeon, whilst clasping the Holy Child tenderly in his arms as he raises his face heavenwards. There is here a canvas No. 115: "The Adoration of the Magi," full of mysterious motive and action, with glowing tones suggesting a peaceful passion of fervour which recalls some of the religious

sentiment of the above-named work, though the treatment in the latter case is infinitely broader and, one would suppose, of very much later date.

One thing the visitor is bound to notice with the first cursory glance round the exhibition is the enormous preponderance of portraits, and in a general way, in spite of the vast achievement of "Night Watch," the superiority of these over his larger figure subjects. Like other painters who as a first condition are realists, he seems to have found it comparatively difficult to arrange one figure against another in attractive composition of pose and colour on anything like a large scale when he has a *brush* in his hands. But when the complications of the creative painter such as Sir Edward Burne-Jones, G. F. Watts, or Ford Madox Brown are withdrawn, and he is left with nothing less embarrassing to his energetic and whimsical fancy than the pen or the etcher's needle, there seems to be no limit to the powers and resource of his untiring invention. One would, therefore, incline to the idea that many of his small subject paintings were drawn immediately from his spontaneous sketches in black and white, and frequently, in his latter period painted without any further assistance from nature other than that afforded by his accomplished and cultivated memory. It is instructive to note that the greater part of the studies and sketches exhibited are done with the pen, and not with the pencil or chalk, and this may have been either the cause or the effect of his extraordinary precision and certainty with which even the most subtle passages of light and shade are executed. Some of these studies must, despite the use of the pen, have been done with extraordinary rapidity, as there are amongst the studies many examples of characterisation, which could only have been quite momentary. In one I noticed an old man who had just had a tooth drawn, and who was in a paroxysm of grief that follows hard on, whilst the action of the dentist and the sardonic interest of an on-looker proved that it was taken immediately from life.

But before examining the studies we must take a look round at some of the portraits in order to follow out the development of his system of painting. No. 30, a study of a youth's head, which belongs to the Duke of Portland, and is evidently a fairly early work, no peculiar method yet being adopted. The shadows appear to have been drawn in with warm umber and grey tones worked somewhat crudely into these for the half tints, the whole being then painted in a direct *premier coup* fashion, as indicated by the grey shadow under the jaw, which is somewhat heavily painted in.


He soon, however, began to find out the necessity of painting his flesh over a white ground, modelled in with white and grey or faint green, probably terra-verte, and amongst this period infinitely the



THE BURGERS:
BY REMBRANDT.

finest examples for intrinsic beauty and mellow quality of tone are to be discovered. No 59: "The lady with the fan," which is apparently a pendant to No. 57, "The man with a falcon," both of which pieces are from the collection of the Duke of Westminster, are glorious examples of this method. The sense of repose and quiet dignity of presence of the lady is past all praise. Though the picture is dated one year after the death of Rembrandt's first wife, it is difficult to believe that it is not the same Saskia as portrayed on the well-known canvas numbered 36, which belongs to the Queen of England, wherein Rembrandt has painted himself supporting a mirror in which his youthful wife regards the effect of the pendants she is in the act of fixing in her ears.

The portrait of "The man and the falcon" is a model of concentration and economy of lighting worthy of the close attention of any who would excel in the portrait painter's craft. The bird, which is supported by the left hand (which hardly appears, though consummately painted), is in the mysterious effect of a half light, whilst his right hand, which points lower, and perhaps to his hound, Rembrandt has let the light fall in a manner which adds infinitely to the characterisation of the portrait and pictorial effect of the work. The Briton must feel proud that two works of such supreme glory in the art of the world are in such good hands, and not likely to leave the country at all events. Simultaneously with the above-mentioned pieces, I would mention a comparatively late portrait of Rembrandt of himself, which for grandeur of presence, and for triumphant force, is without its rival in the Exhibition. The majestic three-quarter length figure, with a white head-gear, his palette, brushes in hand, and glows triumphant in a glory of golden light; and such is the magnificence of treatment in the handling, and in the intelligence and powerful expression of the face, that even when one becomes aware of the fact, one is in no way embarrassed by the complete absence of any hands at all. This is such an astonishing fact that it will be difficult for anyone who has not seen the work to believe its veracity. The philosophy is that there are times when one's senses and intelligence are absorbed by some enchantment of harmonies in paint or in music, when one may overlook the necessity of sustaining the body; or the same argument holds good in respect of the conjuror's art of directing human intelligence. There are in the background of this marvellous portrait the sections of two circles, one of which composes behind Rembrandt's figure, whilst the other figures mysteriously on the simple background, and is cut off by the frame of the picture. It is difficult to surmise the meaning of these symbols, but it appeared not unlikely that

Rembrandt may have heard the story from Italy of Giotto's famous  (which the shepherd painter made when the Florentines asked for a specimen of his work before employing him), and the great Dutch painter may have intended to repeat this proof positive that it was unnecessary for such a master of his craft to insert even the hands if he could so completely succeed in satisfying the reason and æsthetic requirements in the manner described. The backgrounds of nearly all these pictures are laid in in a lovely grey of graduated tone, over which has been passed a warm tone of glazed paint, and later of the rich varnish which has further matured the work.

Rembrandt, though he never left the confines of his own country, came obviously under the occasional influence of the painters of other countries, as well as obviously vying with the style of his compatriots.

No. 95, a portrait of a young child, might easily be taken for a Velasquez, but this, perhaps, may only be from the accident that it is painted with no larger palette than the Infanta Margueritte in the Louvre, and in that simple and almost slight manner that must frequently be employed in the painting of the young. The above-named is, however, a most engaging little canvas, the expression of naïve childhood being a triumphant accomplishment in the three colours used. Close to this hangs obscurely a Dutch edition of "Titian's Flora," for the painting and sentiment of the white draperies of the figure, much in the same position as that of the Venetian master in the Tribune in the Uffizzi, and the hand holding out the roses just in the same position and in the same kind of modified and subdued tone, most irresistibly suggests this work. No. 32, Diana, Actæon, and Callisto, a most winning composition of a number of bathing girls, seems to suggest the dainty refinement and romantic treatment of Watteau; whilst coming nearer home, No. 70, a man with a black hat and scroll; and, above all, No. 44, the portrait of a lady, one of the most accomplished and far-carried pieces of realisation and beauty in the whole exhibition, seem to show that, with the unusual silvery tone which has been adopted in this portrait, how far he could vie with and beat Franz Halls in his own line. Nothing could surpass the devotion and careful tenderness with which the elaborate lace collar is painted, if it were not the luminous modelling and freedom of the expressive countenance light up in the eyes and mouth into a flickering smile, which almost baffles the spectator for the truth twixt life and art which has been so marvellously rendered. It is the quality of light in the flesh painting contrasted with the different method by which the tones of the background are given and the great ease and dignity of pose which is combined with these qualities, which makes this picture what it is.



THE YOUNG BRIDE:
BY REMBRANDT.

There is, however, another work still influenced by Franz Halls, which, for accomplishment of craft, well nigh compares with the above-mentioned work, and this is No. 24. The three-quarter length portrait of a young man, standing, and in the attitude of reciting, in a black hat and black silken costume. The painting of elaborate ornament on the silk here, and the little bows that hang down with laces therefrom, is a marvel of painting and a magnificent example to the impressionist, who strives to acquire the power of effect and breadth of brush handling, by the shorter road, which does not acquire the same tension in the matter of the concentrated habit of work, in the early and important stage of a painter's career.

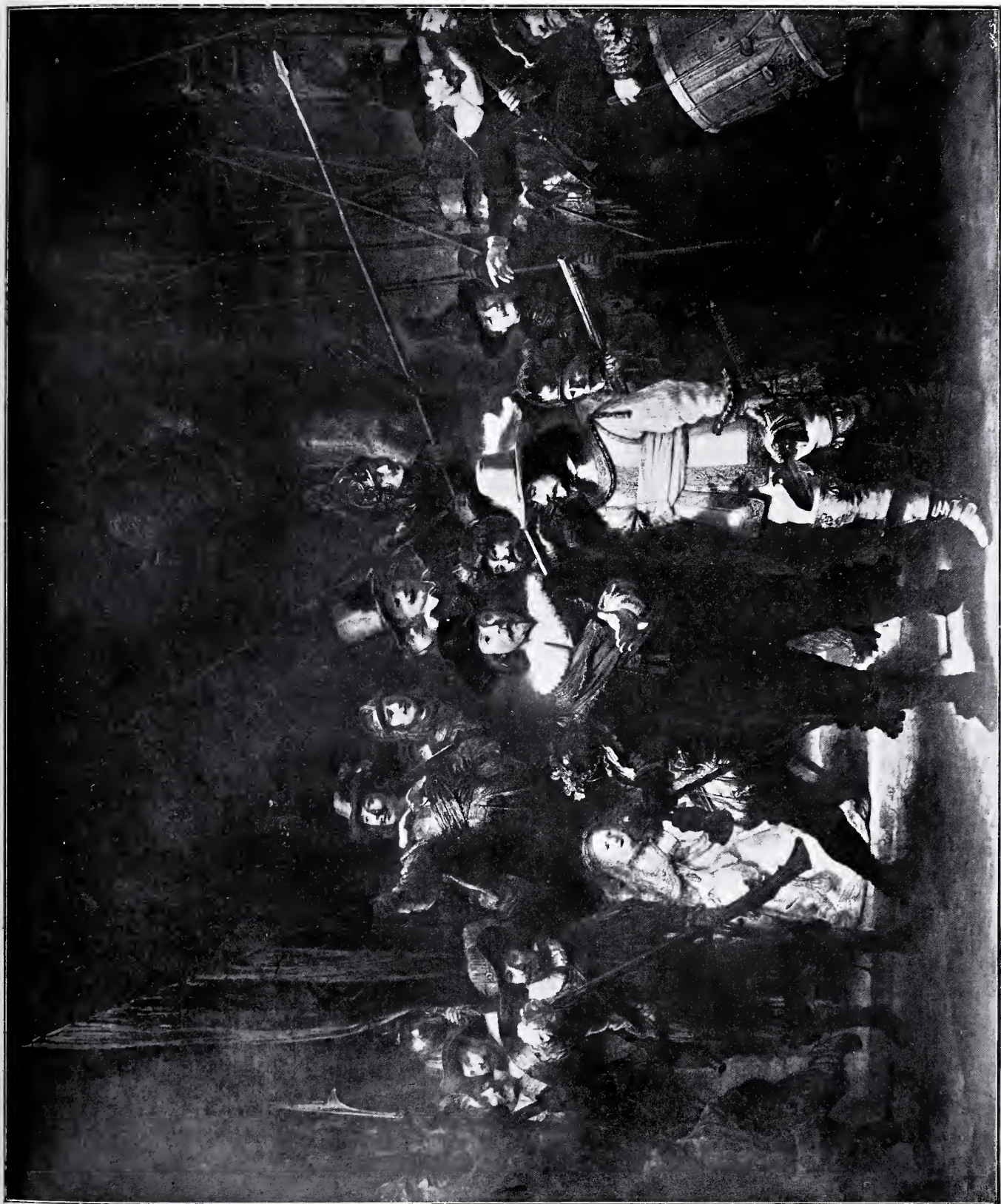
There is only space now to touch upon a few of the more important and typical works, though this is no easy task, inasmuch as there is not a single canvas in the collection which does not deserve close attention. There are certain, however, which may be cited as typical of gradual change in the artist's method of painting, as, towards the latter part of his career, he resorted to the direct manner of brush work in place of the plan of laying the flesh parts in on an underground of colour; but this, be it remembered, was with the experience of luminosity acquired by the former method, and is a very different matter in the hands of a tyro who knows nothing better than the opaque system of "hide painting" at present adopted in many of the modern French ateliers.

Whenever Rembrandt was a little uncertain of his method he seems to have sat himself down and settled the matter by the experiment of painting a fresh portrait of himself, a sitter who was always at hand and in an amiable mood whenever the master desired such a *séance*. These series of portraits, scattered over different periods, form a most interesting statement of his history, his prosperity or his reverses, which are pretty plainly inscribed therein; while no doubt they served a useful purpose to Rembrandt in his craft and stock, and afford posterity an example of industry and good sense, which it were well for conventional folk not too far to interfere with by assuming ever that any painter who dares to record more than one portrait of him or herself must be an individual of extraordinary vanity. As to landscapes, there are two most interesting and able performances. No. 42 is a landscape with a quite Turneresque effect of light combined with the stormy passion of an angry mood of Nature, such as Tintoretto has inserted into one of the scenes of the Passion in the Church of San Rocco at Venice.

In conclusion, a word or two must be said about the world-famed "Night Watch," one of the masterpieces of all time, and Rembrandt's greatest achievement. This wonder is placed in a room by

itself, where it is seen to better advantage than in the Reich's Museum. It is pretty evident that the accomplished master put all he knew into this canvas, by way of composition in line and mass, whilst he shows a determination to secure the most powerful dramatic effect that could be attained through his consummate disposal of chiaroscuro, which assists his introduction of contrasted type, age, and character. The first impression that this work makes on the spectator is to astound and almost stupify him by its very power and intensity, but, after standing before it for a quarter of an hour or so, it begins to reveal itself as at all events a human possibility of a great painter's creative genius. One can at length begin to observe that though the whole impression rendered is, from its grip of the various truths recorded, one of irresistible conviction, yet that every square foot of the enormous canvas has been most carefully reasoned out in the matter of logical and subtle composition.

The construction has been built out from the three front central figures, though all is focused towards the one true centre, the bold and defiant cavalier with his outstretched hand and glove. Every passage is made secondary to this main motive, and every line and varying degree of contrast in the matter of light and shade is steadily leading up to this climax. Observe the ingenious system of perspective and depth which is imparted to the composition by the varied disposition of spears and guns, and how the motive of line is repeated in the extreme left corner by the action of the dwarf which echoes an intention in the gloom of shadow without a commonplace repetition, whilst the drum of the man on the extreme right has obviously been invented in the necessity of mere composition, and to secure a precious morsel of repose which should contain the required disposition of contour. The dazzling child in full light is essential to secure the general focus of the canvas, but adds by force of contrast amid such a company, to the dramatic intensity of the scene, whilst the man in the high black hat behind the central group imparts a grim humour, which relieves the tension of the threatening and awe-inspiring mood of the canvas. Without having visited Dresden, the only other works of the same size or importance that summon themselves to the memory to compare in the matter of logically reasoned and effective composition, are Leonardo da Vinci's "Last Supper," at Milan, and the "Marriage of Cana," by Tintoretto, at Venice. The former containing perhaps the greatest sum of beauty within the scope of the painting composer's art, the second of spontaneity, but the canvas of "Gerrit Harmen van Rijn" is assuredly replete with the greatest share of mystery and power.



THE NIGHT WATCH:
FROM THE PAINTING
BY REMBRANDT.

ARCHITECTURE

AND

CRAFTS AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY, 1898.

SECOND SERIES—JUNE.

Whole Page Reproductions of Designs by:

BEDFORD, FRANCIS W.

BELCHER, JOHN.

DAWBER, E. GUY and WHITWELL.

GEORGE, ERNEST and YEATES.

HALL, COOPER, and DAVIS.

HARE, HENRY T.

MALLOWS, C. E. and GROCOCK.

MORRIS, JAMES A.

MOUNTFORD, EDWARD W.

NEWTON, ERNEST.

NICHOLSON and CORLETTE.

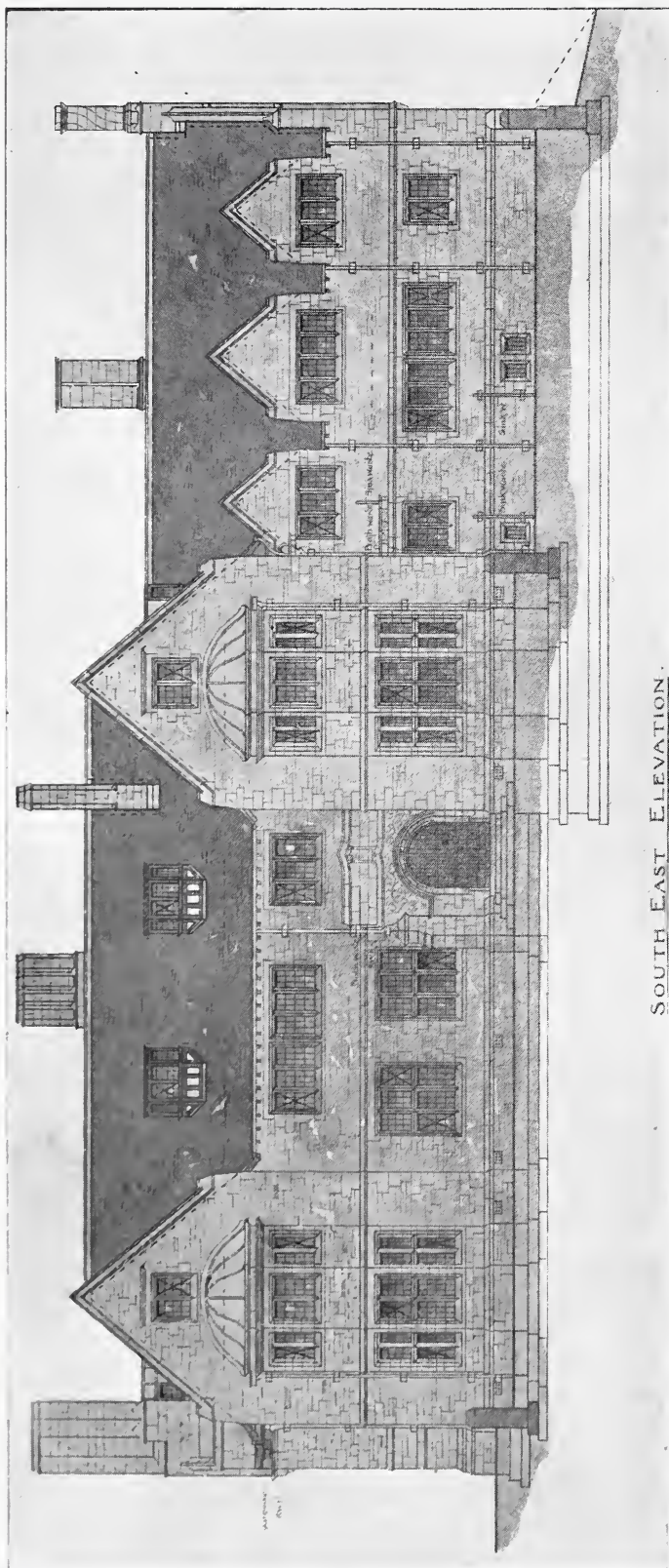
SCOTT, M. H. BAILLIE.

STOKES, LEONARD.

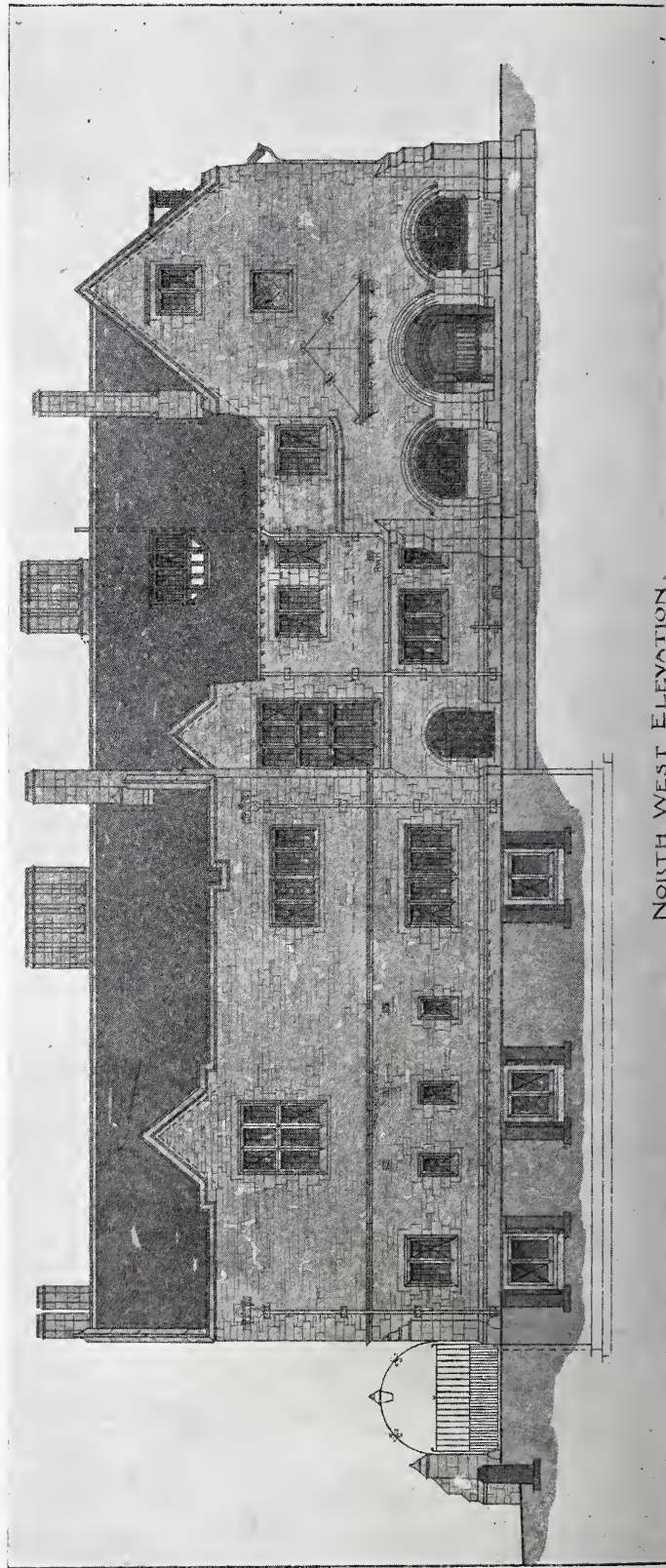
WEBB, ASTON.

WILSON, H.

The Editors beg to announce that, owing to the large number of DESIGNS placed at their disposal—a courtesy they desire here to acknowledge—they are only able, in this Second Series, to reproduce one Design by each Artist. The Third Series, on July 1st, and the Fourth Series, on August 1st, will contain further Designs by those named above, together with other Designs, accepted at the Academy, by Leading Architects and Designers. Other Designs were given in the First Series on May 2nd.

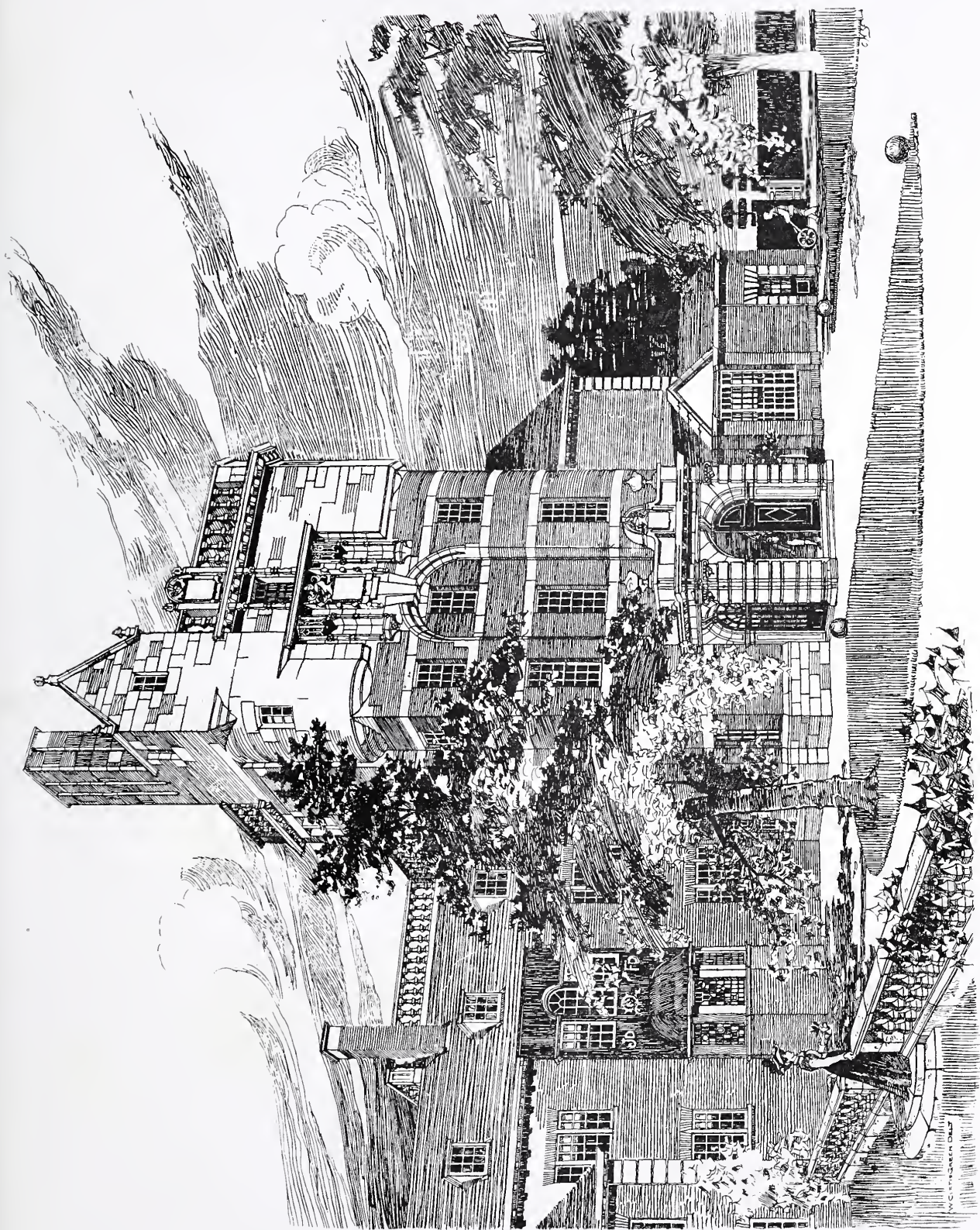


SOUTH EAST ELEVATION.

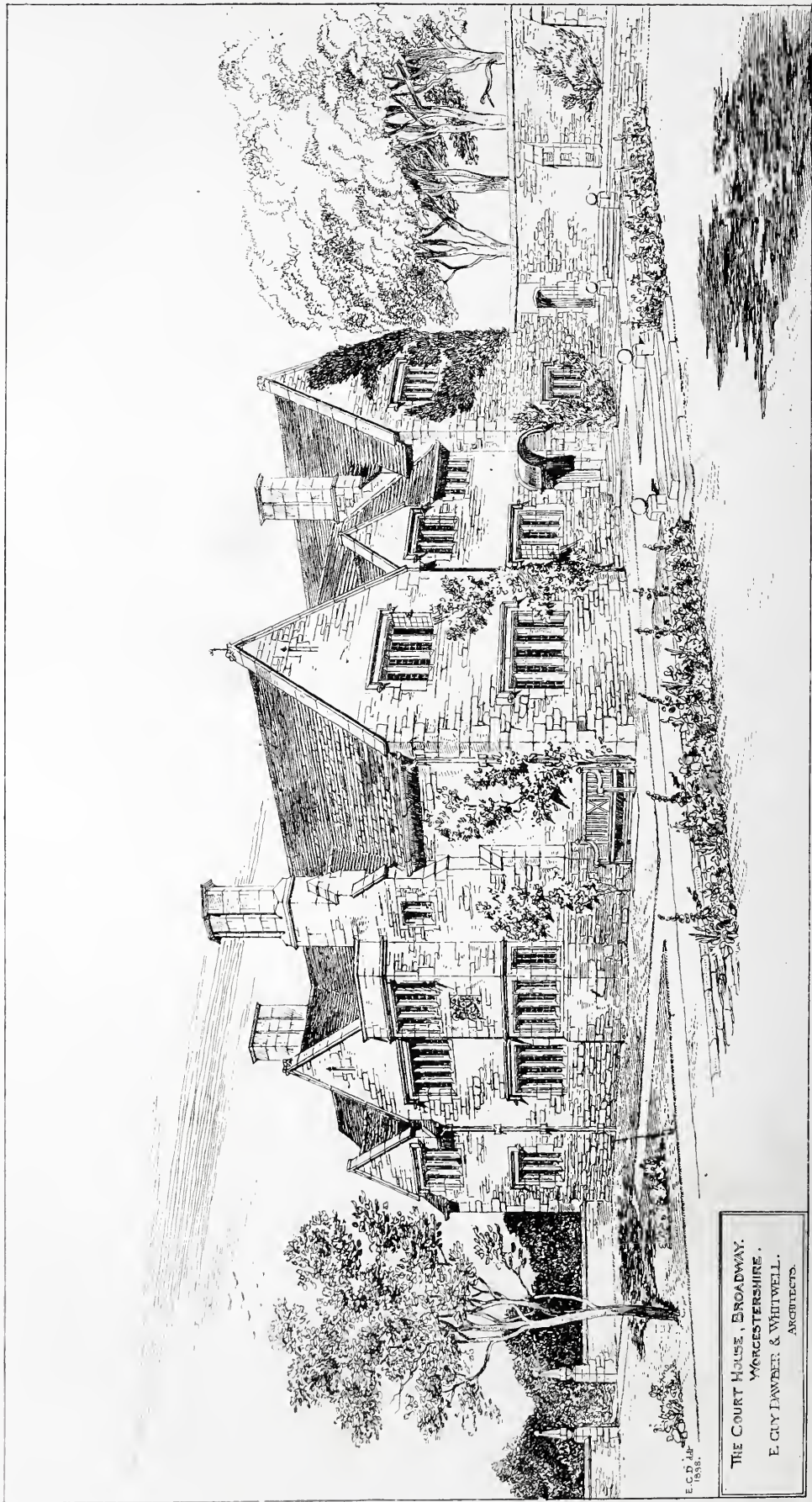


NORTH WEST ELEVATION.

BRAHAN, NEAR PERTH: ELEVATIONS:
FRANCIS W. REDEORD ARCHTCT



HOUSE AT PANGBOURNE:
ENTRANCE TOWER: JOHN
BELCHER, ARCHITECT.

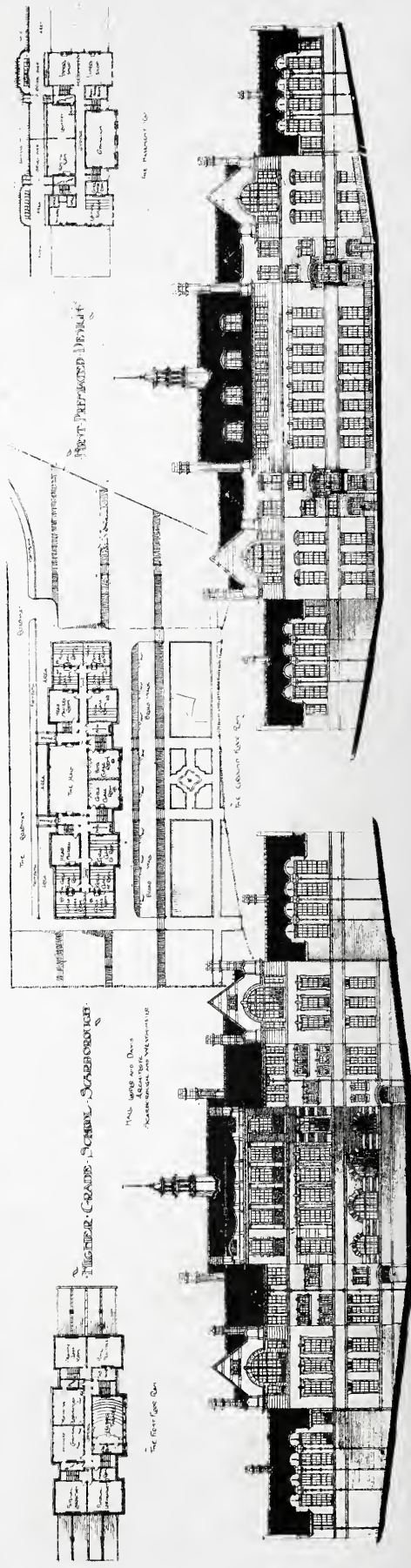
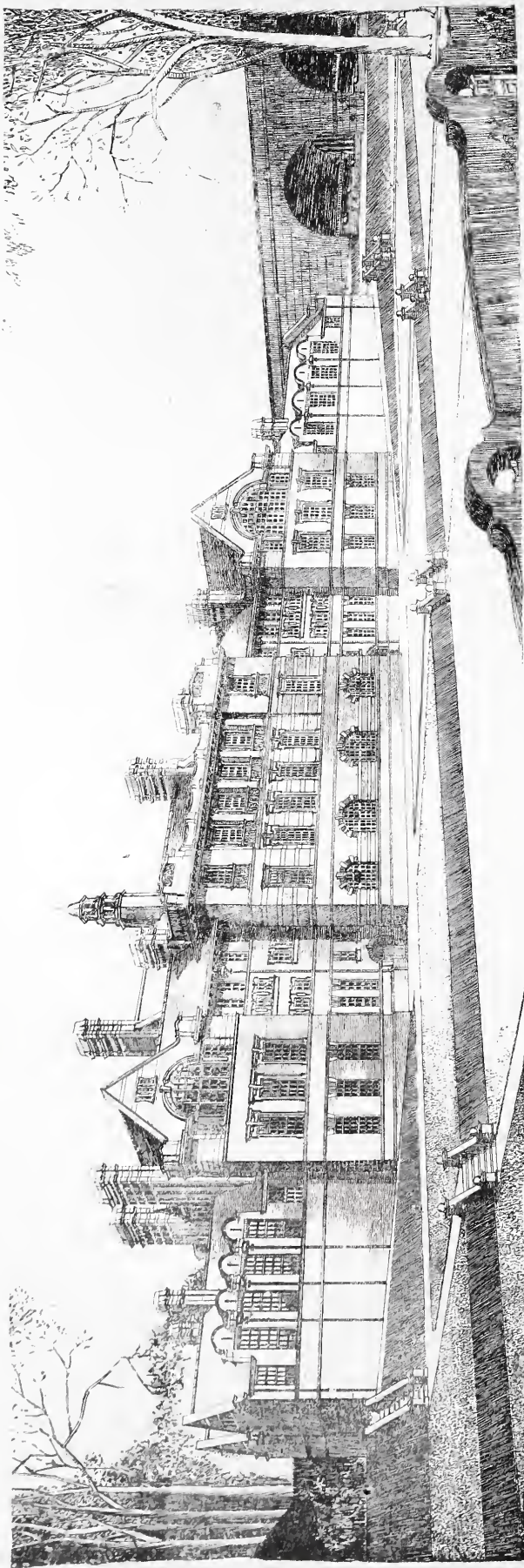


THE COURT HOUSE, BROADWAY,
WORCESTERSHIRE: E. GUY DAWBER
AND WHITWELL, ARCHITECTS.

NORTH MYMMS, HERTS.
THE LIBRARY.
ERNEST GEORGE & YEATES,
ARCHITECTS.



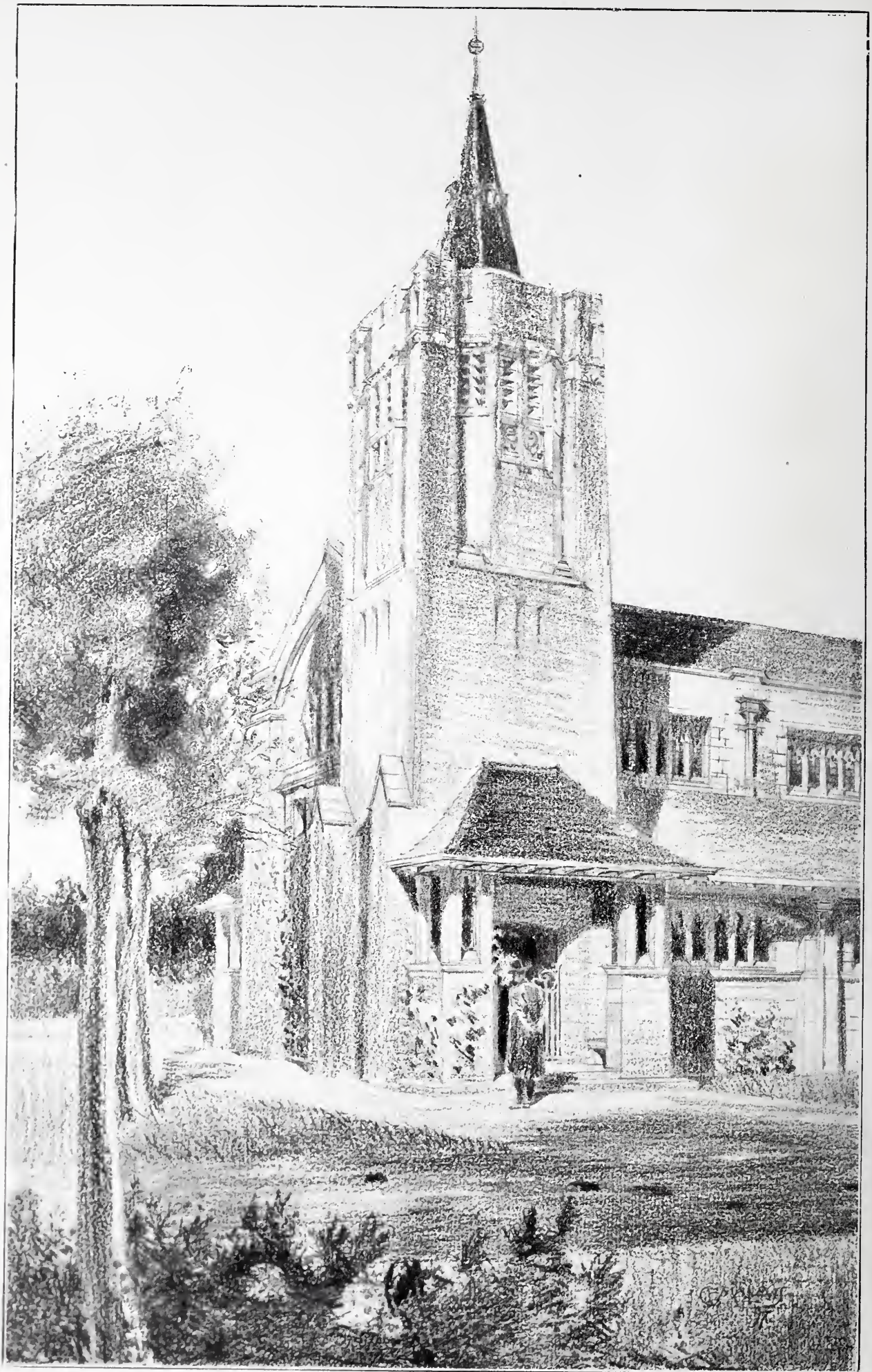
NORTH MYMMS, HERTS: THE
LIBRARY: ERNEST GEORGE
AND YEATES, ARCHITECTS.



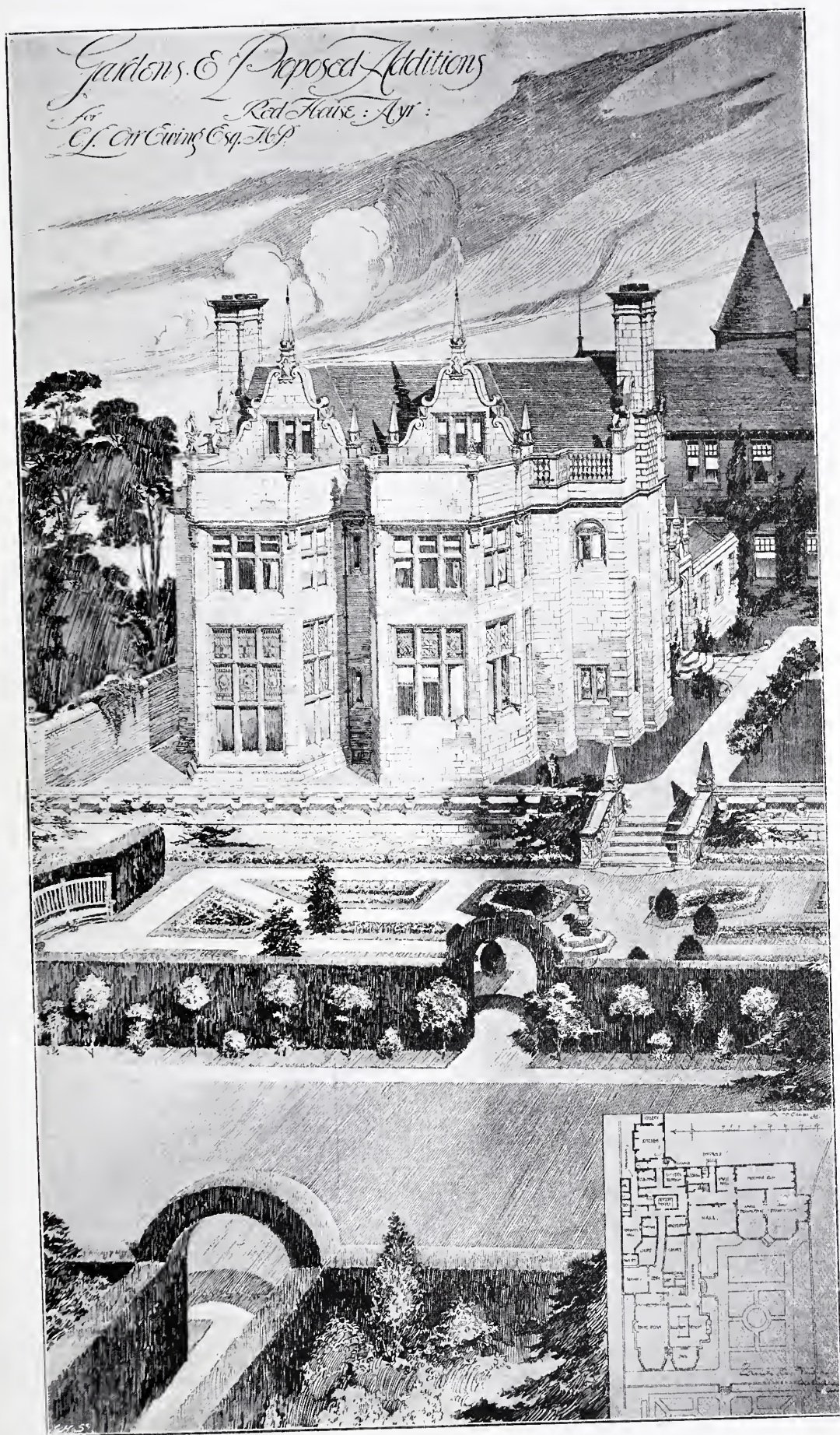
HIGHER GRADE SCHOOL,
SCARBOROUGH: HALL,
COOPER, AND DAVIS,
ARCHITECTS.



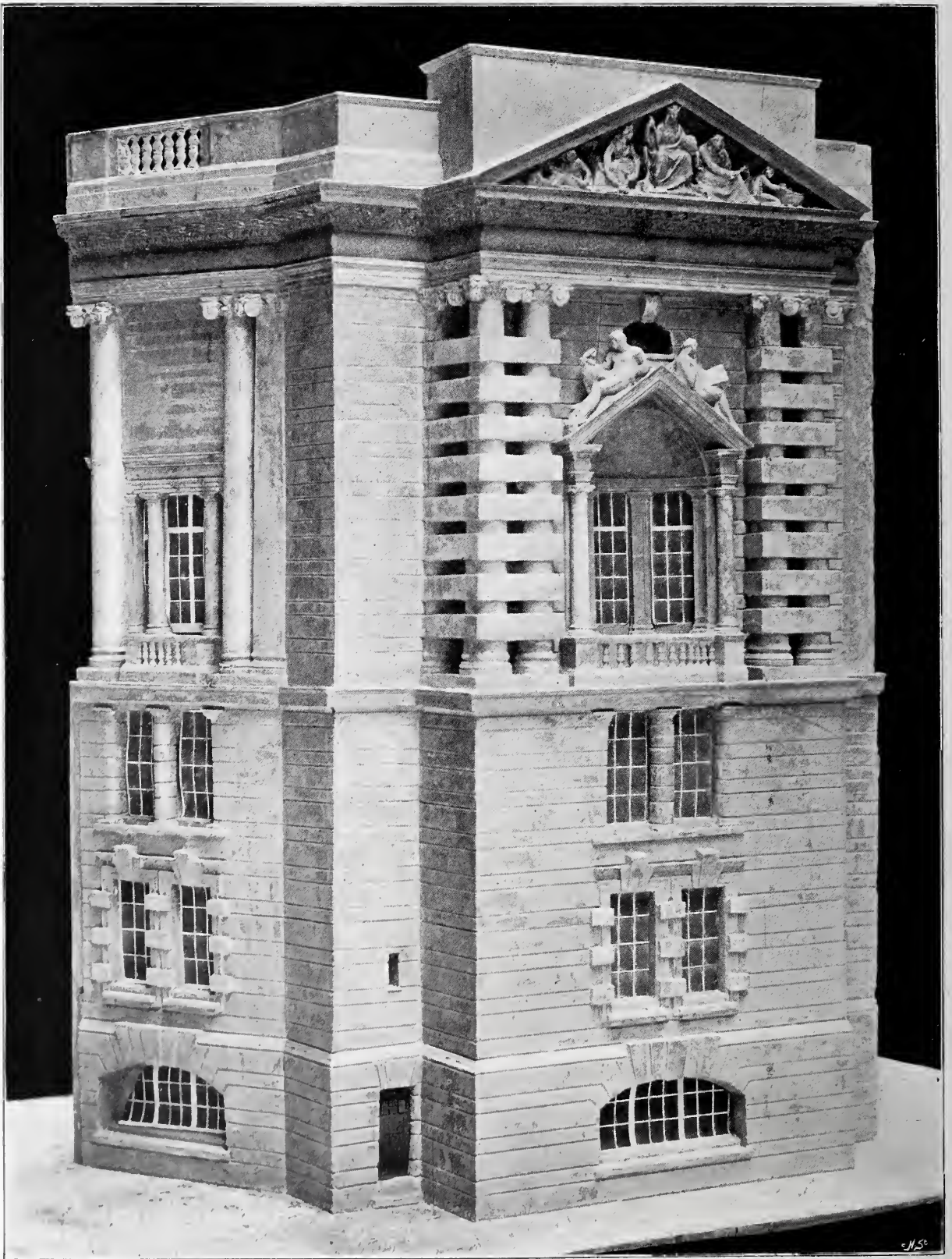
PASSMORE EDWARDS' PUBLIC
LIBRARY, SHOREDITCH: HENRY
T. HARE, ARCHITECT.



PROPOSED NEW CHURCH AT
BEDFORD: C. E. MALLOWS
AND GROCOCK, ARCHITECTS.



GARDENS AND PROPOSED ADDITIONS: RED HOUSE, AYR: FOR C. L. ORR EWING, ESQ., M.P.: JAMES A. MORRIS, ARCHITECT.



SKETCH MODEL : SOUTH - WEST
ANGLE OF NEW MUSEUM AND
TECHNICAL SCHOOL, LIVERPOOL:
MADE BY F. W. POMEROY: EDWARD
W. MOUNTFORD, ARCHITECT.

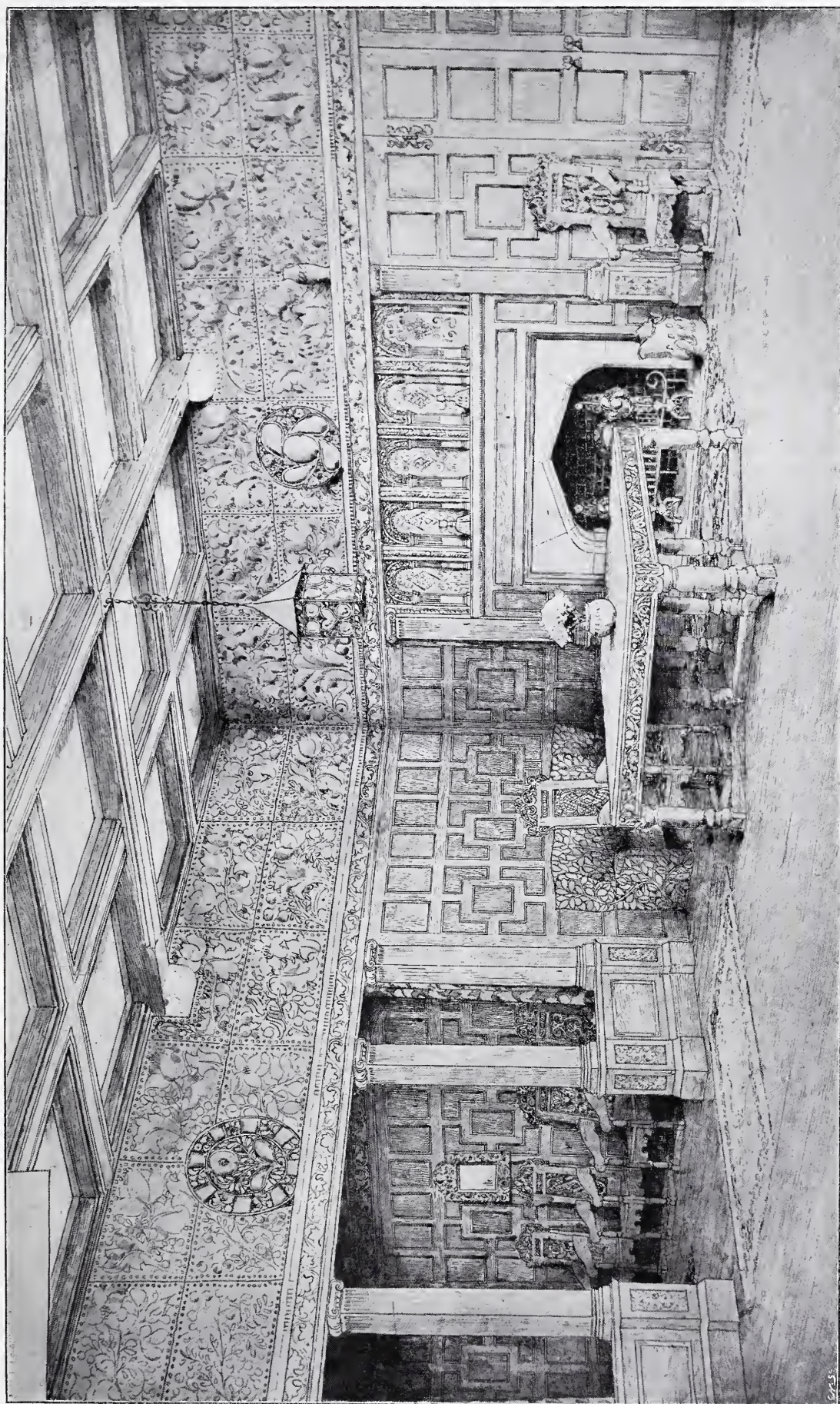


Ernest Newton Architect

BUILDINGS AT BROMLEY, KENT:
ERNEST NEWTON, ARCHITECT.



STUDY FOR A NEW CHURCH IN
SOUTH LONDON: INTERIOR:
NICHOLSON AND CORLETTE,
ARCHITECTS.



DRAWING-ROOM AT THE PALACE,
DARMSTADT: M. H. BAILLIE SCOTT,
ARCHITECT.

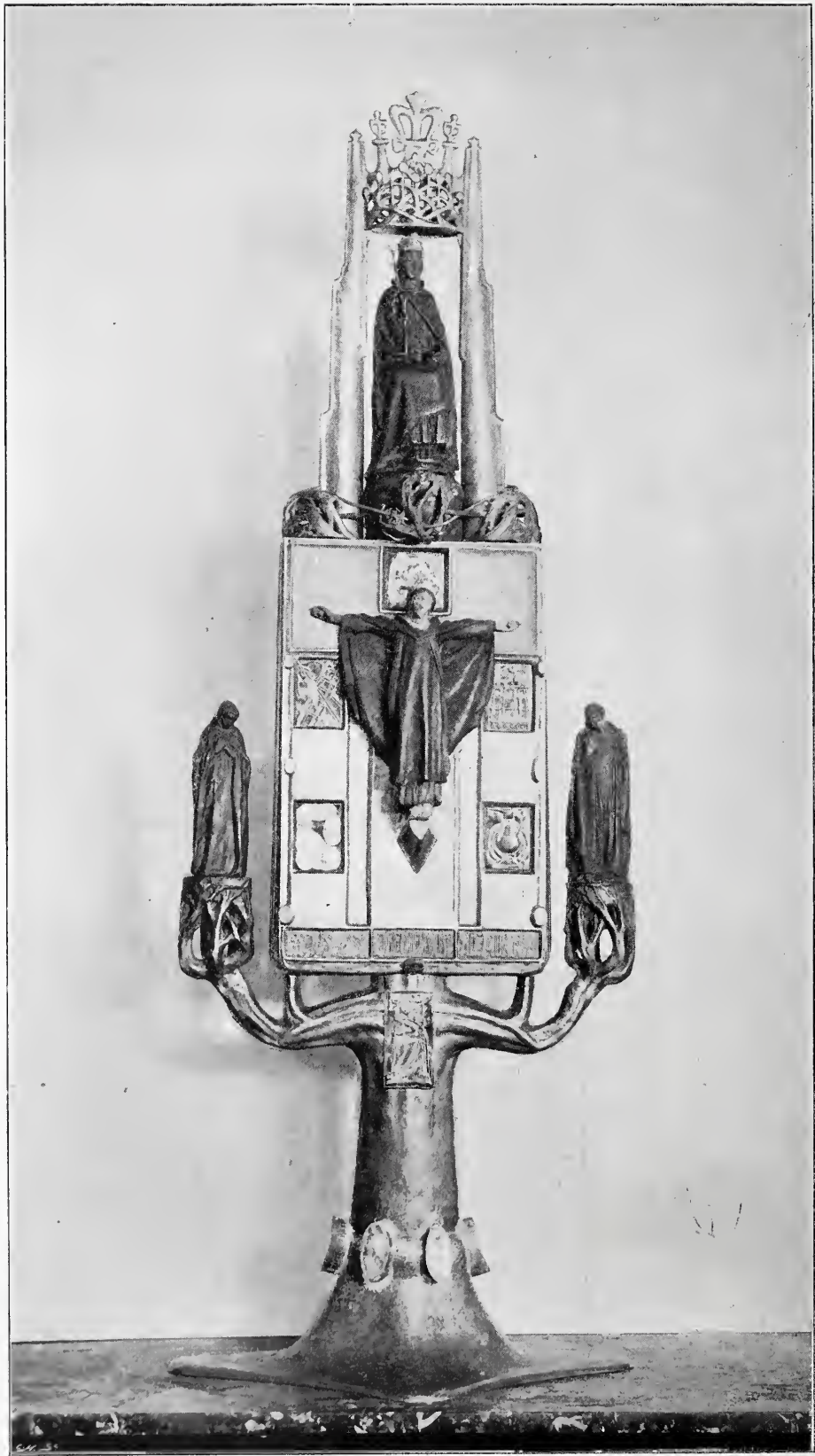


SHOOTER'S HILL HOUSE,
PANGBOURNE: THE PICTURE
GALLERY: LEONARD STOKES,
ARCHITECT.



GARDEN TERRACE FRONT:
HILDON HOUSE, HANTS:
ASTON WEBB, ARCHITECT.

NOTE.—“VIEW TOWARDS ENTRANCE COURTYARD” appeared in the *May Number*.



TABERNACLE IN BEATEN BRONZE,
WITH CLOISONNÉ ENAMELS AND
OPALS: DESIGNED AND MADE
BY H. WILSON.

ENAMELLING EXECUTED
BY ALEXANDER FISHER.

ARCHITECTURE

AND

CRAFTS AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY, 1898.

THIRD SERIES—JULY.

Whole Page Reproductions of Designs by:

ASHBEE, C. R.

CAROË, W. D.

COLLCUTT, T. E.

DIX, ARTHUR J.

FEHR, HENRY C.

HARE, HENRY T.

MARSHALL, ARTHUR.

MOUNTFORD, EDWARD W.

NEWTON, PERCY E.

NICHOLSON and CORLETTE.

ORR, ARTHUR A.

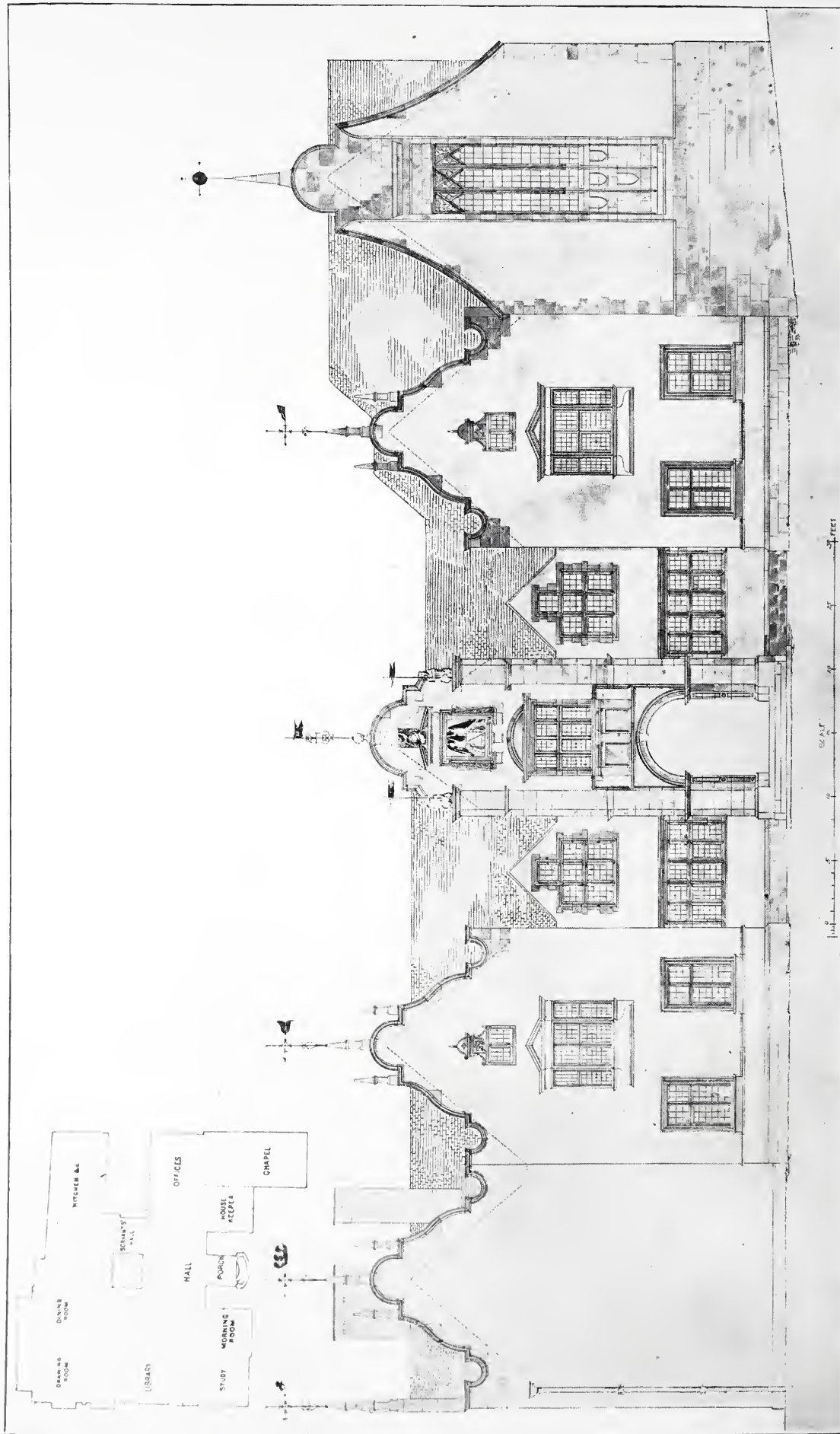
SCOTT, M. H. BAILLIE.

STOKES, LEONARD.

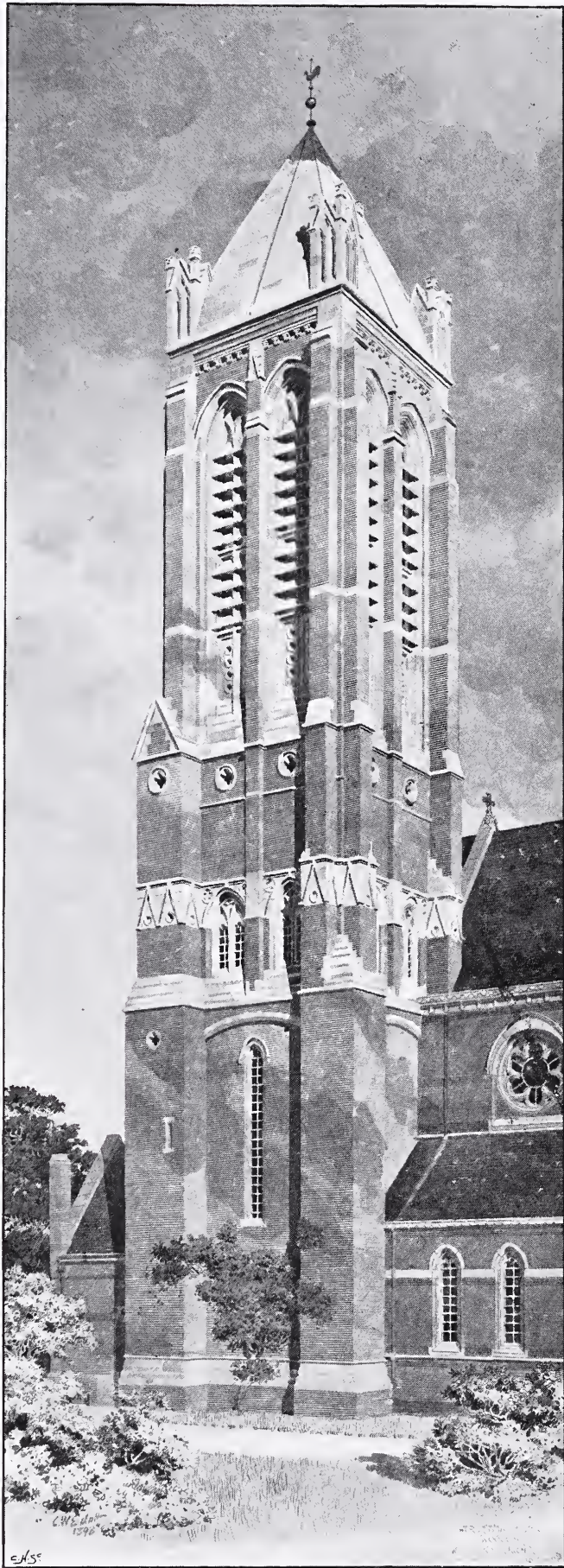
TOWNSEND, C. HARRISON.

WOOD, EDGAR.

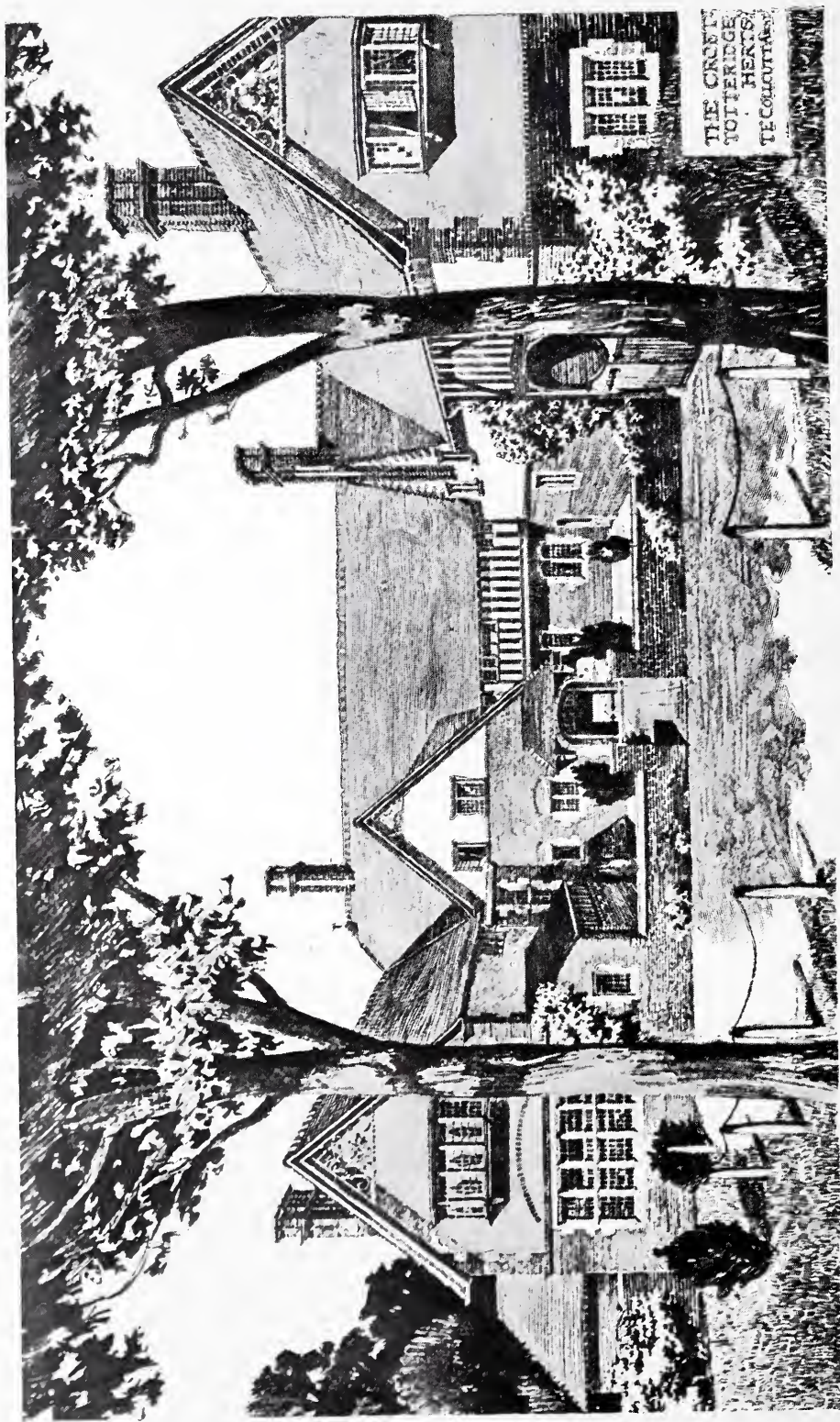
The Editors beg to announce that, owing to the large number of DESIGNS placed at their disposal—a courtesy they desire here to acknowledge—they are only able, in this Third Series, to reproduce one Design by each Artist. The Fourth Series, on August 1st, will contain further Designs by those named above, together with other Designs, accepted at the Academy, by Leading Architects and Designers. Other Designs were given in the First Series on May 2nd, and the Second Series on June 1st.



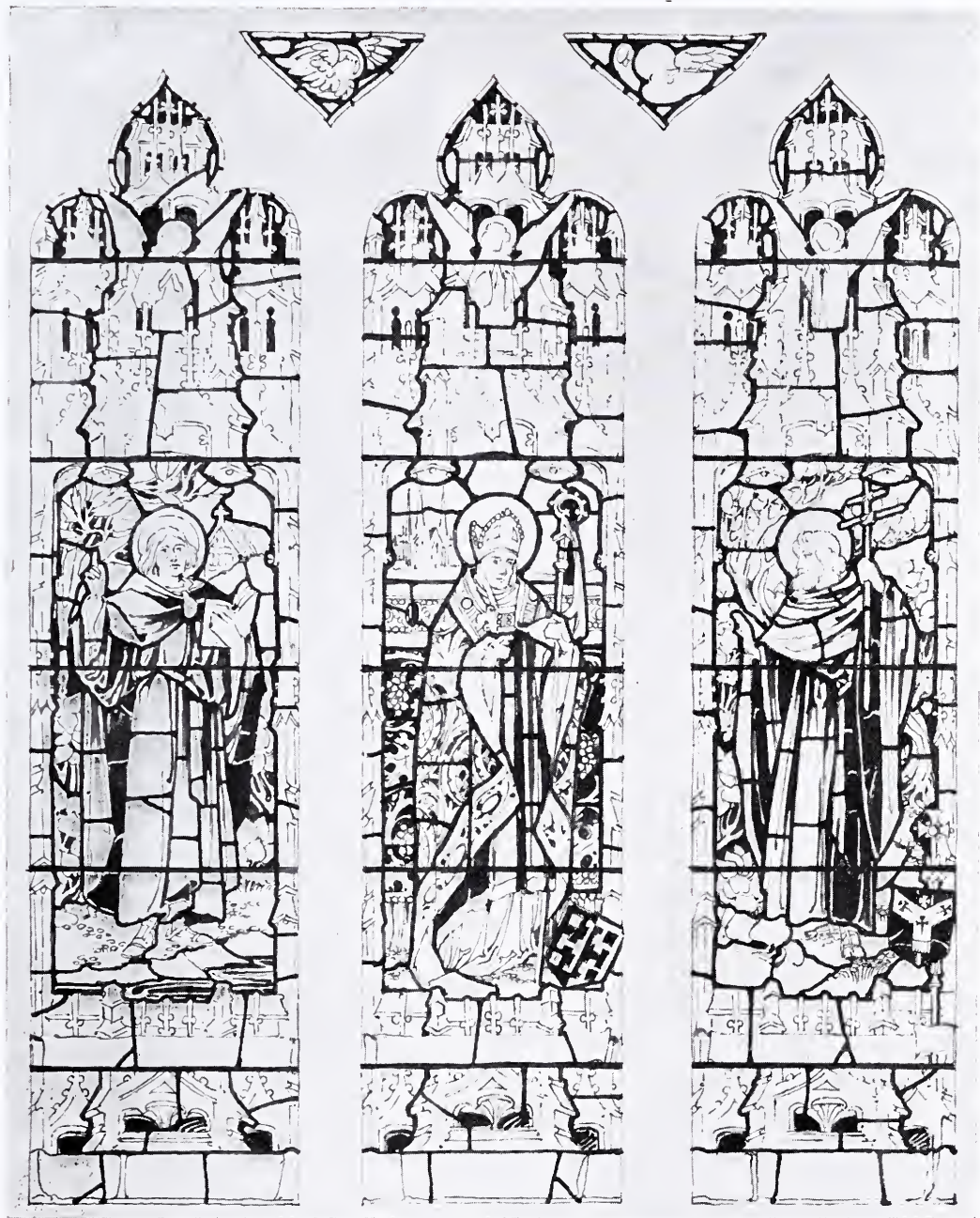
WOMBOURNE, WODEHOUSE,
WOLVERHAMPTON: ELEVATION,
SOUTH FRONT: C. R. ASHBEE,
ARCHITECT.



TOWER, ST. MICHAEL'S,
WOOLWICH: W. D. CAROË,
ARCHITECT.



THE CROFT, TOTTERIDGE
HERTFORDSHIRE: T. E.
COLCUTT, ARCHITECT.



ST. COLUMBA, ST. CHAD, ST. AUGUSTINE :
STAINED GLASS WINDOW : HAUGHTON
CHURCH, STAFFORD : DESIGNED BY
ARTHUR J. DIX.

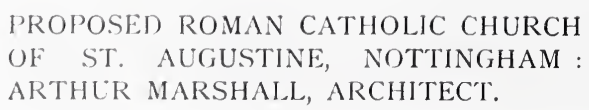


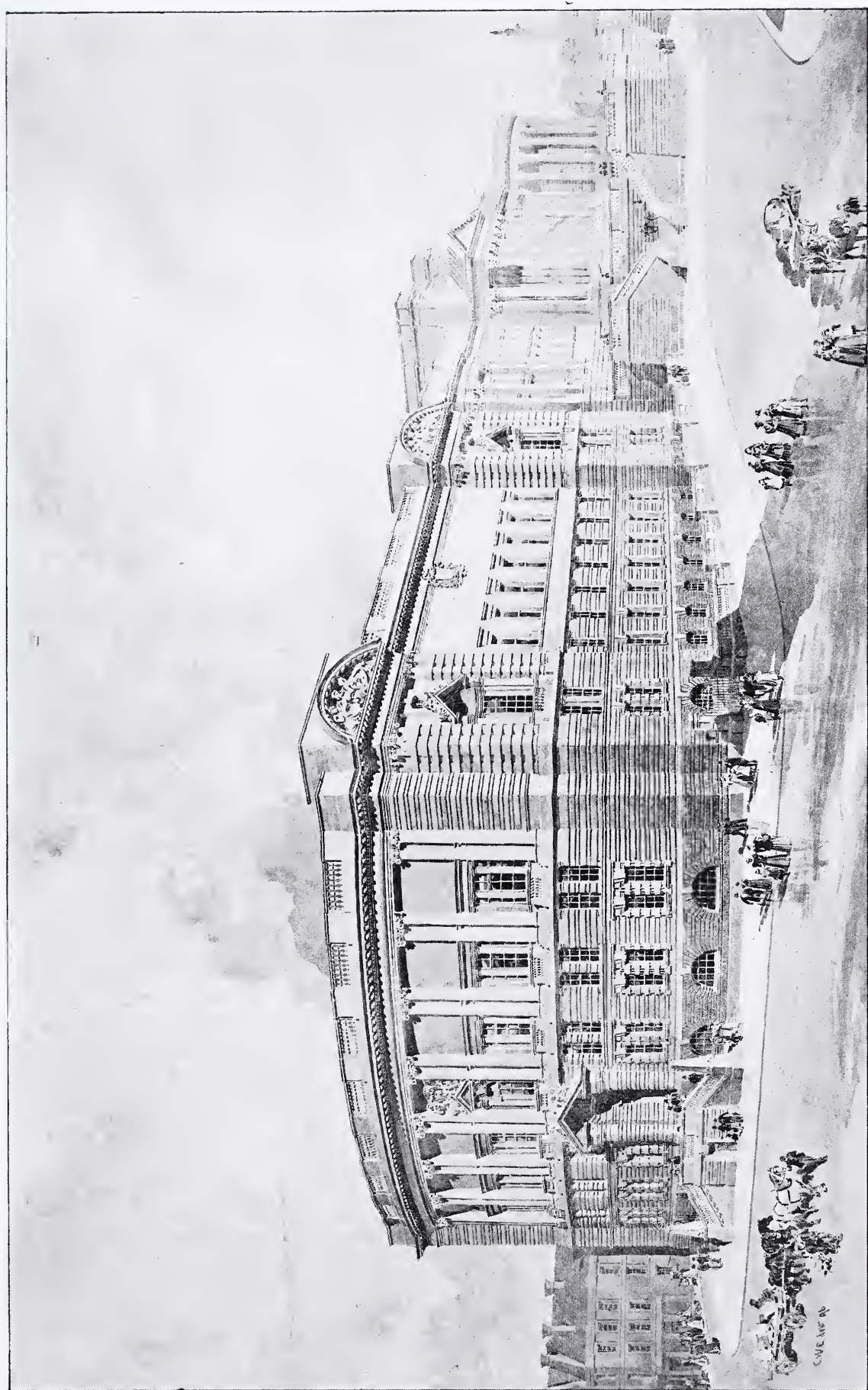
ST. GEORGE AND THE RESCUED
MAIDEN—GROUP: HENRY C. FEHR,
SCULPTOR.



THE OLD WHITE HOUSE, OXFORD :
HENRY T. HARE, ARCHITECT.

Arthur Marshall A.R.B.A.
Architect

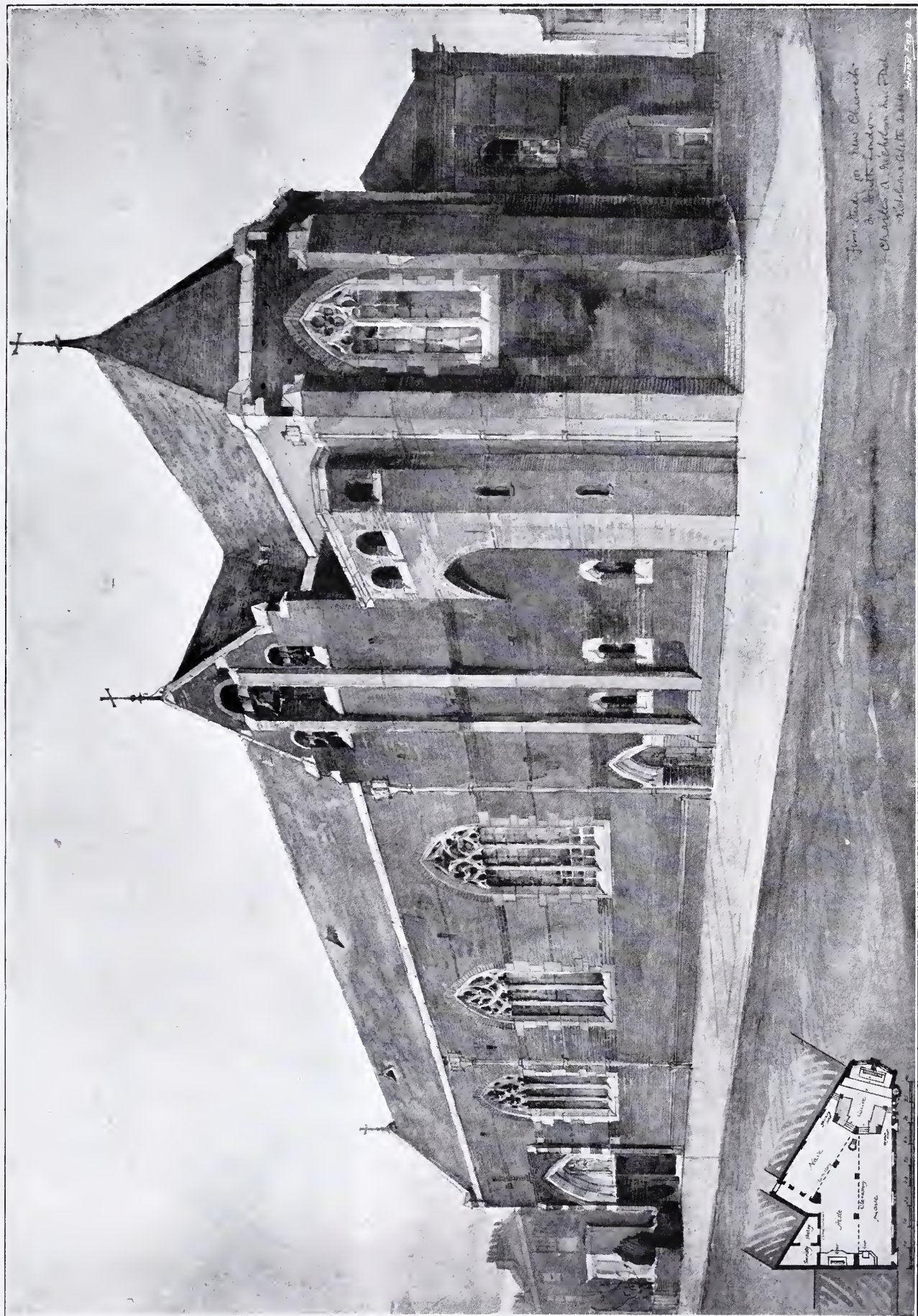




THE NEW MUSEUM AND TECHNICAL SCHOOL, LIVERPOOL: EDWARD W. MOUNTFORD, ARCHITECT.



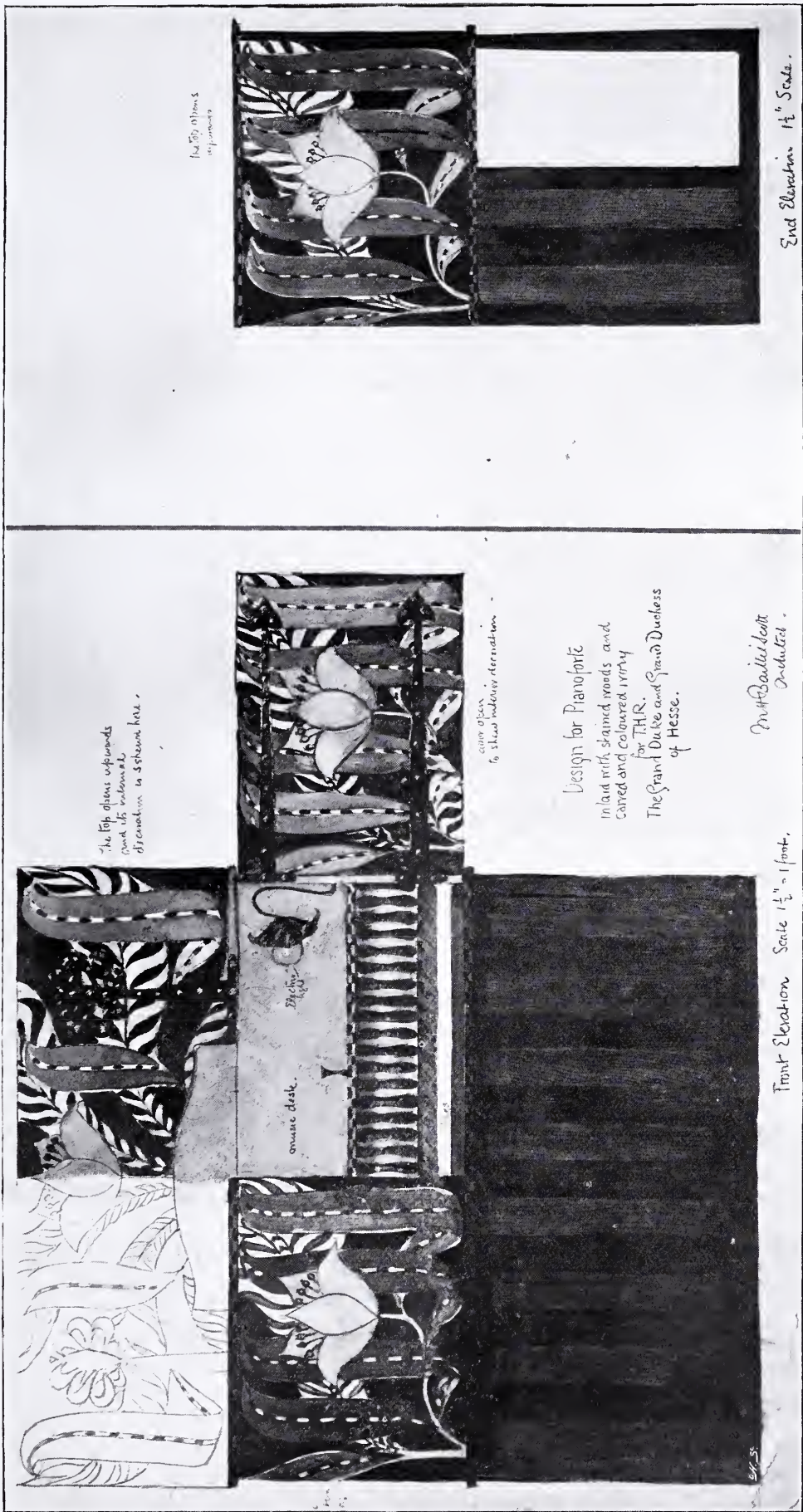
THE GREAT CORRIDOR, QUEEN'S
COLLEGE, HARLEY STREET: PERCY
E. NEWTON, ARCHITECT.



STUDY FOR A NEW CHURCH IN SOUTH
LONDON: NICHOLSON AND CORLETTE,
ARCHITECTS.



DESIGNS FOR DOMESTIC GLASS,
47, QUEEN'S GATE: GIRLS PLAY-
ING MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS:
DESIGNED BY ARTHUR A. ORR.



DESIGN FOR PIANO FORTE: FOR THE
DUKE AND DUCHESS OF HESSE:
M. H. BAILLIE SCOTT, ARCHITECT.





ENTRANCE FRONT TO "CLIFF TOWERS":
A HOUSE ON THE DEVONSHIRE COAST:
C. HARRISON TOWNSEND, ARCHITECT.



HOUSE AND SHOP, MIDDLETON, LANCS. :

EDGAR WOOD, ARCHITECT.



FRIENDSHIP INN, ROCHDALE. :

EDGAR WOOD, ARCHITECT.

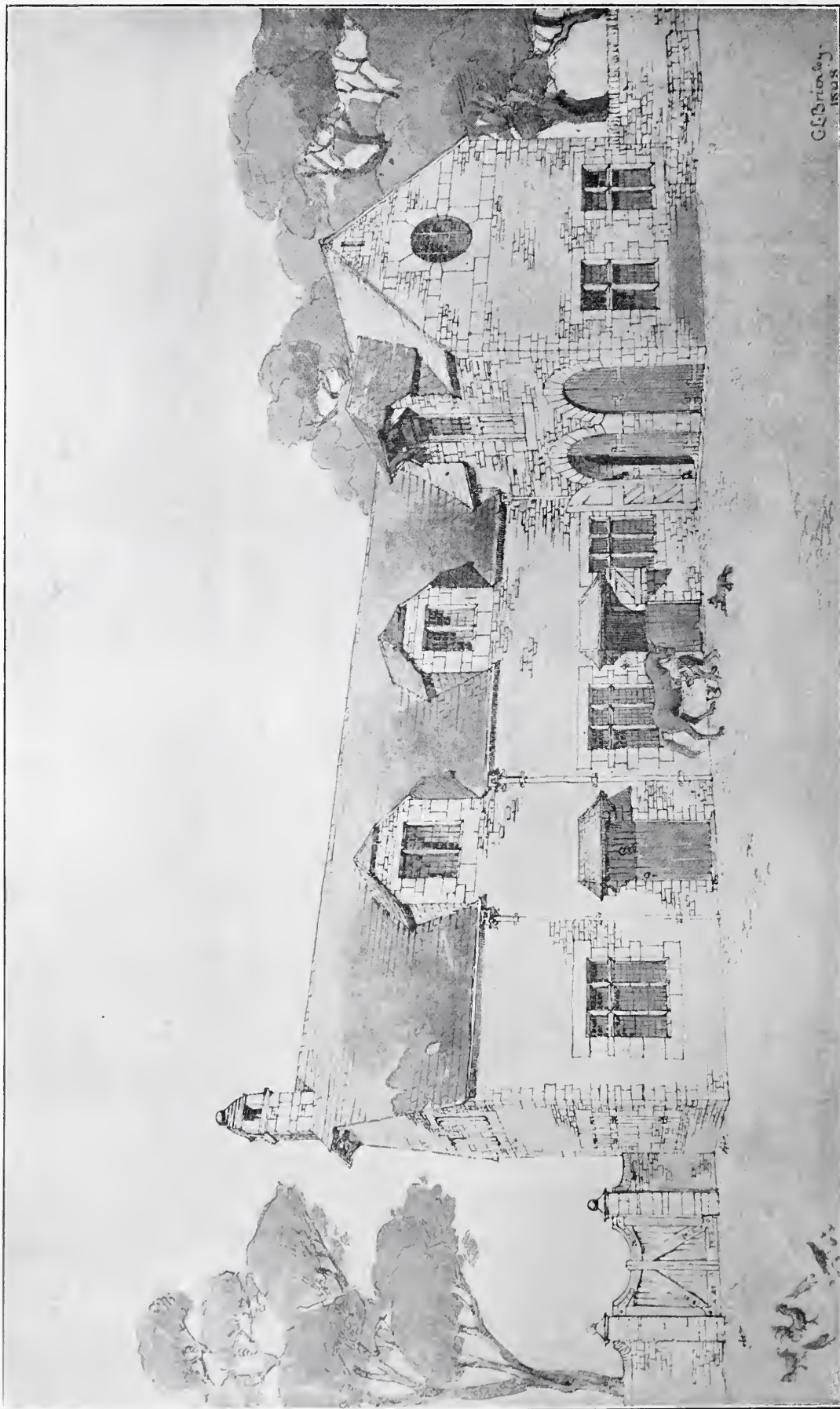
ARCHITECTURE AND CRAFTS

AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY, 1898.

FOURTH SERIES—AUGUST.



PROPOSED HOUSE AT DOUGLAS:
ENTRANCE AND GARDEN FRONTS:
M. H. BAILLIE SCOTT, ARCHITECT.



DESIGN FOR STABLES AND COACH
HOUSE: C. L. BRIERLEY, ARCHITECT.

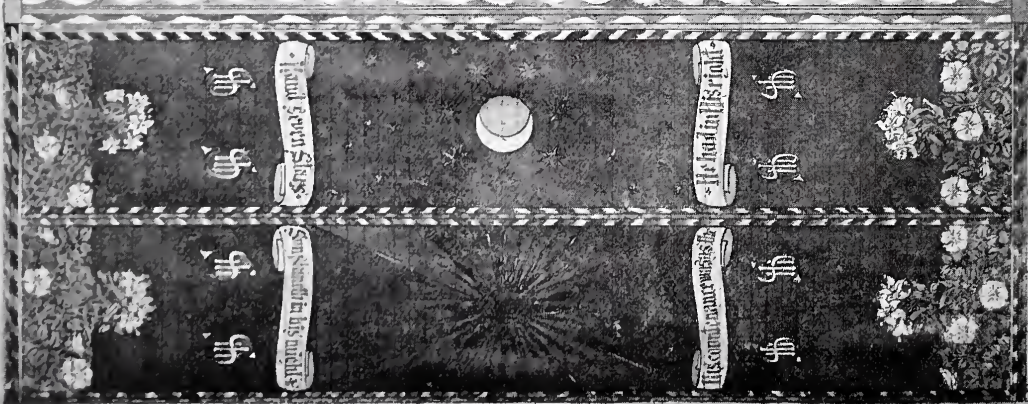


DESIGN OF STAINED GLASS WINDOW:
ST. PETER'S CHURCH, BIDEFORD: BY
ARTHUR J. DIX.



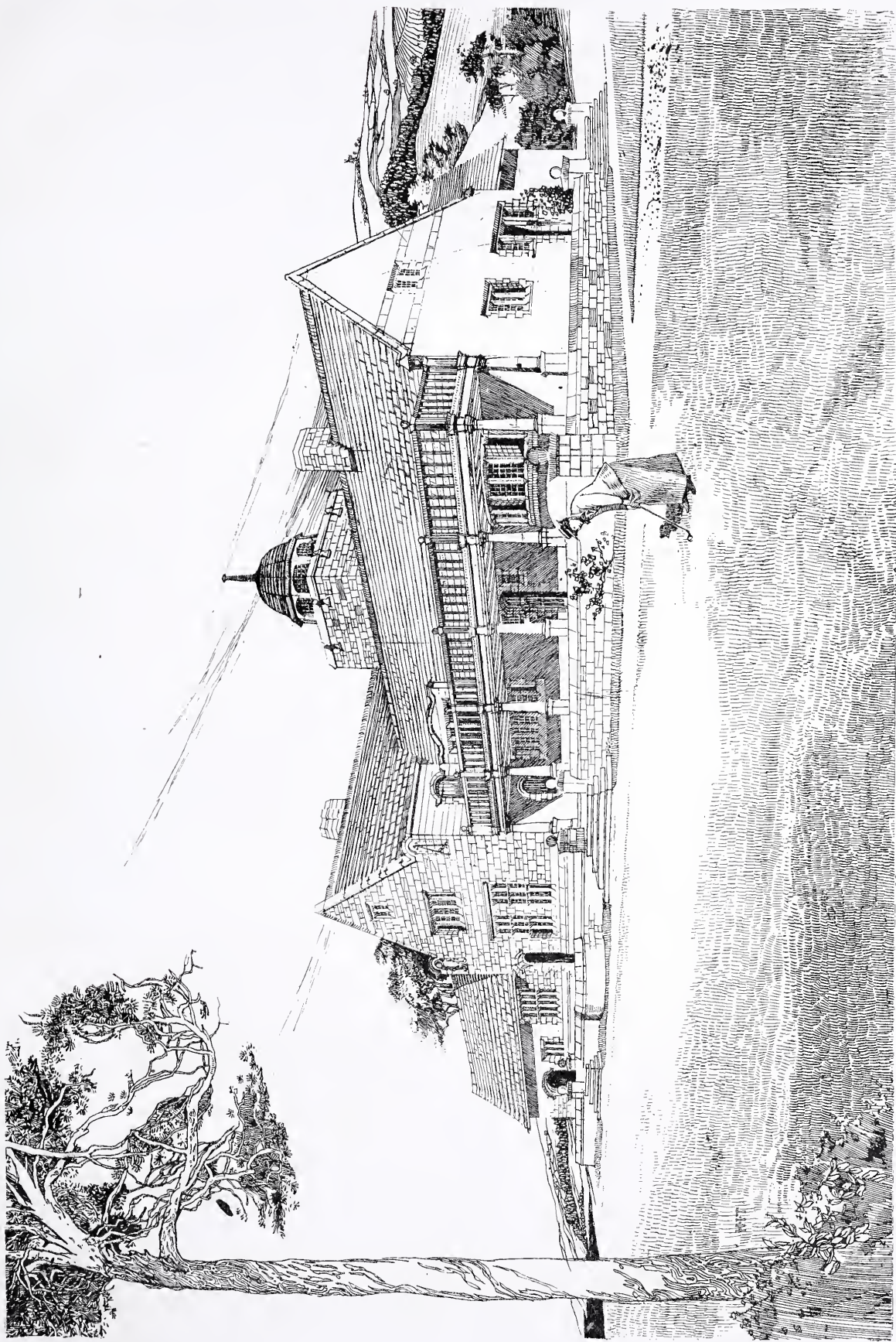
ENTRANCE TO THE SCIENCE AND
ART SCHOOLS, NEWARK-ON-TRENT:
C. E. MALLOWS AND GROCOCK,
ARCHITECTS.

Painted Decoration on the Roof
of St. Matthew's Church, Ipswich.
Designed by the architect, and
executed by the painter.



Scale. Two feet to One Inch.

PAINTED DECORATION ON THE
ROOF: ST. MATTHEW'S CHURCH,
IPSWICH: NICHOLSON AND
CORLETTE, ARCHITECTS.



A GOLF CLUB HOUSE: H. INIGO
TRIGGS, ARCHITECT.



The GEORGE & DRAGON
CASTLETON
EDGAR WOOD ARCHT.
ARCHITECTS

GEORGE AND DRAGON INN,
CASTLETON: EDGAR WOOD,
ARCHITECT.

GETTY CENTER LIBRARY



3 3125 00619 1601

